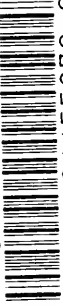


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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THE LONDON OF THACKERAY

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE HISTORY OF THE LONDON SQUARES.

THE PRIVATE PALACES OF LONDON.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BELGRAVIA.

WANDERINGS IN PICCADILLY AND PALL MALL.

THE ANNALS OF THE STRAND.

THE ANNALS OF FLEET STREET.

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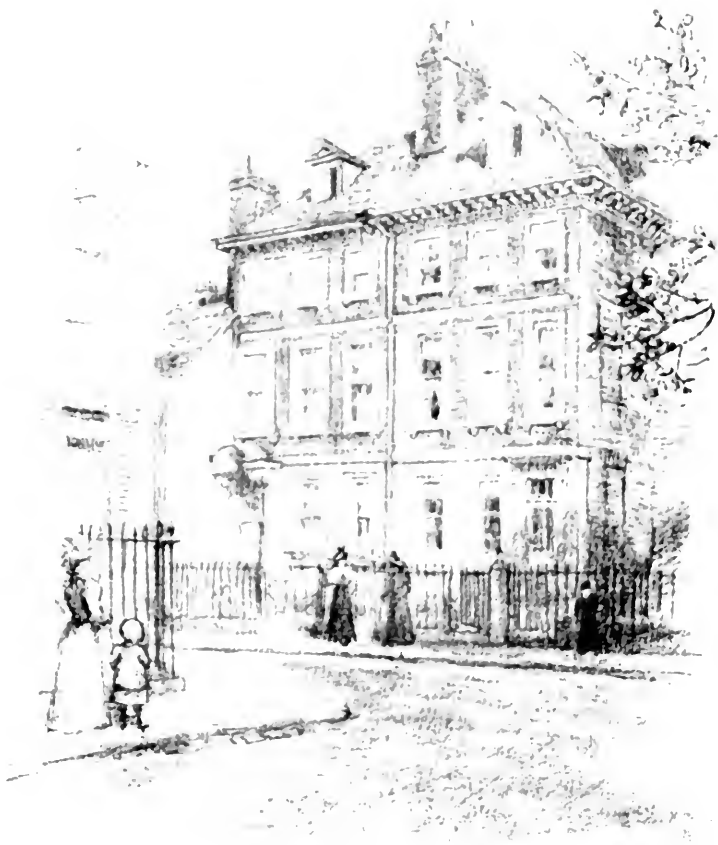
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LIVES OF THE BRITISH SCULPTORS.

THE LONDON OF DICKENS. *In Preparation.*



KENSINGTON SQUARE
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY T. H. STAY

55
Kc

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE HAUNTS
OF THACKERAY'S CHARACTERS

BY

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR,
M.A., F.S.A., F.R.Hist.Soc.

"Fine village, ma'am, fine village," said Mr. Wagg,
"and increasing every day. It'll be quite a large town
soon. It's not a bad place to live in for those who can't
get the country, and will repay a visit."

Pendennis, Chap. 25.

LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS LTD.
ST. MARTIN'S STREET

1923

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
THE DUNEDIN PRESS LIMITED, EDINBURGH

To
F. B. C.

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FOREWORD

It has not been my intention here to say anything of Thackeray in his office in Cornhill or his homes in Kensington and elsewhere; to follow him into his chambers at the Temple or his schoolroom at the Charterhouse. This has already been done, and well done, by Mr. Rideing and Mr. Lewis Melville, and (with the aid of charming illustrations by the author) by Mr. Hopkinson Smith. No! it is the London of Thackeray's characters that I endeavour, in the following pages, to recall: the London known to the Newcomes and Pendennis; the London where Brand Firmin and the Little Sister had their struggles; the London of Beatrice Esmond and the wits, of Costigan and the revellers. The Curzon Street we visit is the Curzon Street of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley; the Russell Square is the Russell Square of the Sedleys, and the Osbornes. When we go to Kensington we go not in search of the house in Young Street or the larger dwelling in Palace Green where Thackeray lived and laboured, but to the Square where Lady Castlewood dwelt and Prince James Edward visited.

Throughout Thackeray's works there are innumerable allusions to all kinds of London localities. These may roughly be divided into two sets: the first dealing with the city as it was from the time of Anne to the close of George III.'s reign; the second, from the period of the Regency to the middle of the nineteenth century. *Esmond* and *The Virginians*, *Barry Lyndon* and *Denis Duval*, with a sort of general introduction based on "The Four Georges" and "The English

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY

Humourists," are the materials for the earlier section of the subject; the rest of Thackeray's novels, tales and miscellaneous sketches form the basis of the latter half.

Readers of these books are likely to come across allusions to London topography which may, unless the city's complexities have been to them a special study, puzzle and perplex. This little book aims at being a kind of cicerone. No special scheme is followed, but, here and there, the course of the story is adumbrated, where it seemed necessary and likely to be of assistance in illustrating the topographical details. As a rule, however, such places as required annotation are mentioned simply with a connecting link in order to ease the course of the narrative, and a more or less full account given of such localities or monuments. Needless to say that I have by no means exhausted the information available on such points, but the source whence fuller data can be easily gleaned is in such instances noted. Purple patches in the shape of extracts from Thackeray's own writings, I have not hesitated to use; in fact I have gladly availed myself of these in order to give at least some value to the following pages.

In such a little book as this references are naturally traceable to all kinds of works on London topography, but I have only, here and there, specified the source of information where it seemed necessary to give the reader an opportunity of studying more fully the history of some special landmark. The illustrations have been selected as not only recording interesting features of the London of those days, but in some cases, as being of places which have become closely identified with Thackeray's books—as, for instance, Kensington Square is with "Esmond" and Russell Square with "Vanity Fair."

E. B. C.

I

INTRODUCTORY

THE London of Thackeray's novels may be divided into two periods. In *Esmond* and *The Virginians*, in *Barry Lyndon* and the fragmentary *Denis Duval* we are in the eighteenth century—a period extending from the reign of Anne to that of George III. In the rest of the author's works we are introduced to the London of the earlier half of the nineteenth century. It is obviously appropriate to begin at the beginning, as Count Grammont says, and thus to take the four novels named, for consideration first. Before, however, doing this, there are two of the author's books which should be laid under contribution, because in them we gain a more general purview of the period than we can obtain in the novels. These are the *Lectures on "The Four Georges,"* and those on "*The English Humourists.*" In the former Thackeray takes occasion, in recording the state entry of George I. into the Capital by way of Temple Bar,* to give a word-picture of the London of those far-off times. "We have," he remarks, "brought our Georges to

* The Temple Bar of Georgian days was that designed by Wren and set up in 1670-2, having replaced the gate described by Strype which was demolished after the Great Fire. Temple Bar was taken down in 1878-9, and is now at Theobald's Park. For account of the structure and its history see Noble's *Memorials of Temple Bar*, etc.

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY

London City, and if we would behold its aspect, may see it in Hogarth's lively perspective of Cheapside or read of it in a hundred contemporary books which paint the manners of that age.* Our dear old *Spectator* looks smiling upon the streets, with their innumerable signs, and describes them with his charming humour. 'Our streets are filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, and Red Lions, not to mention Flying Pigs and Hogs in Armour, with other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa.' A few of these quaint old figures still remain in London town. You may still see these, and over its old hostel in Ludgate Hill, the Belle Sauvage, to whom the *Spectator* so pleasantly alludes in that paper; and who was, probably, no other than the sweet Amercian Pocahontas who rescued from death the daring Captain Smith.† "There is the Lion's Head,‡ down whose jaws the *Spectator's* own letters were passed; and over a great banker's in Fleet

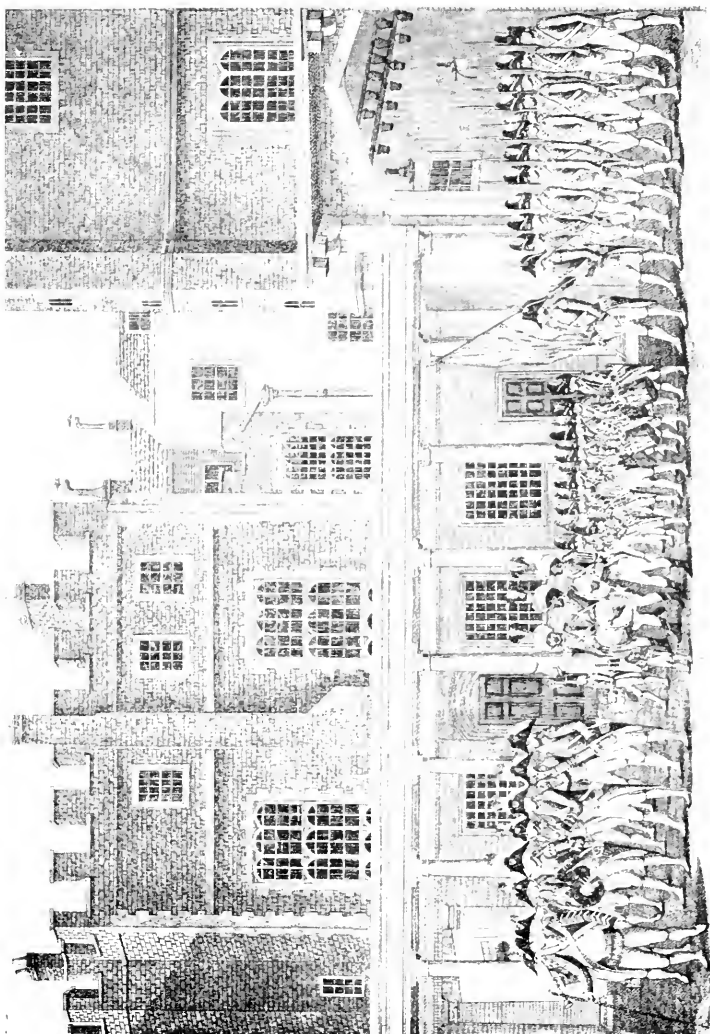
* Besides the *Spectator*, and other such publications, I may remind the reader, of Walpole's Letters, the many memoirs and journals of the Georgian period, Doran's "London in the Jacobite Times," and Sir Walter Besant's "London in the 18th Century," as affording information, both social and topographical, concerning this fascinating period.

† Thackeray may have interpolated this derivation for the benefit of his American audiences. As a matter of fact the question is carefully discussed in Burns's "London Traders and Tavern Tokens," and there seems very little doubt that the Inn was known as the Bell on the Hoop, and that the "Savage" was the name of an early proprietor—hence Bell Savage, a kind of paranoia on Savage's Bell.

‡ This famous Lion's Head was at Buttons in Russell Street. Contributions were placed in it. It was inscribed with two lines from Martial:

"Servantus magnis ūti cervicibus unguēs:
Non nisi delecta pascitur ille fera."

It is now at Woburn Abbey.



INTRODUCTORY.

Street, the effigy of a wallet,* which the founder of the firm bore when he came into London a country boy. People this street, so ornamented, with crowds of swinging chairmen, with servants bawling to clear the way, with Mr. Dean, in his cassock, his lacquey marching before him; or Mrs. Dinah in her sack, tripping to chapel, her footboy carrying her ladyship's great prayer-book; with itinerant tradesmen singing their hundred cries. Fancy the beaux, thronging to the chocolate-houses, tapping their snuff-boxes as they issue thence, their periwigs appearing over the red curtains. Fancy Saccharissa beckoning and smiling from the upper windows, and a crowd of soldiers brawling and bustling at the door—gentlemen of the Life Guards, clad in scarlet, with blue facings, and laced with gold at the seams; gentlemen of the Horse Grenadiers, in their caps of sky-blue cloth, with the garter embroidered on the front in gold and silver; men of the Halberdiers, in their long red coats, as bluff Harry left them, with their ruffs and velvet flat caps. Perhaps the King's majesty himself is going to St. James's as we pass. If he is going to Parliament, he is in his coach-and-eight, surrounded by his guards and the high officers of his crown. Otherwise his majesty only uses a chair, with six footmen walking before, and six yeomen of the guard at the sides of the sedan. The officers in waiting follow the king in coaches. It must be rather slow work.

“Our *Spectator* and *Tatler* are full of delightful

* This is the sign of Messrs Hoare's bank. They have been at “The Golden Bottle on Fleet Street” since 1693. This bottle or wallet is said to be a model of the one the original Hoare carried with him to London.

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY

glimpses of the town life of those days. In the company of that charming guide, we may go to the opera, the comedy, the puppet show, the auction, even the cockpit: we can take boat at Temple Stairs, and accompany Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator to Spring Garden—it will be called Vauxhall a few years hence, when Hogarth will paint it. Would you not like to step back into the past, and be introduced to Mr. Addison?—not the Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq., George I's Secretary of State, but to the delightful painter of contemporary manners, the man who, when in good humour himself, was the pleasantest companion in all England. I should like to go into Locket's* with him, and drink a bowl with Sir R. Steele (who has just been knighted by King George, and who does not happen to have any money to pay his share of the reckoning). I should not care to follow Mr. Addison to his secretary's office in Whitehall. There we get into politics. Our business is pleasure, and the town, and the coffee-house, and the theatre, and the Mall."

In the pages of the foreign Baron de Pollnitz, or the native Defoe and Macky, in those of Walpole, Hervey, Mrs. Delany and the rest, you may annotate these words to your heart's content. You may be a man of fashion with de Pollnitz or Walpole, with Macky or Defoe an enquiring observer. The London of the first half of the Georgian era will open before you like a book; just as the latter half will, in the pages of the innumerable diarists and letter-writers who noted the passing fashions of this picturesque

* The ordinary, which stood on the site of Drummond's Bank at Charing Cross, and was named after its proprietor.

INTRODUCTORY

period. With Thackeray himself, in "The Four Georges," we can visit Mr. Salmon's Waxworks (as Denis Duval did) in Fleet Street, or wander to Leicester Fields, that "pouting place of princes," as it has been called, where in turn Prince George and Prince Frederick held their opposition courts on the spot where The Empire now reigns supreme. We may go to St. James's Park, and if not there at least in prints of it "still see the muster along the walk, to note the balls when the Court played at Mall" ("Fancy," says Thackeray, "Birdcage Walk now so laid out, and Lord John and Lord Palmerston knocking balls up and down the avenue!"); you may see Messrs Charlsworth and Cox, two solicitors, convicted of forgery, standing in the pillory at the Royal Exchange; you may visit that wonderful Carlton House and peep through its colonnade as Thackeray did as a child. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed and now "where the palace once stood, a hundred little children are paddling up and down the steps to St. James's Park." Let us stop for a moment and listen to the preacher (who, you may remember, once fancied himself setting up his pulpit in this very spot and discoursing in one of his most famous "Roundabout Papers" on scandal) "Pall Mall is the great social exchange of London now," he says,— "the mart of news, of politics, of scandal, of rumour—the English forum, so to speak, where men discuss the last despatch from the Crimea, the last speech of Lord Derby, the next move of Lord John. And, now and then, to a few antiquarians whose thoughts are with the past rather than with the present, it is a memorial of old times and old

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY

peoples, and Pall Mall is our Palmyra. Look! About this spot, Tom of Ten Thousand was killed by Königs-marek's gang.* In that great red house† Gainsborough lived, and Culloden Cumberland, George III.'s uncle. Yonder is Sarah Marlborough's palace, just as it stood when that termagant occupied it. At 25‡ Walter Scott used to live; at the house now 79§ and occupied by the Society for the Gospel in Foreign Parts, resided Mistress Eleanor Gwynn, comedian. How often has Queen Caroline's chair issued from under yonder arch?*** All the men of the Georges' have passed up and down the street. It has seen Walpole's chariot and Chatham's sedan; and Fox, Gibbon, Sheridan, on their way to Brookes's; and stately William Pitt stalking on the arm of Dundas; and Hanger and Tom Sheridan reeling out of Raggett's††; and Byron limping into Wattier's‡‡; and Mr. Addison and Dick Steele both perhaps a little the better for liquor; and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York clattering over the pavement; and Johnson counting the posts along the

* Thomas Thynne, murdered, at the lower end of the Haymarket, on February 12, 1682. His memorial, with a bas-relief of the incident, is in the Abbey.

† Schomberg House. The wing in which Gainsborough occupied rooms, still remains, and has a tablet to the painter, on its front.

‡ Then belonging to Lockhart. Scott stayed here in 1826-7.

§ The only freehold on this side of Pall Mall. It was obtained by Nell Gwynn under well known circumstances. It is now the office of the Eagle Insurance Company, which owns it.

***The archway of St. James's Palace, dating from Henry VIII.'s day.

†† Ragget became proprietor of White's in 1812.

‡‡ Wattier's Club was in Bolton Street. Wattier had been cook to George, Prince of Wales.

INTRODUCTORY

street, after dawdling before Dodsley's* window; and Horry Walpole hobbling into his carriage with a gimcrack just bought out of Christie's† and George Selwyn sauntering into White's."

With Thackeray we can visit the Opera where the Violetta and the Zamperini were then prime favourites; or mix with the crowd gathered to see the body of Miss Ray (Lord Sandwich's *inamorata*) whom the Rev. Mr. Hackman has just shot (1779) in the Piazza at Covent Garden; or peep into Newgate where Mr. Rice, the forger, lies waiting the dawn of a last sad morning. We can go to the egregious Warner's Chapel in Long Acre, or pass the no less egregious old Q.'s "low window" in Piccadilly‡; or better still can penetrate with Johnson behind the scenes at Garrick's theatre, where all the actresses knew him, "and," he says, "dropped me a curtsey as they passed to the stage."

In the clubs and the coffee-houses—White's and Brookes's, Button's, and the rest, numerous as the sands of the sea; in the play-houses, and the gardens—Ranelagh and Vauxhall—in "The Folly" on the Thames, or the innumerable shows on land, we may follow the fashion of those ample Georgian days for just a century of England's history.

We may visit Vanessa in her Bury Street lodgings

* This was No. 51, standing till lately partly over Pall Mall Place, now rebuilt.

† Christie's was then at the rooms adjoining old Carlton House on the east, where the Royal Academy had been inaugurated in 1769.

‡ Now Nos. 138 and 139, but in the Duke's time, one house. Windham, in his Diary, mentions visiting the Duke and finding him, as usual, seated at his window, whence he oggled the women. This was in 1808. Two years later "old Q." died.

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY

—five doors from Dr. Swift's occasional abode; may lie to the Middle Temple, or later, as did Voltaire, to Surrey Street,* to see the great Mr. Congreve who, although paying little attention to his legal studies, "splendidly frequented the coffee-houses and theatres, and appeared in the side-box, the tavern, the Piazza, and the Mall, brilliant, beautiful, and victorious from the first"; we may even see the great Dryden in his corner at Wills', or penetrate to Grub Street to find the John Dennis whom Swift befriended, and who once said that when Congreve retired from the stage Comedy went with him. A more stable landmark than most of these is Holland House, which still remains as it was when Addison lived there, and there shewed his step-son, Lord Warwick, how a Christian could die, in the year 1719—the Addison who in the immortal pages of the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, has left us so many vivid pictures of London life, and has stamped the manners and customs of the time with his inimitable hallmark. "He likes," writes Thackeray, of Addison, in "The English Humorists," "to go and sit in the smoking room at the Grecian, or the Devil; to pace 'Change and the Mall—to mingle in that great club of the world—sitting alone in it somehow: having good-will and kindness for every single man and woman in it—having need of some habit and custom binding him to some few." Sometimes he may be seen looking out of his window at the Garter in St. James's Street; sometimes he paces, with Sir Roger,

* Congreve went to lodge "at Mr. Porter's," Surrey Street, Strand, in 1726; he died there on January 29, 1729. The well known anecdote concerning Voltaire's visit is given in his "Lettres sur les Anglais," 1734.

INTRODUCTORY

the groves of his beloved Temple; sometimes he goes farther East—but wherever he is, he is the fine gentleman, tolerant, one somehow thinks, of human frailty, because he seems above the frailties of humanity. More acceptable, I think, is Dick Steele, with his errors and shortcomings, but his great heart and his love for his “dearest Prue.” He writes to his dear, dear wife from the Fountain Tavern, or the Devil, from Gray’s Inn or the Tennis-Court Coffee House, and it is always to let her know where he is detained, or in what company he is. His lodgings, at one time, were close to Addison’s, “the third door from Germain Street, left hand of Barry Street,” was the house he took on his marriage and where he resided, with, during the course of the following year, a country box at Hampton.

After Steele and Addison, we come to Prior among his great acquaintances—Harley and St. John and Pope; or with his friends, the soldier and his wife, who lived in Long Acre, and whose conversation enters not a little, as Thackeray points out, into those poems and epigrams which he wrote when ambassadorial functions permitted.

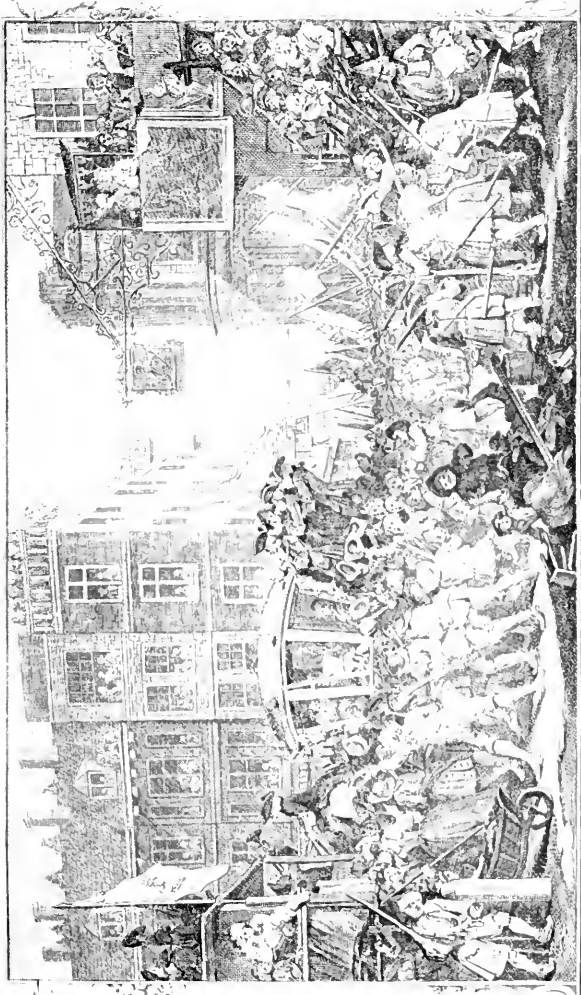
In “The English Humourists” we can follow the wits and men of fashion into all sorts of localities—some strange enough. Bow Street has, to-day, a special significance of its own; in ampler times Wills’ Coffee House where Dryden sat, was in it, and Button’s, where Addison reigned, was close by at the corner of Russell Street. The Bond Street where Sterne lived and died bore a very different appearance from what it does now, and Smollett would have difficulty in recognising in the much built-over

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY

Chelsea, the Chelsea—secluded, rural, far-thrown, of the day when he lived in Lawrence Lane and made Matthew Bramble and Uncle Bowling living entities.

You may illustrate the London of this period from Gay's "Trivia" or the pages of the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, but you will do so best from the still more "humorous" pages of the great satirist who lived in Leicester Fields, and with observant eye and ready pencil, perpetuated the men, and monuments of London, as few have done, in any age. In Hogarth's pictures you have the city—east and west—under all guises: you are in Covent Garden or in Drury Lane with him, and with him you look through a window and see London Bridge "with houses on it," and for the moment forget that it is gone and that Rennie's structure replaced it these hundred years ago. Let me set down as a pendant to these short introductory remarks, that passage—it is rather a long one, but we shall like it all the better for that—in which Thackeray epitomises what the great Hogarth did to record the London of his day:

"To the student of history, these admirable works must be invaluable, as they give us the most complete and truthful picture of the manners, and even the thoughts, of the last century. We look, and see pass before us the England of a hundred years ago—the peer in his drawing-room, the lady of fashion in her apartment, foreign singers surrounding her, and the chamber filled with the gew-gaws in the mode of that day; the church, with its quaint florid architecture and singing congregation; the parson with his great wig, and the beadle with his cane; all these



THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION

THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION
1777

INTRODUCTORY

are represented before us, and we are sure of the truth of the portrait. We see how the Lord Mayor drives in state; how the prodigal drinks and sports at the bagnio; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch in the night-cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet. We may depend upon the perfect accuracy of these strange and varied portraits of the bygone generation: we see one of Walpole's Members of Parliament cheered after his election, and the lieges celebrating the event, and drinking confusion to the Pretender: we see the grenadiers and train-bands of the City marching out to meet the enemy; and have before us, with sword and firelock, and white Hanoverian horse embroidered on the cap, the very figures of the men who ran away with Johnny Cope, and who conquered at Culloden. The Yorkshire waggon rolls into the inn-yard; the country parson, in his jack-boots, and his bands and short cassock, comes trotting into town, and we fancy it is Parson Adams, with his sermon in his pocket. The Salisbury fly sets forth from the old Angel—you see the passengers entering the great heavy vehicle, up the wooden steps, their hats tied down with handkerchiefs over their faces, and under their arms, sword, hanger, and case-bottle; the landlady—apoplectic with the liquors in her own bar—is tugging at the bell; the hunch-backed postillion—he may have ridden the leaders to Humphrey Clinker—is begging a gratuity; the miser is grumbling at the bill; Jack the Centurion lies on the top of the clumsy vehicle, with a soldier by his side—it may be Smollett's Jack Hatchway—it has a likeness to Lismahago. You see

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY

the suburban fair and the strolling company of actors ; the pretty milk-maid singing under the windows of the enraged French musician—it is such a girl as Steele charmingly described in the ‘Guardian,’ a few years before this date, singing under Mr. Ironside’s window in Shire-lane, her pleasant carol of a May morning. You see noblemen and blacklegs bawling and betting in the cock-pit ; you see Garrick as he was arrayed in *King Richard* ; *Mackheath* and *Polly* in the dresses they wore when they charmed our ancestors, and when noblemen in blue ribbons sat on the stage and listened to their delightful music. You see the ragged French soldiery, in their white coats and cockades, at Calais Gate—they are of the regiment, very likely, which friend Roderick Random joined before he was rescued by his preserver Monsieur de Strap, and with whom he fought on the famous day of Dettingen. You see the judges on the bench ; the audience laughing in the pit ; the student in the Oxford theatre ; the citizen on his country walk ; you see Broughton the boxer ; Sarah Malcolm the murderess, Simon Lovat the traitor, John Wilkes the demagogue, leering at you with that squint which has become historical, and with that face which, ugly as it was, he said he could make as captivating to women as the handsomest beau in town. All these sights and people are with you. After looking in the “Rake’s Progress” at Hogarth’s picture of St. James’s Palace-gates, you may people the street, but little altered within these hundred years, with the gilded carriages and thronging chairmen that bore the courtiers your ancestors to Queen Caroline’s drawing-room more than a hundred years ago.”

INTRODUCTORY

Throughout the pages of "The Four Georges" and "The English Humourists" we obtain, as it were, a birds-eye view of the London of that decorative period—the eighteenth century, which will help to illustrate the more special allusions to it, which are to be found in the four novels dealing with that particular time, into whose pages we have now to look.

II

ESMOND

THE history of Henry Esmond practically begins in the year 1691 when the boy was twelve years old, living at Castlewood in Hampshire, and closes with that memorable day in the year 1714, when Queen Anne died, and the hopes of her brother, The Old Pretender, or James III., which you will, were extinguished with the trumpet blast that heralded the unopposed accession of George I. The glimpses of London which we get in this book, show us the city as it was at the close of the seventeenth and commencement of the eighteenth, century. It is the London of the Coffee-Houses that is pictured for us; the London of Addison and Steele and Swift, when Kensington Gravel Pits and far-thrown Chelsea were suburbs, and Kensington Palace was only reached by a road dangerous alike for its ruts and its highwaymen. It was, besides, a London of transition: the reign of Anne was technically a Stuart reign, but it was that of William III. and Mary, which practically closed the Stuart dynasty. Anne's rule really stands alone between two periods opposed in almost all essentials. Hers was that Augustan era, notable for its great men in statecraft, politics, arms, literature, and science, which divided the *gay insouciant* period of Charles II.'s rule, and the sombre tyranny of his

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brother, from the rather bourgeois tendencies which came in under the Georges with their curious taste in foods and favourites. It is one of the notable features of *Esmond*, that without apparently over-much effort it succeeds in conveying a complete and masterly picture of the time. It has been objected that the book bears over much evidence of being *documenté*, but this is, I think, to judge too critically by the light of the remarkable result produced. As a matter of fact it is difficult, on examination, to find anything in it which may be legitimately regarded as *property* introduced for the sake of building up a picture of the manners and customs of the time. This picture is rather conveyed by natural and what appear to be *inevitable*, situations and effects. One sees at once how thoroughly Thackeray must have saturated himself in the whole history of the period, before setting down to place his characters among scenes which he knew so well that he once projected a history of Anne's reign destined to be, he once said, his greatest work.

Here, however, no such canvas, as the writer thought of working on, demands our attention, but only that relatively small portion of it in which he touches on London in the book under consideration. The first mention we have of the Capital is in Chapter III., when Lord Castlewood comes to London, to his lodging near Covent Garden,* from his ancestral home in Hampshire, and sends his servant to fetch Henry Esmond from the care of old Mr. Pastoureau at Ealing. The boy, we are told, "remembered to

* I like to think that this lodging still exists in the beautiful old house, with its panelled rooms, No. 13 York Street, where the *Spectator* appropriately has now its headquarters.

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have lived in another place a short time before, near to London, too, amongst looms and spinning-wheels, and a great deal of psalm-singing and church-going, and a whole colony of Frenchmen." Spitalfields was the scene of these childish memories; the Spitalfields famous as the spot where these emigrants, banished from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, had settled and set up that manufacture of silk with which the place is identified, and where even to-day one may trace in certain existing names, the former inhabitants whose splendid zeal and uncompromising opposition led them to confer incalculable benefits on an alien land. It is pleasant to be able to associate with the Romillys and Laboucheres, the Ligoniers and the Barrés, the figure of young Esmond living in these precincts with his Uncle George who told him that "his father was a captain, and his mother was an angel." It was back to London from Ealing that the boy was now brought, and before setting out for Castlewood, spent some happy days exploring the great city. He was taken to the play "in a house a thousand times greater and finer than the booth at Ealing Fair," probably the Drury Lane Theatre, which had been rebuilt by Wren and opened in 1674, after the destruction of the first house by fire. It was then under the management of Rich, satirised by Hogarth in a famous print. On another day young Esmond enjoyed the experience of being rowed on the river, and of seeing London Bridge, then crowded with houses and booksellers' shops and "looking like a street"; and yet another expedition took him, under the care of Monsieur Blaise, to the Tower "with the armour and the

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great lions and bears in the moat." That once famous menagerie existed down to the time of William IV; and as early as the reign of Henry I. lions and leopards had been kept there. At the time of Esmond's visit, the lions were named after the reigning monarch. One of the "vulgar errors" of the time was that when the sovereign died the lion bearing his name died also, a superstition amusingly alluded to by Addison in No. 47 of "The Freeholder."

Full of these sights Harry Esmond accompanied Lord Castlewood back to the country, to play with Beatrix and to learn something of men and things from Father Holt. Nor does his history touch London again until he was ready to go to Cambridge, on which occasion the new Lord Castlewood (for Harry's earlier patron had been wounded to death at The Boyne, it will be remembered) accompanied him, being desirous of once again visiting the old haunts of his youth. Their way lay through London "where my Lord Viscount would also have Harry stay a few days to show him the pleasures of the town." One of their visits was to the Lady Dowager's home "at Chelsey near London, a handsome new house with a garden behind it, and facing the river, always a bright and animated sight with its swarms of sailors, barges, and wherries." In a plan of Chelsea dated 1664, you may see some of those mansions, one of which may have been in Thackeray's eye as the retreat to which the Dowager had retired from Castlewood and from that residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields, "nigh to the Duke's Theatre and to the Portugal Ambassador's chapel," and my Lord Duke of Newcastle's abode, where she had once kept up no

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little state. It may have been Lord Lindsay's house, or the more pretentious abode of the Duke of Beaufort, or that of Lord Wharton with its splendid Park, on part of which Elm Park Gardens now stands. It is difficult to say with any certainty. There were many fine residences* here in those days, and the names of former owners: the Danvers, the Cheynes, etc., still remain to tell of the fashion which once congregated in this then outlying suburb. Had Harry Esmond known he might perhaps have recognised Sir Hans Sloane walking about his manorial property or criticising the then newly formed Physic Garden, or St. Evremond (whom he would have known by the wart between his eyes) on his way to visit the Duchess of Mazarin, in Paradise Row. As it was he was bidden never to forget to visit Chelsea when in London, and when he returned to his lodging at "The Greyhound," in Charing Cross, he found a substantial token of old Lady Castlewood's favour, sent after him. I cannot say where "The Greyhound" was actually situated. There seems to be no record of it among the many taverns and hostelries mentioned as once being in Charing Cross; unless, indeed, it be synonymous with The Greyhound in the Strand, kept by one Richard Sumpter who issued a token in 1664.

"After seeing the town, and going to the plays, my Lord Castlewood and Esmond rode together to Cambridge," and so Harry bade farewell to London and spent his time by the Cam, writing Latin poems and English, becoming known as Don Dismallo, because of

* Queen's House, in Cheyne Walk, may conceivably be the place Thackeray had in his mind, but nothing can be definitely stated.

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his thoughtful and studious behaviour. Nor, indeed, was he again to visit the Capital until, during one of his vacations at Castlewood, he went thither with Lord Castlewood ostensibly for the latter to consult the famous Dr. Cheyne, but really to settle the quarrel with the redoubtable Lord Mohun, which ended so tragically. It was on the morning of the 11th of October, 1700, that the two set out. On their arrival Lord Castlewood put up at The Trumpet, in the Cockpit in Whitehall, "a house used by the military in his time as a young man, . . . and accustomed by his Lordship ever since." This "Trumpet" is, I doubt not, quite fictitious; Thackeray, wanting a tavern favoured by military men, evidently chose this sign as an appropriate one, and may perhaps have had in his mind the Trumpet in Shire Lane, famous as the resort of the Kit Kat Club with whose history and doings he was closely familiar. The real reason of Castlewood's presence in London was soon to shew itself. In the first place, an hour after his arrival, his lawyer came from Gray's Inn and had a short but significant interview with him in Esmond's presence; among other business the lawyer said he had paid certain monies to Lord Mohun at the latter's lodgings in *Bow Street*. The matter is not of great importance, but I cannot trace Lord Mohun as ever having lived in this thoroughfare. Once he resided in Gerrard Street, Soho, in a house afterwards divided into Nos. 34 and 35, and once had lodgings in Great Marlborough Street whither, by the bye, his dead body was brought after his fatal encounter with the Duke of Hamilton. It is, however, quite possible that this restless fiery

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spirit may have found shelter in a variety of places not now identified; and it would be interesting to know if Thackeray had any grounds for placing the *locale* of one of these in Bow Street, or whether he considered that the more recent legal associations of the place made it a not unfitting residence for one who so often came within the Law's purview.

These pages of "Esmond" tell of the arrangements made for the duel between Castlewood and Mohun, which Esmond did all he could to prevent, and to which he was destined to be a party. How Castlewood made a dispute at cards, the pretext of a meeting that had its real origin in marital jealousy, we all know. Describing the mode of procedure, he tells Esmond, "We shall go to the theatre in Duke Street, where we shall meet Mohun." This was the Duke's Theatre in Portugal Row, on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, behind which is now the Royal College of Surgeons. It was the second house built on this site, and opened in 1695, and was so called because it was used by the Duke's Company of Players. The earlier building had been reconstructed for Congreve and Betterton, and on the opening night, at which William III. was present, Mrs. Bracegirdle spoke the Epilogue. Duke Street was on the west side of The Fields, the entrance to it being by that low archway which we remember before the Kingsway improvements obliterated it. Thackeray, either purposely or in error, confuses the name of the Theatre with that of the neighbouring street. After the visit to the play, it was proposed to adjourn to "The Rose" or "The Greyhound." The Rose was in Brydges Street, Covent Garden, and

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was much frequented by theatre-goers and theatrical folk. Eventually the latter, *i.e.*, The Greyhound, was selected. It was kept by one Lockit or Locket, and was situated in Spring Garden, Whitehall, and stood where Drummond's bank is now, the site originally of the grounds of a place of entertainment. "For Lockit's stands where gardens once did spring," writes Dr. King in his "Art of Cookery." The name given by Thackeray to the tavern would seem to be fictitious, for I cannot trace it under that title, nor is any token of it, extant.

What took place at Lockit's need not be recapitulated, and the result is known to all readers. "Let us have chairs and go to Leicester Fields," cried Mohun, and to the Fields they went, being set down opposite the "Standard Tavern." Leicester Fields, now known as Leicester Square and retaining practically nothing of its original appearance, was once a famous place for duels. It was here that Mohun fought with Captain Coote and killed him,* and in the pages of Narcissus Luttrell and other contemporary chroniclers, data may be found for establishing the character of the fields as a meeting place for the settlement of disputes. Thackeray therefore appropriately places the encounter between Castlewood and Mohun here; but where "The Standard" was I am unable to say. Probably the sign was a made-up one, and, if so, possibly given on account of the "Military Yard," once existing behind the grounds of Leicester House which stood roughly where The Empire is to-day.

* Lord Warwick took part in this duel, as he did in that between Mohun and Castlewood. Probably Thackeray has mixed up fact and fiction here.

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The result of the duel, when Lord Castlewood was fatally wounded, and was carried to the house of Mr. Aimes, the surgeon of Long Acre, uselessly, is part of the history of Esmond. But one recalls that the clergyman sent for, to hear the dying man's last confession, was Mr. Atterbury, then, according to Thackeray, but a preacher at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, but later to attain episcopal dignity, and to be closely associated with the final incidents in the book.*

Esmond, for his share in these proceedings, was shut up in "The Gatehouse." This prison, situated near the west end of the Abbey, had received many notable visitors. Sir Walter Raleigh went thence to the scaffold in Old Palace Yard; Sir John Eliot was incarcerated here for a time, so was John Selden, and here Lovelace wrote his immortal verses "To Althea." Once even honest Pepys was thrown into a dungeon here, and such names as those of Marchmont Needham, and Jeremy Collier are found on the prisoners' roll among lesser lights. Here he lay "in no small pain" from the wound he had received in the duel, and suffering far greater pain from the reproaches which distracted Lady Castlewood came and showered upon him. The trial of Lord Mohun, in Westminster Hall, which resulted in his "pleading his clergy" and so being discharged, is practically identical with the proceedings that followed the duel in which Colonel Coote was one of the protagonists, and its details may be read in contemporary accounts from which, no doubt, Thackeray's outline is taken.

While the peers engaged in the contest stood their

*Hatton (in 1708) tells us that Atterbury, then become Dean of Carlisle, was preacher at The Rolls Chapel, in Chancery Lane, at that date.

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trial at Westminster, the commoners implicated were dealt with at Newgate, and were all found guilty. As was customary in those days when such incidents created the same amount of interest and excitement as divorce cases do in our own enlightened times, the prisoners became one of the sights of the Town, and the privileges they enjoyed must have done no little to alleviate the tedium of their imprisonment. Thackeray's description of Esmond's treatment and of that of his companions, may be taken as what generally obtained under like circumstances. "The three gentlemen in Newgate," he writes, "were about as much crowded as the Bishops in the Tower, or a highwayman before execution. We were allowed to live in the Governor's house, both before trial and after condemnation, waiting the King's pleasure. . . Except fresh air, the prisoners had, upon payment, most things they could desire. Interest was made that they should not mix with the vulgar convicts, whose ribald choruses and loud laughter and curses could be heard from their own part of the prison, where they and the miserable debtors were confined pell-mell." And he adds, "if the three gentlemen lived well under the care of the Warden of Newgate, it was because they paid well; and indeed the cost at the dearest ordinary or the grandest tavern in London could not have furnished a longer reckoning, than our host of the "Handcuff Inn"—as Colonel Westbury called it. Our rooms were the three in the gate over Newgate—on the second storey looking up Newgate Street towards Cheapside and Paul's Church. And we had leave to walk on the roof, and could see thence Smithfield and the Blue-coat Boy's

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School gardens, and the Chartreuse, where, as Harry Esmond remembered, Dick the Scholar and his friend Tom Tusher had had their schooling." This Newgate was the precursor of Dance's structure which most of us remember, and the old gate itself, as is indicated by Thackeray, formed part of the prison. The gate was demolished in 1767, and the first stone of the new building laid in 1770. Old prints (notably one in Maitland's History of London) show its general appearance at the end of the seventeenth century when Esmond was a prisoner in one of the three rooms over the entrance. The Chartreuse mentioned in the above passage is, of course, The Charterhouse, and Scholar Dick is Richard Steele of the *Spectator*, and "The Christian Hero," whose winning personality darts like a sunbeam, here and there, across the pages of "Esmond." Just at this point of the book, indeed, we find "honest Dick," at the Dowager's house at Chelsea, where he had gone on behalf of his friend in Newgate, and where he, too, fell under the spell of the recently widowed Lady Castlewood. It was to Chelsea that Esmond came, on his liberation. From Newgate he set out "by Fleet Conduit," which had stood in Fleet Street, just next to Shoe Lane, since the close of the fourteenth century, but was in Esmond's time only a name, having been taken down many years before the date of his history. Thence he proceeded "down to the Thames, where a pair of oars was called, and went up the river to Chelsey"; probably by way of Salisbury Square, taking boat at Salisbury Court Stairs. Let Thackeray tell of his progress himself: "Esmond thought the sun had never shone so bright;

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nor the air felt so fresh and exhilarating," he says. " Temple Garden, as they rowed by, looked like the Garden of Eden to him, and the aspect of the quays, wharves, and buildings by the river, Somerset House, and Westminster (where the splendid new bridge was just beginning)*, Lambeth tower and palace, and that busy shining scene of the Thames swarming with boats and barges, filled his heart with pleasure and cheerfulness—as well such a beautiful scene might to one who had been a prisoner so long. . . . They rowed up at length to the pretty village of Chelsea, where the nobility have many handsome country houses; and so came to my Lady Viscountess's house, a cheerful new house in the row facing the river, with a handsome garden behind it, and a pleasant look-out both towards Surrey and Kensington, where stands the noble ancient palace† of the Lord Warwick, Harry's reconciled adversary."

At Chelsea Esmond remained until he left England on the Vigo Bay Expedition, in 1702. He had already joined Quin's Regiment, and his "commision was scarce three weeks old," when William III. died (March, 1702). You may read in Narcissus Luttrell's Diary, the record of these four months as it affected the country at large, and incidentally as it appeared to a Londoner who watched the progress of events from day to day, and set down the minute record of

* This is not correct. The Act for building the bridge was not passed till 1736, the first stone being laid on January 29, 1739. Charles Labeyle, a naturalised Swiss, was the designer.

† Holland House is indicated. It was to this Lord Warwick that Addison, on his deathbed in Holland House, sent, so that he might see how a Christian could die. "This awful scene," as Johnson terms it, occurred on June 17th, 1719. Lord Warwick himself died two years later.

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them which proved so invaluable to Macaulay when he was engaged on his *magnum opus*. It familiarises us with the doings of two hundred years ago, almost as if they were things of yesterday. Under the *ægis* of his step-mother, Esmond became a fine gentleman of the period; the Dowager filled his purse with guineas, and Steele and others helped him to spend them. One entertainment is specifically mentioned, at which Esmond was the guest and paymaster, although "honest Dick" had the ordering of the meal. This took place at "The Garter," in Pall Mall. The "Star and Garter," to give its more correct name, is chiefly famous as having been the scene of the duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, in 1765, when the opponents fought by the light of a single tallow-candle, but it was a well known resort of Steele (what tavern was not, for the matter of that?), and some of those short pregnant notes to his "Dearest Prue" written from a Pall Mall Tavern were probably penned at this hostelry.

Esmond's absence over the Vigo Bay business was not a long one, and in the Autumn he was back in London, bringing with him, for the Dowager at Chelsea, "a comb, a fan, and a black mantle, such as the ladies of Cadiz wear, and which my Lady Countess pronounced became her style of beauty mightily." He made his appearance on The Mall, at the theatre, and coffee-houses, and showed himself anything but the Don Dismallo he had once been termed, at various taverns in the company of Dick Steele and the more correct Mr. Addison. Steele, by the bye, had by this, says Thackeray, set up his coach and fine house in Bloomsbury, at which the coffee-house wits were not

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a little amazed. Here again, however, the novelist is a little previous. Steele first took "the prettiest house to receive the prettiest woman," as he calls it in a letter to his wife, in the year 1712; and he remained here living hand to mouth, for three years "having a small house in Jermyn Street for which he couldn't pay, and a country house at Hampton on which he had borrowed money." Here he is said once to have given a grand dinner with the bailiffs disguised as footmen: "Poor needy Prince of Bloomsbury"! writes Thackeray elsewhere, "think of him in his palace, with his allies from Chancery Lane, ominously guarding him." Mrs Steele was not a little proud of her palace, and rather obviously preferred its being talked of, than the "hovel" at Hampton. "Do you know Bloomsbury Square?" she asks Mr. St. John. "Do I know the Mall? Do I know the opera? Do I know the reigning toast?" replies that astute person, "why, Bloomsbury is the very height of the mode. 'Tis *rus in urbe*, you have gardens all the way to Hampstead, and palaces round about you, Southampton House and Montague House."

After a period of ease in the gay society of London, Esmond again buckled on his sword and "made" the campaign of 1704, when Marlborough dealt the French under Tallard, such a blow at Blenheim. The winter quarters which followed were spent by many of the officers in England, and it was in Golden Square, that Esmond first met Major General Webb, then lodging there, who was later to be his superior officer. Whether or not there are any actual *data* for placing the general's *pied à terre* in Golden

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Square, we know that this quarter was then fashionable, and the names of such men as Bolingbroke and Lord Peterborough were connected with it, the former as a resident, often visited by Swift and Harley; the latter coming hither to see his future wife, the beautiful and talented Anastasia Robinson whose father had established, in the Square, weekly concerts much affected by the fashionable world.

Friendship also drew Esmond to the far west of the town—to Kensington Square where Lady Castlewood had a house, where, by the bye, Mrs. Seurlock, when being courted by her future husband, Dick Steele, also lodged. Dick and Harry used to meet constantly at Kensington, we are told. "They were always prowling about the place, or dismally walking thence, or eagerly running thither. They emptied scores of bottles at the 'King's Arms,' each man prating of his love." The "King's Arms" I have been unable to identify, but we know that Knightsbridge and Kensington teemed with inns, and no doubt the place has its actual prototype, even if it was not known under the name (a common enough one) selected by Thackeray.

Which house in Kensington Square (off which, in Young Street, Thackeray himself lived) was in the author's eye for the residence of Lady Castlewood, it is, of course, impossible to say. There are still houses remaining in this picturesque old-fashioned quarter, one of which might easily have been the scene of those episodes which are so familiar to readers of "Esmond." The Square was becoming fashionable at this period; it had but recently been

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completed (1698), and besides the Castlewood *ménage*, Addison is said to have lodged here for some weeks before his marriage with Lady Warwick,* and Steele put up at a house kept by a Mrs. Hardresse in 1708, while the Duchess of Mazarin flaunted her beauty in the precincts at a slightly earlier date.

If there is any doubt as to Addison ever having been an inhabitant of Kensington Square, there is none regarding his sojourn in "The Haymarket," whither he took Esmond and Steele to crack a bottle on a famous occasion. In Chapter XI. we are told how Dick and Harry were on their way down Jermyn Street, † when they saw a gentleman poring over a folio volume in a book-shop near to St. James's Church. This was no other than the great Mr. Addison who invited the friends to his lodging hard by. There Steele read portions of "The Campaign," the manuscript of which lay on the table, with the enthusiasm of a poet and a friend. To this small attic, over a shop, in after years, came a little deformed man with a friend. "In this garret Addison wrote his Campaign," the former exclaimed, with flashing eyes. It was Pope pointing out the workshop of genius to Harte, the actor. Within a month after the day when Addison took his friends home with him, "All the town was in an uproar of admiration of 'The Campaign'," writes Thackeray, "which Dick Steele was spouting at every coffee-house in Whitehall and Covent Garden." But real campaigns, not the listen-

* There has been some doubt cast on this, however.

† Thackeray spells it Germain Street, as it was once written, although it took its name from Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, who laid out St. James's Square. Shadwell in his "Virtuoso," 1676, writes it Germin Street.

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ing to a poet's polished stanzas commemorating them, were again to claim Esmond, and at Oudenarde, and Wynendael, which Webb won although Marlborough did his best to rob him of the glory, he was present, and later, in defence of his friend Webb, fought a duel with Mohun. After this affair he returned to England where he was hospitably entreated of the old Dowager at Chelsea, whither he, however, escaped to the more congenial company in Kensington Square. One more campaign, that made bloody by Malplaquet, and to Esmond, interesting because he first saw the King, "James III.," with whom he was to be later so closely associated, saw the end of his "Battles and Bruises," and he again came to home and Kensington, where he "took a lodging near to his mistresses." It is not here the place to follow Esmond's fortunes or the course of the history of the period, which can be read so much better in the actual pages of Thackeray's masterpiece. We get glimpses of Marlborough's fall from almost regal power; of the wits, Garth, and Arbuthnot and Gay and Prior; we meet the redoubtable Dean in the coffe-houses, or coming from his lodgings in Bury Street, St. James's; we wander with Esmond so far east as The Exchange, in the Strand, to buy a fan or a pair of gloves for Beatrix—that Exchange built on the site of Durham House Stables (where the Adelphi is now), where Don Pantaleon Sa had once disturbed the peace, and "The White Milliner" had later hidden the identity of the Duchess of Tyrconnel.

The two incidents on which the latter part of "Esmond" turns, are connected with London. The



THE DUKE BETWEEN THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND LORD MORNAY

From a contemporary drawing



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first is the famous duel between the Duke of Hamilton (betrothed to Beatrix) and Lord Mohun, in Hyde Park. The history of that sanguinary encounter has been so often told, that the tale need not be repeated. How a trifling reason was assigned for the meeting which is now regarded as having been an arranged plot to kill the Duke; how the protagonists, and their seconds (they fought three on a side) met just before sunset in that portion of the Park called "The Ring," and how the Duke and Mohun became locked in a deadly embrace, in which the latter was mortally wounded; and how Macartney deliberately stabbed the Duke as he lay over his antagonist, are incidents which have become almost part of the country's history. The skilful way in which Thackeray has interpolated this historic event into his story adds a remarkable *vraisemblance* to the tale.

The second episode is that which brings the Old Pretender (James III. to our friends) to England, and makes Lady Castlewood's house in Kensington Square the centre of those intrigues which, but for the wayward nature of the Prince, might have placed him on the throne. If in imagination we select one of the still existing old houses as the actual one where the Prince was received in such secrecy and with so much useless loyalty, we can still further rehabilitate it, prepared for its august visitor, by the aid of Thackeray's description. "The chamber was ornamented with flowers," he writes, "the bed covered with the very finest of linen, the two ladies insisting on making it themselves, and kneeling down at the bedside and kissing the sheets out of respect for the web that was to hold the sacred person of a King.

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The toilet was of silver and crystal ; there was a copy of ' Eikon Basilike ' laid on the writing table ; a portrait of the martyred King hung always over the mantel, having a sword of my poor Lord Castlewood underneath it, and a little picture or emblem which the widow loved always to have before her eyes on waking, and in which the hair of her lord and her two children was worked together. . . . The ladies showed Mr. Esmond, when they were completed, the fond preparations they had made." We know how Esmond and young Lord Castlewood accompanied the Prince from Rochester to London where they arrived by nightfall " leaving their horses at the Posting House over against Westminster, and being ferried over the water, where Lady Esmond's coach was already in waiting." In an hour they were in Kensington, and the Prince, disguised as a servant, slept in his father's capital. Esmond, who had been instrumental in the carrying out of the bold stroke from which so much was hoped, went homeward to his lodgings, and met Mr. Addison walking to the cottage he had at Fulham : " I thought it was a footpad advancing in the dark, and behold it is an old friend," exclaimed the Whig poet, little dreaming from what company his friend had come.

The house in Kensington Square now became the centre of endless activity. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was a frequent caller, and was received by the Prince (now metamorphised into Lord Castlewood) " either in my Lady's drawing-room below, or above in his own apartment." Esmond and Lord Castlewood were forever going to and fro, in further-

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ance of the plot. Finally it was arranged, by the help of Mrs. Masham, the Queen's confidante, and Dr. Arbuthnot, that a meeting between Her Majesty and her brother, should take place in Kensington Gardens—in the Cedar Walk behind the new Banqueting House.* Beatrix was present at the interview. The Queen, on recognising her brother, had a fit of hysterics, and was hurried back to the Palace; but Lady Masham whispered to the Prince that he might hope for the very best, and that he was to be ready by the morrow for developments. But that morrow never came. Beatrix, accused by her mother and brother, of too great a familiarity with the Prince, goes off to Castlewood; the Prince, on the very eve of success, as indicated by the two emissaries which Lady Masham sent in haste to the house in Kensington Square, elected to forego his chance of a throne for a sight of the fine eyes of Beatrix and, in spite of the gratifying reports and the declaration of Atterbury that he would have him proclaimed heir to the throne before the day was out, set forth to follow his *inamorata*. The rest is history: the fierce battle in the Council Chamber where the Lord Treasurer broke his staff; the reception of a great Whig company by Lord Bolingbroke, in Golden Square; the shock to the Queen from which, in spite of Arbuthnot and our old friend Mr. Aimes of Long Acre, she was not to recover; all these things may be read in the annals of the country. Now or never was the time, but the Prince was writing sonnets to his mistress's eyebrows, what time the Elector of Hanover was being proclaimed George, sole monarch

* I suppose The Orangery, erected by Wren, is here indicated.

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of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the people were shouting "God Save the King."

It does not require much imagination, I think, to conjure up the scenes so vividly portrayed in the last pages of "Esmond." Amid the altered conditions of Kensington, now an integral part of London, then but an outlying village, there still remain, wearing much the same appearance they then did, two things, Kensington Palace and Kensington Square. The former has outwardly changed hardly at all: William III. stands in stone where the actual "Little Dutchman" so often walked; Wren's "Orangery" is there; and with the exception of Kent's additions to the fabric there is the Palace of Anne. In Kensington Square, in spite of rebuilding, in spite of even an infelicitously tall block of flats, there are many houses which must have seen the events alluded to. In one of these Lady Castlewood lived, Esmond sighed, and a Prince whose right to the throne was only to be denied on the strength of his father's bigotry, stayed for awhile amidst a loyalty which the Stuarts could always evoke, and which like a true Stuart he disregarded and abused.

III

THE VIRGINIANS

JUST as "The Newcomes" carries on the story to some extent begun in "Pendennis," so in "The Virginians" we have a sequel to "Esmond"; for as "Esmond" presents us with a vivid picture of the England and London of the earlier eighteenth century, so "The Virginians" is concerned with the latter half of that century which Thackeray loved and knew so well. The London of "The Virginians" is the London of the last years of George II.'s reign and the earlier ones of his successor. We come across such names as those of Lord Chesterfield, Lord March, Captain Morris, George Augustus Selwyn, Dr. Johnson, Gilbert, Bishop of Salisbury, and Richardson, in the book before us; just as in its predecessor we were so often in the company of Steele and Addison and Swift, Marlborough and Peterborough, and Bolingbroke. Our resorts are White's and the chocolate-houses, Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and Marylebone Gardens, and we flit from St. James's to Kensington, and from Marylebone to Piccadilly and Mayfair, and even lose ourselves in the intricacies of then fashionable Soho or wander amid the ever classic groves of The Temple. The outlines of the London of this period can be easily followed in Rocque's plan dated 1741-5,

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when the northern boundaries of the city were marked by such places as Queen's Square and Marylebone Gardens in the west, and the back of Bedford House (then occupying the north side of Bloomsbury Square) was open to the Lamb's Conduit Fields and Tottenham Court was a tiny collection of houses standing in the midst of meadows, through which the New Road from Paddington to Islington (twin villages) now the Marylebone Road, ran in a north-easterly direction. In the east, buildings skirted the Mile End Road, but London proper stopped a little east of Goodman's Fields; although Shadwell and the parts skirting the river by Wapping were thickly built over. Knightsbridge was increasing but was not yet an integral part of London, and Belgravia was represented by The Five Fields, and much of Westminster by the Neat House Gardens, abutting on the river, and Tothill Fields famous for duels.

The curious will be able to see for themselves the vast changes in size and appearance which the city now presents from what it did when the *dramatis personæ* of "The Virginians" lived and wandered through its streets. It is a known fact that it was possible to reach the country from any part of London in a quarter of an hour at this period, and this, I think, gives a better idea of the then relatively exiguous area covered by London, than would pages of particularization. The aristocratic quarter was east of Hyde Park corner, as much of it is to-day, but what were then awful slums in the Westminster quarter have gradually given place to splendid buildings and residences where fashion is now almost as pleased to dwell as it is in Mayfair and Belgravia.

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A passage from Besant's "London in the 18th Century," succinctly sums up the topographical conditions at this period. "London then consisted first of the City, nearly the whole of which had been rebuilt after the Fire, only a small portion in the east and west containing the older buildings; a workman's quarter at Whitechapel; a lawyer's quarter from Gray's Inn to the Temple, both inclusive; a quarter north of the Strand occupied by coffee-houses, taverns, theatres, a great market, and the people belonging to these places; an aristocratic quarter lying east of Hyde Park; and Westminster with its Houses of Parliament, its Abbey, and the worst slums in the whole city. On the other side of the river, between London Bridge and St. George's, was a busy High Street with streets to right and left: the river bank was lined with houses from Paris Gardens to Rotherhithe; there were streets at the back of St. Thomas's and Guy's; Lambeth Marsh lay in open fields, and gardens intersected by sluggish streams and ditches; and Rotherhithe Marsh lay equally open in meadows and gardens, with ponds and ditches in the east."

Such then was the London of 1756, to which Harry Warrington* came from his home in Virginia. We need not follow his itinerary too closely at first, for it carries us not to the great city but to the family estate of Castlewood, in Hampshire, where his reception was, until the intervention of the imperious

* He was, it will be remembered, the son of Madame Esmond Warrington, herself a daughter of Henry Esmond and his wife Lady Castlewood, widow of Lord Castlewood. The Warringtons were Norfolk people; the Esmonds' ancestral home was Castlewood, in Hampshire.

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Baroness Bernstein (our old friend Beatrix Esmond) such a cool and unfriendly one.

Indeed, although there are many allusive references to the city, in the earlier chapters of the book, where Lord March and Parson Sampson relate their experiences to the unsophisticated Virginian, and in which figure Ranelagh and Marylebone Gardens, the talk of the Mall and the gossip of the clubs and chocolate-houses of St. James's, the scene of the story is chiefly laid at Castlewood and Tunbridge Wells, until Warrington (in Chapter 36) goes to London, with his faithful black servant, Gumbo.

"No wonder," we read, "that his spirits rose more gaily as he came near London, and that he looked with delight from his post-chaise windows upon the city as he advanced towards it. No highwayman stopped our traveller on Blackheath. Yonder are the gleaming domes of Greenwich, canopied with woods. There is the famous Thames with its countless shipping; there actually is the Tower of London. Harry remembers how he has read about it in Howell's *Medulla* and how he and his brother used to play at the Tower, and he thinks with delight now, how he is actually going to see the armour and the jewels, and the lions. They pass through Southwark and over that famous London Bridge which was all covered with houses like a street two years ago.* Now there is only a single gate left, and that is coming down. Then the chaise rolls through the city; and "Look, Gumbo, that is Saint Pauls!" "Yes, master; Saint Paul's," says Gumbo, obsequiously, but little struck by the beauties of the

*It was the winter season of 1756-7.

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architecture, and so by the well-known course we reach the Temple, and Gumbo and his master look up with awe at the rebel heads on Temple Bar.”*

One of Harry's reasons for going to London was to deposit the precious box belonging to the Baroness Bernstein, with that lady's lawyer, Mr. Draper, in Middle Temple Lane. In reality it was the excuse framed by the Baroness for getting her kinsman away from Tunbridge Wells and the influence of Lady Maria. Harry had said that when he went to London, he would not occupy his aunt's house, but would put up at The Star and Garter in Pall Mall or at an inn in Covent Garden, and to the latter he went, viz., The Bedford in the Piazza, although Mr. Draper had offered him the hospitality of his villa at Camberwell. Before going there Harry was anxious to see Leicester Fields “where his grandfather and Lord Castlewood had fought a duel fifty-six years ago,” but as Convent Garden was nearer, he called at the “Bedford” first. After visiting the scene of his forebear's prowess, he returned to Middle Temple Lane to partake of a collation ordered from The Cock, the famous Fleet Street Ordinary then situated on the opposite side of the way, to its modern namesake. He could not resist solemnly saluting the Jacobite heads on Temple Bar, although the terrified lawyer told him he would have a mob at his heels if he did, and he had the opportunity of greeting the great Dr. Johnson, “a shabby man of letters,” according to Mr. Draper, whose acquaintance he had made at Tunbridge. After their meal, the question was: whither should they seek diversion. The theatres were shut,

* See Doran's “London in Jacobite Times.”

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should they go to Sadler's Wells or Marybone Gardens or Ranelagh? Mr. Draper voted against Ranelagh "because there's none of the nobility in town," and seeing by the newsheet that there was an entertainment at Sadler's Wells, which, however, did not appeal to him, Harry determined for Marybone Gardens "where they had a concert of music, a choice of tea, coffee, and all sorts of wines, and the benefit of Mr. Draper's ceaseless conversation."

The stranger found plenty of opportunities for diverting himself. The day after his arrival he bought a pair of bay geldings, advertised for sale at The Bull Inn, Hatton Garden, and afterwards, although not telling anyone because of appearing too much like a country bumpkin, "it is believed that he went to Westminster Abbey, from which he bade the coachman drive him to the Tower, then to Mrs. Salmon's waxworks, then to Hyde Park and Kensington Palace; then he had given orders to go to the Royal Exchange, but catching a glimpse of Covent Garden on his way to the Exchange, he bade Jehu take him to his inn." In the evening he paid a second visit to Marybone Gardens, so that our open-handed and mercurial hero cannot be said to have allowed the grass of the London streets to have grown under his feet during his first twenty-four hours experience of the great city.

In those days a young man of quality, bent on pleasure and with plenty of money in his purse, had all kinds of opportunities of diverting himself. With the necessary introductions which were easily forthcoming, he was able to gain access to the clubs—White's and the rest; his appearance and bank-book

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made him a welcome guest at the chocolate-houses, such as the Shakespeare Head, the Star and Garter, Pontack's,* etc., where the wits were wont to assemble to engage in the war of words or to honour the reigning "toast." Ranelagh and Marybone vied with the theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, in providing nocturnal amusement for the pleasure-seeker, and at The Wooden House, in Marybone Fields, which we know Warrington visited, prize fights were held, and at the Cockpit in Birdcage Walk, men eagerly watched, and freely betted on, the prowess of feathered combatants, as they may be seen doing in Hogarth's famous print. The description in "The Virgians" (Chapter 37) of the combat between Sutton and Figg, at the Wooden House, is a masterly word-picture of a prize-fight as conducted in those days, and readers of the book will remember it well enough.

Warrington met that sporting nobleman, Lord March, later to be known as "Old Q.," at this entertainment, and left in his company. The conversation of that cynic, although it throws no little light on his character, need not concern us, but when he begins to discourse on London, he grows interesting. As the acquaintances drive westward from Marybone, he acts as cicerone to the sight-seer. "Here are some fine houses we are coming to," he exclaims, "that at the corner is Sir Richard Littleton's, that great one was my Lord Bingley's.† 'Tis a pity they do nothing better with this great empty space of Cavendish

* In the City. It was situated in Abchurch Lane. Swift and Radcliffe were habitués here, and here were held the Royal Society dinners till 1746.

† Cavendish Square.

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Square than fence it with these unsightly boards. By George! I don't know where the town's running. There is Montague House made into a confounded Don Saltero's* museum, with books and stuffed birds and rhinoceroses. They have actually run a cursed cut—New Road they call it—at the back of Bedford House Gardens, and spoilt the Duke's comfort, though, I guess, they will console him in the pocket. I don't know where the town will stop. Shall we go down Tyburn Road and the Park or through Swallow Street and into the habitable quarters of the town."

Dinner and cards followed the drive, but the latter was considerably interrupted, much to my Lord March's disgust, and finally, when Lady Maria's letter is delivered to Harry, the latter starts up to go to the lady's help at Tunbridge Wells. "In half an hour after the receipt of this missive, Mr. Warrington was in his postchaise and galloping over Westminster Bridge on the road to succour his kinswoman."

We need not follow our hero on his journey, nor "assist" at his various exploits at the Wells or at Castlewood whither he subsequently journeyed and where he administered a well-deserved castigation to Mr. Will: Esmond. It is sufficient again to rejoin him when he reaches London and begins, in earnest, that "rake's progress," the details of which are fully set forth in the forty-first Chapter of his veracious his-

* Montague House was converted into the British Museum in 1759. The allusion is to Don Saltero's, a coffee house and museum in Cheyne Walk, opened by one Saltero, in 1695. Sir Hans Sloane added to its curiosities. See *The Tatler*, No. 226, for an account of the place.

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tory.* This time the Bedford Coffee House was not suitable to my gentleman of fashion who, although he put up at his old hostelry for a night or so, soon found more convenient lodgings in Bond Street. A letter which Harry sent to his mother in Virginia, dated October 25th, 1756, gives us some idea (but not everything, you may be sure) of his doings in London. He confesses to being friends with such leaders of the ton as Rockingham, Carlisle, Orford, Bolingbroke, Coventry, and March. He was presented by his friend, Mr. Wolfe to his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, at a parade in St. James's Park, and subsequently waited on H.R.H. at his mansion in Pall Mall—the Schomberg House of which but a fragment remains. He tells other news; but his real way of life, especially as regarded his engagement to his cousin, Lady Maria, was to be communicated to Mrs. Esmond Warrington by the Baroness Bernstein, in an ill-spelt epistle full of worldly wisdom and not very edifying. This letter was dated from the Baroness's house in Clarges Street, and arrived in Virginia by the same mail as carried Harry's effusion.

“As much pleasure as the town could give in the winter season of 1756-7, Mr. Warrington had for the asking. There were operas for him, in which he took but moderate delight. (A prodigious deal of satire was brought to bear against these Italian operas, and they were assailed for being foolish, Popish, unmanly, unmeaning; but people went, nevertheless). There

* At the close of the 40th Chapter of “The Virginians” is a clever *pastiche* of one of Horace Walpole's letters, in which the doings of Harry “the fortunate youth,” are touched upon in the true Horatian vein.

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were the theatres, with Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard at one house, and Mrs. Clive at another. There were masquerades and ridottos, frequented by all the fine society: there were their lordship's and ladyship's own private drums and assemblies, which began and ended with cards, and which Mr. Warrington did not like so well as White's, because the play there was neither so high nor so fair as at the club-table."

The fact was that Harry had become a confirmed gambler, and at a period when play was high and incessant, played more incessantly and higher than most. Luck at first favoured him, but the inevitable turn of Fortune was at hand, and he began to lose so heavily that his capital was dipt into and then gone; his credit fell and ruin stared him in the face. His cousin Castlewood (less friendly than his other kinsman, Sir Miles Warrington who first met Harry at Court and invited him to his house in Hill Street, where the youth took a dish of coffee with the serious Lady Warrington, given over as her husband said "to Tottenham Court Road and Mr. Whitfield's preaching") dealt him his *coup de grace*. Harry had been to the City one day when he had walked with his brother to the Bank, and after the signing of a trifling signature or two, had come away with a bundle of bank notes in his pocket. He dined with his man of business in one of the great dining-houses and looked in at the Exchange, returning by way of Temple Bar, the Strand and St. James's Street. By three o'clock he is at his favourite haunt, White's, and there plays with Castlewood and loses all his money. He had promised to help Parson

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Sampson over some pressing difficulties, but all his cash was gone, so what does he do but take his watch and jewellery and get eighty guineas in exchange for them in St. Martin's Lane. Away he hurries to Sampson's lodgings in Long Acre, where he appears the *deus ex machina*, a sort of earthly Providence to the parson and his long-suffering landlady. It is the Lamberts staying at Lord Wrotham's house in Hill Street, who learn that that same evening Harry had been taken by bailiffs, as he issued from Sir Harry Miles Warrington's house only three doors away. Hetty Lambert, whose partiality for the scapegrace will be familiar to readers of "The Virginians," falls fainting from her chair at the news.

How Harry was locked up in the Cursitor Street sponging-house; how he applied vainly for help from his cousins in Hill Street, and his acquaintance, Lord March, at White's; how the Baroness Bernstein promised succour on condition that he would give up Lady Maria who, by the bye, visited him and thereby further strengthened the claims which the youth thought she had on him; and finally, how his brother George, long supposed to be dead, unexpectedly appeared in London as "the Deliverer come to his rescue"; these incidents are recorded in the following chapters. The arrival of the fraternal help is thus described:

"Quick, hackney-coach steeds, and bear George Warrington through Strand and Fleet Street to his imprisoned brother's rescue! Any one who remembers Hogarth's picture of a London hackney-coach and a London street road at that period, may fancy

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how weary the quick time was, and how long seemed the journey;—scarcely any lights, save those carried by link-boys; badly hung coaches; bad pavements; great holes in the road, and vast quagmires of winter mud. That drive from Piccadilly to Fleet Street seemed almost as long to our young man, as the journey from Marlborough to London which he had performed in the morning.”

On his arrival George found Col. Lambert and Lieut.-Colonel Wolfe in Amos's sponging-house, with his brother. What a meeting was that, as the two hearts beat each to each amid the squalid surroundings of Cursitor Street!

After Harry's release from his gloomy and squalid surroundings, the story does not carry us into many new London haunts, for some time. George's unexpected appearance and his introduction to his English relatives, the gradual dethronement, so to speak, of Harry, including the now-much-desired-by-all-parties severance of his engagement with Lady Maria, are topics sufficiently exciting. George's description of his adventures, wound, imprisonment, and escape, which he is obliged to repeat more than once, takes up, at this juncture, a considerable portion of the tale which oscillates between Lord Castlewood's house in Kensington Square, Sir Miles Warrington's residence and General Lambert's lodgings (in Lord Wrotham's mansion) in Hill Street, and the abode of the Baroness Bernstein in Clarges Street. A passage or two, however, from Chapter 58, where George pays his respects to his sovereign at Kensington Palace, deserves to be quoted, as bearing more directly on the subject of this volume. Here,

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for instance, is a picture of Kensington Palace, as it was in the days of George II.

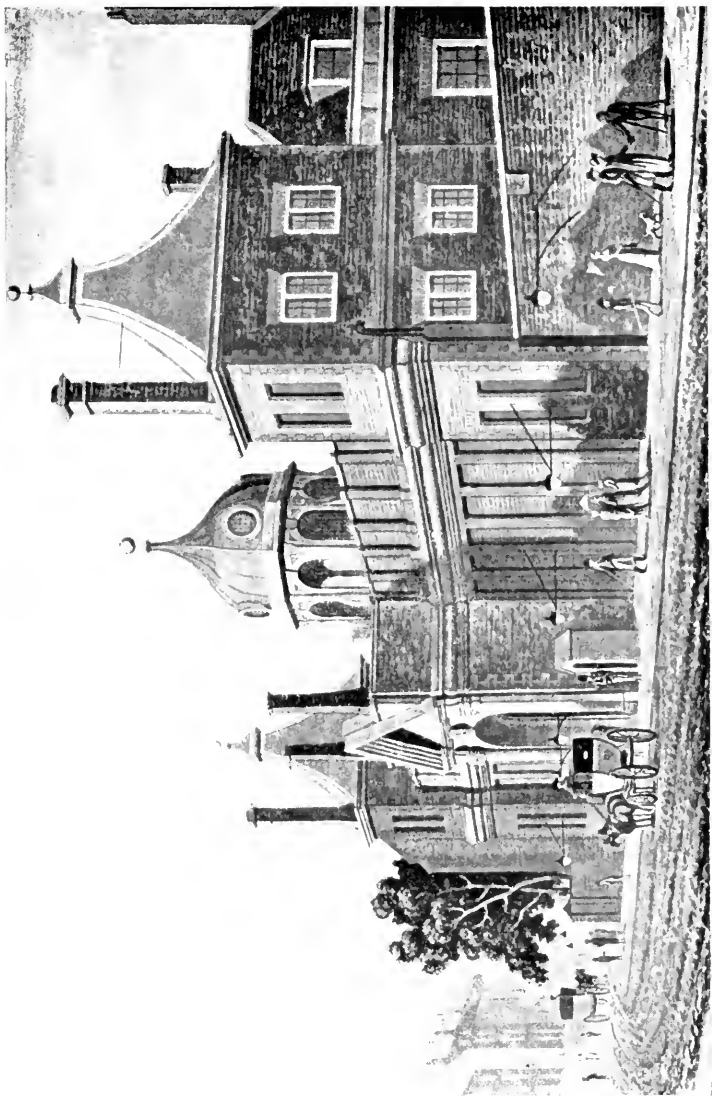
“ They (George, Sir Miles and General Lambert went together in a hackney coach) alighted at Kensington Palace Gate, where the sentries on duty knew and saluted the good General, and hence modestly made their way on foot to the summer residence of the Sovereign. Walking under the portico of the Palace, they entered the gallery which leads to the great black marble staircase (which hath been so richly decorated and painted by Mr. Kent), and then passed through several rooms, richly hung with tapestry and adorned with pictures and busts, until they came to the King’s great drawing-room, where that famous Venus by Titian is, and, amongst other masterpieces, the picture of St. Francis adoring the infant Saviour, performed by Sir Peter Paul Rubens; and here, with the rest of the visitors to the Court, the gentlemen waited until his Majesty issued from his private apartments where he was in conference with certain personages who were called in the newspaper language of that day, his M—j—ty’s M—n—st—rs. George Warrington, who had never been in a palace before, had leisure to admire the place, and regard the people round him. He saw fine pictures for the first time too, and I daresay delighted in that charming piece of Sir Anthony Vandyke, representing King Charles the First, his Queen and Family, and the noble picture of Esther before Ahasuerus, painted by Tintoret, and in which all the figures are dressed in the magnificent Venetian habit.”

The scene described must have taken place in what

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is now called The King's Drawing Room, communicating with the King's Privy Chamber, where George II. is shewn as being in conference with his Ministers. The Drawing Room was decorated by Kent with his heavy mouldings and luxuriance of gilding, and its ceiling was also painted by the then fashionable jack of all trades. The pictures mentioned by Thackeray no longer hang here, their places being taken by West's full length portraits of George III. and his family. Titian's Venus, on which George Warrington gazed, is now at Hampton Court—it is an old Venetian copy of the famous Uffizi picture—and there too, is Tintoretto's "Esther," a work originally purchased by Charles I., hung in St. James's Palace, and after the King's execution sold to a Mr. Smith for £120! The "St. Francis," by Rubens, and Vandyke's "Charles I. and his Family," have also been removed from Kensington Palace.

Harry Warrington having been given the cold shoulder at White's and Arthur's, in the Ring, and in Pall Mall, and the gaming-houses, sought these haunts of pleasure less and less, although Aunt Bernstein was for having him brave public opinion and by living down his disaster, conquer. He had, however, made up his mind and determined to abide by his decision. His brother's influence was now paramount. Other changes took place about this time, among our *dramatis personæ*. The brothers "removed from the court-end of the town, Madame de Bernstein pishing and pshaing at their change of residence." George had taken to frequenting Sir Hans Sloane's new museum, then recently opened in Montague House (1759), and to be near it he and Harry



MONTEAGUE HOUSE, THE ORIGINAL BRITISH MUSEUM

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took lodgings in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, "looking over the delightful fields towards Hampstead, at the back of the Duke of Bedford's gardens."* About the same time Lord Wrotham, requiring the use of his house in Mayfair which he had lent to the Lamberts, that family removed to Dean Street, Soho, which was less fashionable than Hill Street, but still in those days not unfashionable.

The two households saw a great deal of each other. They paid visits together to Vauxhall and Ranelagh and Marybone Gardens, they went to see the Tower, and its lions and armour, and Westminster Abbey and its tombs about which *The Spectator* had waxed eloquent, and on one occasion they were present at the play at Covent Garden, then under the management of Rich, satirised by Hogarth, when they saw Home's "Douglas," which was supposed to have dealt the *coup de grace* to Shakespeare's supremacy, but at which the wiser General Lambert laughed consumedly.

If we attempt to follow the story at all closely we shall find Harry going off to join the army, stung by Hetty's reproaches and gibes. He leaves by the Portsmouth Machine, as the stage-coach was then called, which he joined at a posting-house in Holborn.† George meanwhile has begun those legal studies in The Temple, diversified by writing a play, which he read one day after breakfast in his friend Spencer's rooms in Fig Tree Court, at which *séance*

*Bedford House then occupied the whole of the north side of Bloomsbury Square.

† Perhaps the Blue Boar, where Cromwell intercepted Charles I.'s famous letter, or the Black Bull, or the Old Bell—the last of these hostelries to retain its galleried courtyard.

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the great Dr. Johnson sat nodding heavy approval and finally fell fast asleep. The play was duly produced at Covent Garden—"Carpezan" was its name and one extract will tell us who performed in it. "On the night of the production of the piece, Mr. Warrington gave an elegant entertainment to his friends at the Bedford Head, in Covent Garden, whence they adjourned in a body to the theatre, leaving only one or two with our young author, who remained at the coffee-house, where friends from time to time came to him with an account of the performance. The part of Carpezan was filled by Barry, Shuter was the old nobleman, Reddish, I need scarcely say, made an excellent Ulric, and the King of Bohemia was by a young actor from Dublin, Mr. Geoghegan, or Hagan as he was called on the stage, and who looked and played the part to admiration. Mrs. Woffington looked too old in the first act as the heroine, but her murder in the fourth act, about which great doubts were expressed, went off to the terror and delight of the audience. . . . The piece was put very elegantly on the stage by Mr. Rich."

The success of George's first attempt, the number of nights it ran, the criticism passed on it not only by the professional tasters but by the Lamberts and the Castlewoods and Warringtons, and even by R—y—lty itself, may be found set forth in their due place, in the pages of "The Virginians."

About this period of the history two new characters swim into our ken: the Van den Boschs, father and grand-daughter. They interest us here, because they first lived in Monument Yard, but anon, at the dictates of fashion, took "an elegant house in Blooms-

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bury," and Mr. Van den Bosch left Bethesda Chapel in Bunhill Fields, where he had been wont to worship, and secured sittings in Queen Square Church. And not only this but, we are told, "George now learned that Mr. Van den Bosch and his grand-daughter had been often at Madame de Bernstein's house (in Clarges Street)." One day, taking a walk in Kensington Gardens, he saw their chariot turning into Kensington Square. It was at the Van Bosch's house that George had the quarrel with Will: Warrington (a counterpart to Harry's feud with the same person, earlier in the book), which led to the meeting at the back of Montague House Gardens, a once famous resort for duellists.* "From the back of Montague House Gardens there is a beautiful view of Hampstead at six o'clock in the morning, and the statue of the King† on St. George's Church is reckoned elegant, cousin," remarks George significantly to his ill-conditioned kinsman. But the duel was never to take place. Three of Sir John Fielding's myrmidons interrupted the proceedings (it is not difficult to guess who had them put on the track of the antagonists) and George and his cousin were carried off to Bow Street, and ignominiously bound over to keep the peace. Sadness comes over the pages of "The Virginians," for a time. The officious interference of relations had well-nigh snapped the bond which held together the young hearts of George and Theo. Lambert. Madame Esmond, made

* Duels were fought here from 1680 to 1750. The Field of Forty Footsteps, perpetuating one of them, was situated about the top of Upper Montague Street.

† Erected by Hucks, the brewer. It surmounts the steeple; Walpole called it a master-stroke of absurdity.

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aware of the engagement, wrote that letter which caused poor General Lambert and his wife such anguish, and the peremptory dismissal of George. Theo's illness followed and, the good old Doctor and Hetty intervening as god and goddess from the machine, those meetings were finally arranged, in the northern outskirts of the city, which did more for the invalid than any amount of medicine, and made the sky look blue again to the lately despondent George. Hetty arranged it all. "When do you go?" she asked George. "You go away at three o'clock. You strike across on the road to Tottenham Court. You walk through the village, and return by the Green Lane that leads back to the new hospital." There one morning, doing as he was bid, he observed a landau, near Mr. Whitfield's Tabernacle, and in it was Hetty herself supporting the still weak and blanched Theo. If you look at Roque's map of London you will see the very lane marked. The new hospital was, of course, the Foundling. George knew the spot well. He had gone to fight his cousin in Lamb's Conduit Fields close by. Hear how he described it, as it was in his time (we all know what it is like to-day). "That Green Lane, which lay north of the new hospital, is built all over with houses now (he is writing his reminiscences when George III. was our Sovereign, you will remember). In *my* time, when good old George II. was yet King, 'twas a shabby rural outlet of London; so dangerous that the city folks who went to their villas and junketing houses at Hampsted and the outlying villages, would return in parties of nights, and escorted by waiters with lanthorns, to defend them

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from the footpads who prowled about the town outskirts. Hampstead and Highgate Churches, each crowning its hill, filled up the background of the view which you saw as you turned your back to London." The place was then, indeed, more suburban than Kew or Richmond are to-day, and the ale-houses, bowling greens, wells, etc., which flourished there during the eighteenth century, did a roaring trade, and found that the means to attract is but heightened by the difficulty and danger of access.

We can leave our lovers in the green lanes by Mr. Whitfield's Tabernacle (indicated in Thackeray's drawing representing the scene). Theo in Dean Street and George in Southampton Row, dreamed of these meetings, past and to come, and "the doctor and the country air effected," we are told, "a prodigious cure upon Miss Lambert." A greater cure was at hand, and a surprise for General Lambert such as he had never before experienced in all his campaigns probably; for one day when preparations were toward for that warrior's leaving England to take up his new position as Governor of Jamaica, a day only known to the Rev. Mr. Sampson and themselves, George Esmond Warrington was married secretly to Theodosia Lambert, at a discreet little church in Southwark.

The story draws to a close after what is really its climax. How George's play of "Pocahontas" was produced at Drury Lane, by Mr. Garrick, and failed; how the *res angusta domi* pressed heavily on the young couple in their obscure lodgings in Church Street, Lambeth, a locality the Baroness Bernstein never forgave them for selecting, and only Lady

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Maria and the new Lady Castlewood, of all their fine relations, condescended to visit, the one to rave over her incomparable Hagan, the other to boast of her ducal engagements; how young Miles Warrington brought his *moidore* as a present, and how the gratified recipients determined to name *their* first-born after their generous young cousin; how George knocked at Mr. Dodsley's door in Pall Mall, and when told to wait exclaimed to the astonished publisher (whose earlier employment had been a humbler one), "I am not used to waiting, but I have heard you are"; all these incidents fall naturally into their place, and bring us in sight of "Finis."

The story soon after this carries its protagonists back to Virginia where a reconciliation with the rather formidable Madame Esmond took place, and the fatted veal was duly slaughtered. I think we may leave George and Theo in their little abode in humble Lambeth, with their sadness and misgivings, but with so much underlying joy and happiness; and as we do so we remember that the former earned an honest penny by bear-leading to that young Mr. Foker, whose paternal brewery was situated in historic Pedlar's Acre, and whose son was to become famous in another book, written by the great hand that traced the fortunes of "The Virginians."

IV

BARRY LYNDON AND DENIS DUVAL

THE London of Barry Lyndon is principally the London of Esmond's old age: I mean the London which immediately succeeded the Augustan era, which we have seen something of in "The Virginians." Thackeray is always somewhat sparing in dates, but we may take the reign of George III. as fixing the period, and to be more precise the earlier portion of that long rule. For towards the end of the book (Chapter 18) we find Lyndon paying his respects to the monarch and, when the latter enquiries of him as to the whereabouts of Lord Bullingdon, replying, "Sir, my Lord Bullingdon is fighting the rebels against your Majesty's crown in America"; which places this interview about the year 1774.

As is usual with Thackeray, in his historical novels, the opening pages are occupied with retrospect. Lyndon's father, we are told, was married at The Savoy Chapel. He made a runaway match with handsome Bell Brady, and this particular church was selected for the wedding because anterior to 1754 it was one of the places where clandestine marriages were solemnised. An advertisement, dated that year, in "The Public Advertiser," not only makes known this fact, but indicates that there are "five private ways by land to this chapel, and two by water."

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Harry Barry, as Barry Lyndon's father was named, was a dashing swashbuckler and man about town, and Lyndon recounts with pride how "he pinked the famous Count Tiercelin behind Montague House," and how "he was a member of White's and a frequenter of all the chocolate houses." The Montague House mentioned was, of course, the Duke of Montague's splendid re-built palace (the first mansion had been destroyed by fire in January 1686) where the second and last Duke died in 1749, which was ten years later to become the first home of the British Museum. The ground behind, then open fields, was the most noted duelling place till the middle of the eighteenth century, and one portion of it was known as "The Field of Forty Footsteps," from the legend that two brothers fought here in the reign of James II., and that where the marks of their feet were left, no grass would grow. J. T. Smith has much to say about this tradition in his "Book for a Rainy Day." Torrington Square, now approximately marks the site of this famous "pink-ing" place. In those days Harry Barry occupied a fine house in Clarges Street, then in its comparative youth, for it was built about 1716, and was so named after a nephew of Ann Clarges, wife of the great Monk. It was about the period of Barry's residence here that Sir John Cope, of Prestonpans fame, was living here, according to a letter he addressed from this street, in 1746. Passing from retrospect to his own career, Barry Lyndon tells how when in London subsequently, he had met "a great, hulking, clumsy, blear-eyed old doctor, whom they called Johnson and who lived in a court off Fleet Street," and we get a little

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vignette of that occasion (at Button's Coffee House) in which "a Mr. Boswell of Scotland . . . and a Mr. Goldsmith, a countryman of my own," were present. The "court off Fleet Street," in which Johnson was living, must either have been Johnson's Court where he went in 1766, or Bolt Court where he lived from 1776 till his death in 1784. As Barry refers to the *rencontre* in a general way, as having happened during his visits to London, without date, and as we know he was presented to George III. in 1774, and this towards the close of his veracious memoirs, it was probably in Bolt Court that Johnson was living when he met the outrageous Irishman and was, according to the latter's account, "soon silenced in an argument."

But this is rather anticipating matters, for Barry Lyndon's earlier career was passed during the reign of George II., when he was on active service on the Rhine, and Minden was being fought, and the Young Pretender bore a name that still created apprehension. We find few, if any, references to London during this period, however; and it is not till we are half through the book that we encounter a mention of the Metropolis. Chapter 12 begins with these words: "More than twenty years after the events described in the past chapters I was walking with my Lady Lyndon, in the Rotunda, at Ranelagh. It was in the year 1790." This again is, of course, anticipatory, but we may remember in reading that Ranelagh had then been in existence just on fifty years and was soon to disappear altogether, being closed in 1803. The Rotunda is well known from Canaletto's famous picture, and it was of it that Dr. Johnson

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once remarked that "it was the finest thing he had ever seen." At this period (1790) Barry Lyndon was living (or says he was living) in Berkeley Square, where he had Horace Walpole as a neighbour at No. 11.

He visited Rosina of Liliengarten, it will be remembered, at her "decent first-floor in Leicester Fields, and then heard (and records) what he calls the "Princess's Tragedy." Leicester Fields (now Leicester Square) was then a residential quarter. Sir Joshua lived at No. 47, from 1761 to 1792; Fanny Burney was at her father's house,* in St. Martin's Street, where the great Newton had once resided; Saville House was inhabited by Sir George Saville, and suffered severely during the Gordon Riots; Leicester House, next door, once the home of Princes, and now the site of The Empire, had but recently been occupied by Sir Ashton Lever's wonderful museum. The statue of George I., by Van Nost, still stood in the centre of what was then an open space, guarded by rails, before Baron Grant turned it into a flower garden and studded it with busts of the immortals (in 1874).

"We have no idea in this humdrum age what a gay and splendid place London was then; what a passion for play there was among young and old, male and female; what thousands were lost and won in a night; what beauties there were—how brilliant, gay, and dashing! Everybody was delightfully wicked. The Royal Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland† set the example—the nobles followed close

* She wrote "Evelina" here.

† Brothers of George III.

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behind. Ah! it was a pleasant time; and lucky was he who had fire, and youth, and money, and could live in it! I had all these, and the old frequenters of White's, Wattier's, and Goosetree's could tell stories of the gallantry, spirit, and high fashion of Captain Barry." Of White's we already know enough, I think. Wattier's was the club started by the man of that name, who had been cook to the Prince of Wales, in Bolton Street. It was famous for its cooking and the Prince took a personal interest in its welfare. Goosetrees succeeded Brookes's club (in 1778) in Pall Mall, on the site of which the Marlborough Club now stands. As Barry Lyndon subsequently tells us how, in 1773, he married the Countess of Lyndon, and of the great reception in Berkeley Square on that occasion; how Walpole made a lampoon on the wedding and Selwyn cut jokes about it at the Cocoa Tree, we must not be too particular about dates, especially as we are following the record of a seasoned braggart and liar. The Cocoa Tree, unlike Goosetrees and Wattier's,* was in existence, as it had been in the days of Mr. Spectator, and as, as a club, it still is. To-day it is in St. James's Street, but it was originally started in Pall Mall, and during Lord Bute's administration was regarded as the ministerial club, although in 1745, when yet a coffee-house, it was the recognised headquarters of the Jacobites. It was a great gaming centre, and Walpole records anecdotes of it in this capacity; while Gibbon has left a description of it (in 1762) when he was a member. Among other fashionable

* The name is generally spelt Watiers, but Thackeray gives it two t's; so his spelling is adopted.

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resorts affected by our hero, was Carlisle House, Soho Square, then under the auspices of Mrs. Cornelys who, from 1763 to 1778, gave those balls and masquerades for which she was so famous. In the British Museum may still be seen a wonderful collection of documents : tickets, play-bills, advertisements, etc., connected with these assemblies. The energetic proprietress was a bankrupt in 1772, but four years later was again to the fore with her fashionable amusements. St. Patrick's Chapel in Sutton Street now occupies the site of the ballroom where so many illustrious ones of the eighteenth century revelled and where the gay idlers danced time away. Here it was that Lyndon, on one occasion, saw Boswell cut a ridiculous figure in a Corsican habit, perhaps a reminiscence in Thackeray's mind of Goldsmith and Reynolds in those dresses about which he speaks in "The Round-about Papers." Says Lyndon, "All the high and low demerips of the town gathered there, from his grace of Ancaster down to my countryman, poor Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, and from the Duchess of Kingston down to the Bird of Paradise, or Kitty Fisher. Here I have met very queer characters, who came to queer ends too; poor Hackman that afterwards was hanged for killing Miss Ray, and (on the sly) his reverence Dr. Simony,* whom my friend Sam Foote, of the Little Theatre, bade to live even after forgery and the rope cut short the unlucky parson's career."

And he proceeds to give a picture of London life of the period which properly finds a place here :

"It was a merry place, London, in those days, and

* Dr. Dodd,

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that's the truth. I'm writing now in my gouty old age, and people have grown vastly more moral, and matter of fact than they were at the close of last century, when the world was young with me. There was a difference between a gentleman and a common fellow in those times. We wore silk and embroidery then. Now every man has the same coachman-like look in his belcher and caped coat, and there is no outward difference between my lord and his groom. Then it took a man of fashion a couple of hours to make his toilette, and he could show more taste and genius in selecting it. What a blaze of splendour was a drawing-room, or an opera, or a gala night! What sums of money were won and lost at the delicious faro-table! My gilt curricie and outriders, blazing in green and gold, were very different objects to the equipages you see nowadays in the ring, with the stunted grooms behind them. A man could drink four times as much as the milksops nowadays can swallow; but 'tis useless expatiating on this theme. Gentlemen are dead and gone. The fashion has now turned upon your soldiers and sailors, and I grow quite moody and sad when I think of thirty years ago."

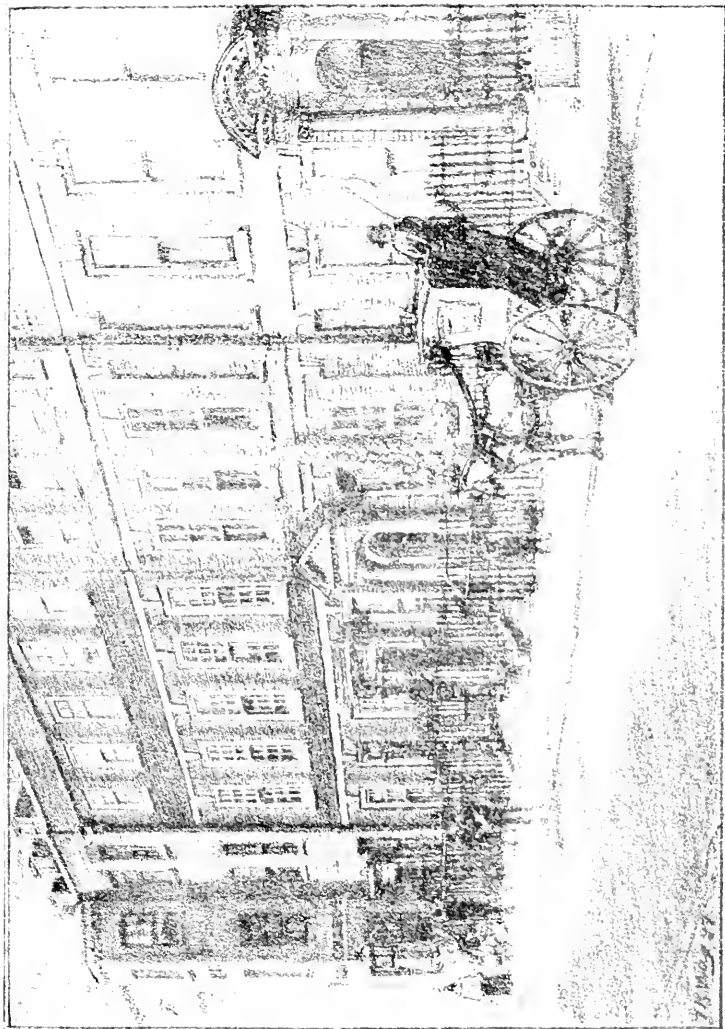
An amusing little picture of Lyndon having an interview with sleepy Lord North in Downing Street, a passing reference to the Gordon Riots "at the time they nearly killed my friend Jemmy Twitcher (Lord Sandwich was so-called), and burned Lord Mansfields' house down (in Bloomsbury Square)"; a visit to the lawyer, Mr. Tapewell, in Gray's Inn; and Lyndon's lodging at Mr. Bendigo's, the Sheriff's officer, in Chancery Lane, and his final imprisonment

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in the Fleet, bring the London of "Barry Lyndon to a close," not inappropriately.

It is always difficult to follow statements as to topography in such a record as this of Barry Lyndon—one of dashing braggadocio, because, purposely, the author intends exaggeration and mis-statement as appropriate to the protagonist's character. Notwithstanding this, however, there are here and there in the book, life-like little vignettes recording places and people of that period with which Thackeray had made himself so curiously familiar, and which, more than most novelists, he has succeeded in illustrating so vividly.

The London of which we get too fleeting a glimpse in "Denis Duval" is, like that of Barry Lyndon, the London of 1776—the London that is of the early years of George III.'s long reign, when the loss of America was still a fresh and poignant wound, before the Gordon Rioters had helped to desecrate the Metropolis. The city of that period did not greatly differ from the city which Rocque has left in a well-known map dated 1741-5. Where its features were chiefly altered was in the region north of Oxford Street and the west end of Holborn. Russell Square was not yet formed, but one of its most important features, Bolton, formerly Baltimore, House, was erected in 1760. Portman Square was begun four years later, and even in 1807, was described by Southey as being on the outskirts of the town, and its chief residence—Portman House, which was a building in 1781,—was then regarded as being in an open situation. Bedford Square was not yet in existence, but Queen's Square had been built in



HOUSES IN GREAT ORMOND STREET



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Anne's reign, and Great Ormond Street was described by Hatton, in 1708, as "a street of fine new buildings." All about here was then the open country of Marylebone and Lamb's Conduit Fields, into which, however, the building activity was gradually creeping.

It is Great Ormond Street with which we are here chiefly concerned, for it was in that thoroughfare that Captain Denis had his residence to which Denis Duval was brought as a child, and which he visited as a youth when he made his famous journey to London with Dr. Barnard and Mr. Weston. In Chapter V. of Thackeray's unfinished masterpiece, entitled "I hear the sound of Bow Bells," we can accompany the travellers in the post-chaise from Winchelsea to the Metropolis; can partake of the boy's enthusiasm as the carriage rolled along, and his excitement when it was stopped by the highwayman (Weston's brother in disguise, of course) into whose face young Denis emptied the contents of his toy pistol with such excellent results. With the travellers we stop for a moment at an inn in the Borough (could it have been the White Hart, where Pickwick first met Sam Weller, or The Tabard of Chaucerian fame?) to drop that very questionable super-cargo, Mr. Weston, and then push on over London Bridge—the old London Bridge still with its shops, and its bow-windowed rooms which trembled at every half-ebb tide, and where the old chapel of St. Thomas was still in existence doing duty as a warehouse.

"Yes, and that was the Monument, and then we came to the Exchange, and yonder was St. Paul's. The Monument and St. Paul's looked as

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they do to-day, but the Exchange was a very different building from the one we know. It was the second of the three built here, and was erected by Jarman to replace the original, or Gresham's Exchange, destroyed in the Great Fire. Jarman's structure, like its predecessor was a quadrangular building with a wooden clock-tower, and, besides its series of royal statues from Edward I. to George III., had in its quadrangle the effigy of Charles II., by Grinling Gibbon. This Exchange was destined to stand till 1838, when it was also destroyed by fire, and was replaced four years later by the present massive structure.

The travellers proceeded up Holborn where the little island called Middle Row stood in the centre of the thoroughfare where it is joined by Gray's Inn Road, and hid from that street the view it now has of the lovely old buildings of Staple Inn—probably about the only feature now remaining which Denis's wandering eyes lighted upon. The carriage had to negotiate that terrible toboggan-like Snow Hill, for the Viaduct was not to come for a century. As their objective was Great Ormond Street, the travellers probably turned off Holborn at Red Lion Street which brought them directly to it, with a glimpse at The Foundling Hospital, then almost in the fields, at its further end.

Captain (now Admiral) Denis lived, we are told, "in a noble mansion" in Ormond Street. To-day this thoroughfare has become sadly changed. Large hospitals have invaded its once residential character, but here and there are some remains which tell of Georgian days, and chief among them is No. 44 which,

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with its ample front, its fine over-doorway, and its elaborate iron gate and railings, might well be the "noble mansion"—noble in the eyes of a boy like Denis, if not exactly in ours used to palatial buildings—in which Admiral Denis lived and where Dr. Barnard and his young protégé visited in the year of grace 1776.*

I must let young Denis tell us his experiences during his brief London sojourn :

"Sir Peter (Denis) and his lady introduced me to a number of their acquaintances as the little boy who shot the highwayman. They received a great deal of company, and I was frequently led in to their dessert. I suppose I must own that my home was in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. Jellicoe; but my lady took such a fancy to me that she continually had me upstairs, took me out driving in her chariot, or ordered one of the footmen to take me to the sights of the town, and sent me in his charge to the play. It was the last year Garrick performed; and I saw him in the play of Macbeth, in a gold-laced blue coat, with scarlet plush waist-coat and breeches. Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, was on the outskirts of the town then, with open country behind, stretching as far as Hampstead. Bedford House, north of Bloomsbury Square, with splendid gardens, was close by, and Montague House, where I saw stuffed camelleopards, and all sorts of queer things from foreign countries. Then there was the Tower, and the wax-work, and Westminster Abbey, and Vauxhall. What a glorious week of pleasure it was."

* The house is now the headquarters of the private nurses attached to the Hospital for Sick Children.

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The Bedford House alluded to was, of course, the splendid home of the Russells, erected in the time of Charles II., and probably the work of Webb, son-in-law and pupil of Inigo Jones. It filled up the whole of the north side of Bloomsbury Square, and in Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata" may be seen a representation of its noble facade. The grounds were famous for their extent (they reached as far as where Russell Square is now) and for the extensive views of Hampstead and Highgate, which they commanded. The place was sold in 1800 and the mansion demolished. Bedford Place and Montague Street now occupy the site of the house (and its grounds), which had itself risen on the foundations of Southampton House. The other great private palace, mentioned by Denis Duval—Montague House—was the building erected, from the designs of Pierre Puget (who came from France specially for this purpose), to replace the original mansion destroyed by fire in 1686. The last Duke of Montague dying in 1749, the place was purchased by the Government and the British Museum first established in it, in 1759. This, of course, accounts for the curious and remarkable objects young Denis saw in it. It was not till between 1840 and 1849 that it was gradually demolished, and the present immense structure begun—the portico of which was completed in 1847.

When Thackeray makes Denis speak of Vauxhall, he is not quite correct. The inference, of course, is that he means Vauxhall Gardens, but this place of entertainment was at this period known as Spring Garden, and it was not till 1785 that its designation was changed to Vauxhall Gardens. A description,

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however, in "England's Gazetteer" for 1751, gives a picture of the place not materially different from what it was twenty odd years later :

"This is the place where are those Spring Gardens, laid out in so grand a taste, that they are frequented in the three summer months by most of the nobility and gentry, then in and near London; and are often honoured with some of the royal family, who are here entertained with the sweet song of numbers of nightingales, in concert with the best band of musick in England. Here are fine pavilions, shady groves, and most delightful walks, illuminated by above 1000 lamps, so disposed that they all take fire together, almost as quick as lightning and dart such a sudden blaze as is perfectly surprising. Here are among others, two curious statues of Apollo the god, and Mr. Handel the master of musick; and in the centre of the area, where the walks terminate, is erected the temple for the musicians, which is encompassed all round with handsome seats, decorated with pleasant paintings, on subjects most happily adapted to the season, place, and company."*

The "Waxwork," which we may be sure afforded young Denis as much amusement as anything he saw in London, was Mrs. Salmon's famous exhibition in Fleet Street, which was originally housed on the north side of the thoroughfare, but was subsequently removed to the opposite side, between the two entrances to the Temple.

Denis Duval's all too short sojourn in London ended at the close of a week, when he returned to

* For a detailed account of the gardens see Wroth's "Pleasure Gardens of London," "Walpole's Letters," etc.

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Winchelsea and Agnes, and anon went into the Navy and was present at that sea-fight where there came that broadside, "the first I had ever heard in battle," with which the splendid fragment of Thackeray's last book closes so abruptly and pathetically. Had the great novelist lived to complete his story, there can be no doubt that London would again have figured in it. Can we doubt it, indeed, when we remember how largely the "Metropolis" figures in his other novels? That no memoranda on the subject was found among those which are printed as a long note at the close of "Denis Duval," hardly affects this supposition; for Thackeray had made so close a study of the Eighteenth Century and knew its London so well, that there was hardly any necessity for him to assist his memory on this subject. As it is the London of Denis Duval, is, like the book itself, fragmentary, and when we pace the Metropolis in search of associations with Thackeray's characters, it is in Great Ormond Street chiefly, that we shall be reminded of his last and still childish hero. As we stand before No. 44 (it *must* have been Admiral Denis's residence), we shall see, in a vision, my lady attended by her gouty old husband, pass down the steps to her coach; we shall see Dr. Barnard coming out for a walk through the town; we shall catch a glimpse of young Duval of the bright eyes and excited mien, running down on his way (one of Sir Peter's footmen to look after him) to see Mr. Garrick in blue and scarlet, as Macbeth, to wonder at the figures in Mrs. Salmon's wax-works, or to gaze with awe at the lions in the Tower, or the monuments to the mighty dead in the Abbey of his dreams.

V

VANITY FAIR

IN the first sentence of "Vanity Fair" we are informed of the period during which the action of the story takes place. It was "while the present (*i.e.*, the nineteenth) century was in its teens," that Mr. Sedley's carriage drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies (identified with Walpole House) on Chiswick Mall; and half way through the book George Osborne lies dead on the field of Waterloo. We know, therefore, that the London of "Vanity Fair" was the London of the Regency; a period when Waterloo (first called Strand) Bridge was in the making; when the old Palace of Westminster stood where Berry's great gothic structure exists to-day; when Marylebone Street and Tichborn Street ran where Nash's splendid Regent Street curve leads to the upper part of the thoroughfare at that time represented by Swallow Street.* Then, the Turnpike was at Hyde Park corner and the Lock Hospital in Grosvenor Place. Sloane Street ran through Hans Town, and Hans Place stood practically in open country which is now covered by the houses flanking Pont Street. Indeed Belgravia was not, and from their back windows the

* Not, of course, to be confounded with the little Swallow Street leading out of Piccadilly, opposite St. James's Church.

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houses of Grosvenor Place had an uninterrupted view over the Five Fields (to-day represented by Belgrave Square and its tributary thoroughfares) to Sloane Square. The large area, which is being gradually covered by large and dignified buildings, south of Westminster, was then still known as Tothill Fields; and Chelsea Creek, with its adjacent Willow Walk, was open water, to be later absorbed by the railway. Buckingham Palace had not yet swallowed up in its stone and stucco embrace the picturesque red brick Buckingham House, at this period known as The Queen's Palace. Stafford House had not yet taken the place of Queen Caroline's Library, and Carlton House still stood where Carlton House Terrace is to-day, and the National Gallery, whose pillars came from the Regent's Palace, had not arisen on the site of the King's Mews. The Ranger's Lodge in the Green Park was standing opposite Down Street, and the stags which are now at Albert Gate then flanked its entrance. North of what is now the Marylebone Road, but was then called "The New Road from Paddington to Islington," there was still much vacant ground, and Somers Town and St. Pancras and Pentonville exhibited the appearance of closely adjacent villages, rather than integral parts of the city. New Oxford Street was not yet, and the curving High Street and Broad Street joined Oxford Street with High Holborn. In a word it was the London of a hundred years ago, and everyone who takes the trouble to examine (say) Luffman's plan, dated 1816, can see for himself how many essentially different aspects it presented from the city of to-day.

In manners and customs the London of "Vanity

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Fair " was no less unlike what we know it. The stage coach still rumbled in and out in all directions. The coaching inns were still a picturesque feature of civic life. The family chariot and the Tilbury, the gig and the buggy crowded Piccadilly on their way to Hyde Park where Decimus Burton's screen had not yet replaced the old insignificant entrance. The Brougham and the Victoria were not. Even the omnibus had not yet come into existence.

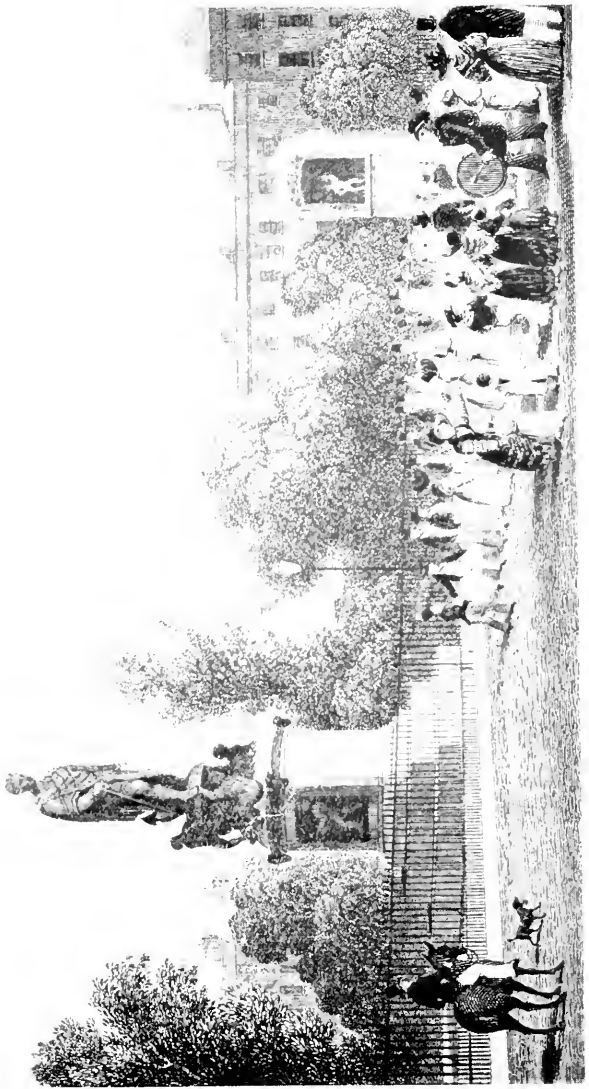
Almacks and The Opera were the resorts of fashion, and White's had such habitués as Count D'Orsay and Lord Allen, Lord Londonderry, and "Kangaroo" Cooke. Lord Petersham might have been seen riding in wonderful attire, and walking in still stranger habilaments, and Sir Lumley Skeffington was as noted for his eccentric dress as was "Poodle" Byng for his top boots or Lord Sefton for his hump-back. If you glance through Malcolm's "Londinium Redivivum" you will gain an excellent idea of the manners and customs of the middle and lower classes at this period; Gronow's "Reminiscences" will afford a striking picture of the habits and pleasures of the "haut ton"; while in "The English Spy" and Pierce Egan's "Life in London," the reader will gain a vivid acquaintance with those haunts of pleasure, that method of seeing life, which characterised a period that seems now as remote as the Middle Ages. Having said so much, we can, I think, gain some general idea of the London in which the Osbornes and the Sedleys moved and had their being, the London in which Becky Sharp and her husband "lived on nothing a year"; the London in which the Marquis of Steyne was one of the elect, and

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in which it was possible for Sir Pitt Crawley occasionally to reside. Much that must seem strange to the reader in a book dealing with a past period, especially when that period is not so remote as to strike the imagination by an exceptionally marked antithesis (such as we find in the novels of Scott and James and Ainsworth, and even in those of Jane Austen), will become clear when the differences in manners and customs, the relative exiguity of environment, the greater demarcation between classes, are remembered. It is one of the excellencies of "Vanity Fair," that it presents a picture of the period as true and accurate, and, because the work of genius, even more speaking, so to say, than is to be found in the pages of those who have set themselves the task of specifically recording past times.

The coach which carried Amelia and Becky away from Chiswick Mall, conveyed them, by way of Kensington Turnpike, then existing by the old Cavalry Barracks, at Palace Gates, to the abode of Mr. Sedley "of the Stock Exchange," in Russell Square.* This "quadrate" had not been formed very long, for it was only in 1801 that it was laid out under the provisions of an Act of Parliament: 39 and 40 George III., Cap. 50; and was not completed till 1804. With the exception of Lincoln's Inn Fields, it is the largest square in London, and its commodious and well built houses were such as commended themselves to prosperous merchants and members of the Stock Exchange. During Mr. Sedley's residence here Sir Thomas Lawrence was living at No. 65, and Amelia

* The appearance of Knightsbridge at this period can be seen from Salway's Plan—republished by the London Topographical Society—which clearly indicates every inch of the way.



RESTING SQUARE, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FOUR CORNERS



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looking from her window may often have seen carriages driving up and depositing their fair burdens at the door of the then fashionable painter, who was to transfer their charms to canvas by means of his flashy and often meretricious art. A number of other notable people lived in the square about this time, including a good sprinkling of successful lawyers, and, as we shall see, Mr. Osborne, Amelia's future father-in-law.

The school-girls, at their first dinner in Russell Square, met the egregious Jos Sedley, of the East India Company's service, as collector of Boggley Wollah, home on leave, who was spending his time as a man about Town where he "drove his horses in the Park, or dined at the fashionable taverns (for the Oriental Club was not yet invented*) frequented the theatres, as the mode was in those days, or made his appearance at the Opera, laboriously attired in tights and a cocked hat." Hence, too, he accompanied his sister and her friend, with young Osborne and Dobbin in attendance, to Vauxhall, then the Mecca of those who sought an *al fresco* evening's entertainment, not in some ways dissimilar from the Earls Court Exhibition of our own time. The promise by Jos to take his sister to the famous Gardens was an old one, and when the evening at last arrived for fulfilling this engagement, Miss Becky had made such progress towards the capture of the Collector's heart, that Jos communing with his soul, said to himself, "Gad, I'll pop the question at Vauxhall." Chapter VI. of "Vanity Fair" is entitled "Vauxhall," and contains

* It was founded in 1824—see "The Oriental Club and Hanover Square," by Alexander F. Baillie.

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the famous account of the visit and its disastrous consequences. The annals of Vauxhall can be read in many books, but Thackeray's description of its attractive features must be transcribed: "The hundred thousand *extra* lamps, which were always lighted; the fiddlers in cocked-hats, who played ravishing melodies under the gilded cockle-shell in the midst of the Gardens; the singers, both of comic and sentimental ballads, who charmed the ears there; the country dances, formed by bouncing Cockneys and Cockney lasses, and executed amidst jumping, thumping, and laughter; the signal which announced that Madame Saqui was about to mount skyward on a slack-rope ascending to the stars; the hermit that always sat in the illuminated hermitage; the dark walks, so favourable to the interviews of young lovers; the pots of stout handed about by the people in the shabby old liveries; and the twinkling boxes, in which the happy feasters made believe to eat slices of almost invisible ham . . . and the gentle Simpson, that kind, smiling idiot, who, presided even then over the place." The romancer is permitted a licence, but accuracy compels me to state that Madame Saqui, of Paris, did not appear at Vauxhall till 1816, after which she was the principal attraction at the Gardens for several seasons; an extant print, published in 1820, shews the elaborately be-decked and be-feathered lady disporting on her rope at Vauxhall. The singers, whom our party may have listened to, were Charles Dignum, Mrs. Bland, and perhaps Miss Tunstall whose heyday was, however, rather later, about 1820. In 1813 (on June 20) an imposing festival took place here to commemorate the Battle

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of Vittoria, at which the Prince of Wales was present and partook of an elaborate banquet. After 1810 the Gardens had become much more sophisticated than they had originally been; a vaulted colonnade with cast-iron pillars arose on the site of the former grove, tending to destroy what Walpole had called the "garden-hood" of the place. Thackeray is right in supposing that Simpson was at this time still Master of Ceremonies, for in 1833, a great benefit was held for him, after he had strutted his thirty-six years about the place.

One other characteristic of Vauxhall was its rack-punch, and we all know what effect it had on the story of "Vanity Fair"; how Jos. drank far more than was good for him; how he swore in his cups that he would marry Becky at St. George's, Hanover Square, next day, and would knock up the Archbishop of Canterbury to perform the ceremony, and how Dobbin, acting on the hint, got him away from Vauxhall on the pretext of hastening to Lambeth Palace for that purpose; but how, in the morning, all the Collector's courage vanished, and he made arrangements for leaving London with a view to recuperating in the Highlands.

The next stage in the story introduces us to Sir Pitt Crawley, of Great Gaunt Street. That gentleman's domicile rather than his personality (about which most of us know the details) here chiefly concerns us. Great Gaunt Street leads out of Gaunt Square, and the whole west side of Gaunt Square is occupied by Gaunt House, the London residence of the Marquis of Steyne. Now I have no doubt what-

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ever, that the original of this mansion was Harcourt House, demolished some years ago, which stood in Cavendish Square. When Becky Sharp left Russell Square to go as governess into Sir Pitt Crawley's family, the carriage took her, we are told, through Gaunt Square, to Great Gaunt Street, and this thoroughfare can therefore probably be identified either with Harley Street or Wigmore Street. Sir Pitt's residence was "a tall gloomy house between two other tall gloomy houses, each with a hatchment over the middle drawing-room window; as is the custom in houses in Great Gaunt Street, in which gloomy locality death seems to reign perpetual," we are told. After passing a night in this dreary abode, where the shutters were closed, and the blinds done up in old newspapers, and Becky slept in the bed in which "Lady Crawley" died," as Sir Pitt is at the pains to inform her, our heroine accompanies the Baronet in a hackney-coach to the city where they took places on the stage coach bound for Hampshire. Anon the vehicle starts "now threading the dark lanes of Aldersgate, now clattering by the Blue Cupola of St. Paul's, jingling rapidly by the strangers' entry of Fleet Market, . . . the White Bear in Piccadilly, and the market gardens of Knightsbridge," and so on by Turnham Green and Brentford, to the west. The White Bear stands probably for the White Horse (where the Alexandria Hotel is now) or the White Hart approximately on the site of Albert Gate; the market gardens then bordered the south side of the high road, where today fine houses exist and the Albert Hall casts its rotund shadow.

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For a time the story carries us far from London. We follow Becky to the wilds of Hampshire, and learn how she fared on her journey, in that famous letter which practically takes up the whole of Chapter 8. The manners and customs of Sir Pitt; Lady Crawley's knitting and Miss Horrocks' ribbons; the solemn discourses of Pitt Crawley, junior; the fate of the pigs and the destiny of the "ships," as Sir Pitt called them, form the subjects of the tale. Humdrum Hall, as Becky irreverently terms the baronet's county seat, is the pivot around which turn the characters, at this point of the story. Let us, therefore, Thackeray says, at the opening of Chapter 12, "take leave of Arcadia, and those amiable people practising the rural virtues there, and travel back to London." Russell Square is again the centre of attraction, not only as the home of the Sedleys, but also of the Osbornes, between which families so strong a friendship, at that time, existed. It was the moment of Napoleon's first abdication. The tyrant was safely (as all thought) shut up in Elba, and George and Amelia had ample opportunities for prosecuting their loves. At least Amelia had, for truth to tell George was less a sentimentalist, and enjoyed his life in Barracks and in all sorts of haunts with the free and easy manners of an unattached young man. The shadow of sorrow looms over the young girl's head, however, and at the dinner at Mr. Osborne's in Russell Square, described in Chapter 13, the first rumbling of the coming storm is heard.

In the Crawley family seat we were introduced to Miss Crawley who took such a fancy to Becky. This lady lived in "an exceedingly snug and well-

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appointed house in Park Lane," and hither she comes from Hampshire. The next day her nephew, Rawdon Crawley, rides up from Knightsbridge Barracks to enquire after his relative, and is received by Miss Crawley's new companion—Miss Sharp installed *vice* the unfortunate Briggs. What great events sprang from the *rencontre* we all know. Rawdon fell desperately in love. Miss Crawley called on the Sedleys in Russell Square; Amelia and George returned the visit; George dined *en garçon* with Captain Crawley; and chief of all, Rawdon secretly married Becky, so that when Lady Crawley dies, and a hatchment is put up in Great Gaunt Street, and Sir Pitt calls at Miss Crawley's, and makes his declaration of love to Miss Sharp, that young lady "wept some of the most genuine tears that ever fell from her eyes," and exclaimed, "Oh, Sir Pitt—oh, sir—I—I'm married already."

It would be interesting to be able to identify that cosy little house in Park Lane where for a time was enshrined so much love, hatred, remorse, jealousy, and fury: Sir Pitt's baffled desires and consequent rage; Miss Crawley's hysterics; Becky's regret at having accepted the son and thus having lost the father and a title; Mrs. Bute's venom and Miss Briggs' toadyism; all had full play here. Becky, however, when the great news came out, had flown to quiet lodgings at Brompton where she and Rawdon began the art of living on nothing a year so successfully, for a time, practised, later, in more fashionable quarters.

In the meanwhile misfortune has overtaken the comfortable home in Russell Square. The return of

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Bonaparte from Elba has hit even our humble protagonists, and old Sedley has been "hammered" on the Stock Exchange; his goods and chattels have been sold to strangers, all but the forks and spoons which Messrs Dale, Spiggot and Dale, stockbrokers of Threadneedle Street, bought and sent with their love to Mrs. Sedley, and the little square piano which Dobbin purchased and sent anonymously to Amelia. The Sedleys retired to "a wonderful small cottage in a street leading from the Fulham Road—St. Adelaide Villas, Anna Maria Road, West, as Thackeray calls it. The Fulham Road in those days was a very different thoroughfare from what it is now. Market Gardens and open fields occupied the site to-day covered by houses and shops in serried rows. The Sedleys were practically in the country with Knightsbridge as their nearest village! Knightsbridge where the Barracks of Rawdon Crawley were, and whither he came to *his* lodgings at Brompton.

In due course George, under Dobbin's auspices, comes to the Sedley's little cottage at Fulham, with the result that the sad-eyed Amelia is led away a happy bride. In Chapter 22, we are told the details of the wedding, and how George, on the morning of the fateful day, came into the coffee-room of the old Slaughter's Coffee-house (which stood, by the bye, at the upper end of St. Martin's Lane, and was so called after Thomas Slaughter who established it in 1692), where Dobbin was awaiting him. He was haggard and pale, we remember, and had been to The Hummums, in Covent Garden, for a bath. This was what in later days, came to be known as The Old Hummums, and was closed in 1865, its place being

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taken by the "new" establishment next door, which in turn was entirely rebuilt in 1888.

After a hasty breakfast the friends set out for their destination. The carriage drove on, we are told, "taking the road down Piccadilly; where Apsley House and St. George's Hospital wore red jackets still; where there were oil lamps; where Achilles was not yet born; nor the Pimlico Arch raised; nor the hideous equestrian monster which pervades it and the neighbourhood:—and so they drove down to Brompton to a certain chapel near the Fulham road there." The "red jackets" of St. George's Hospital and Apsley House, refers, of course, to these two red-brick buildings not yet being encased in stone. Apsley House remained in its pristine condition (it was erected by Baron Apsley, Earl Bathurst who is said to have himself designed it), until 1828 when the Duke of Wellington who purchased it in 1820, enlarged and encased it. St. George's Hospital was originally Lanesborough House, and had been converted to its present uses as early as 1733; it was not, however, till 1828 that the old mansion was pulled down, and the present* structure, erected.

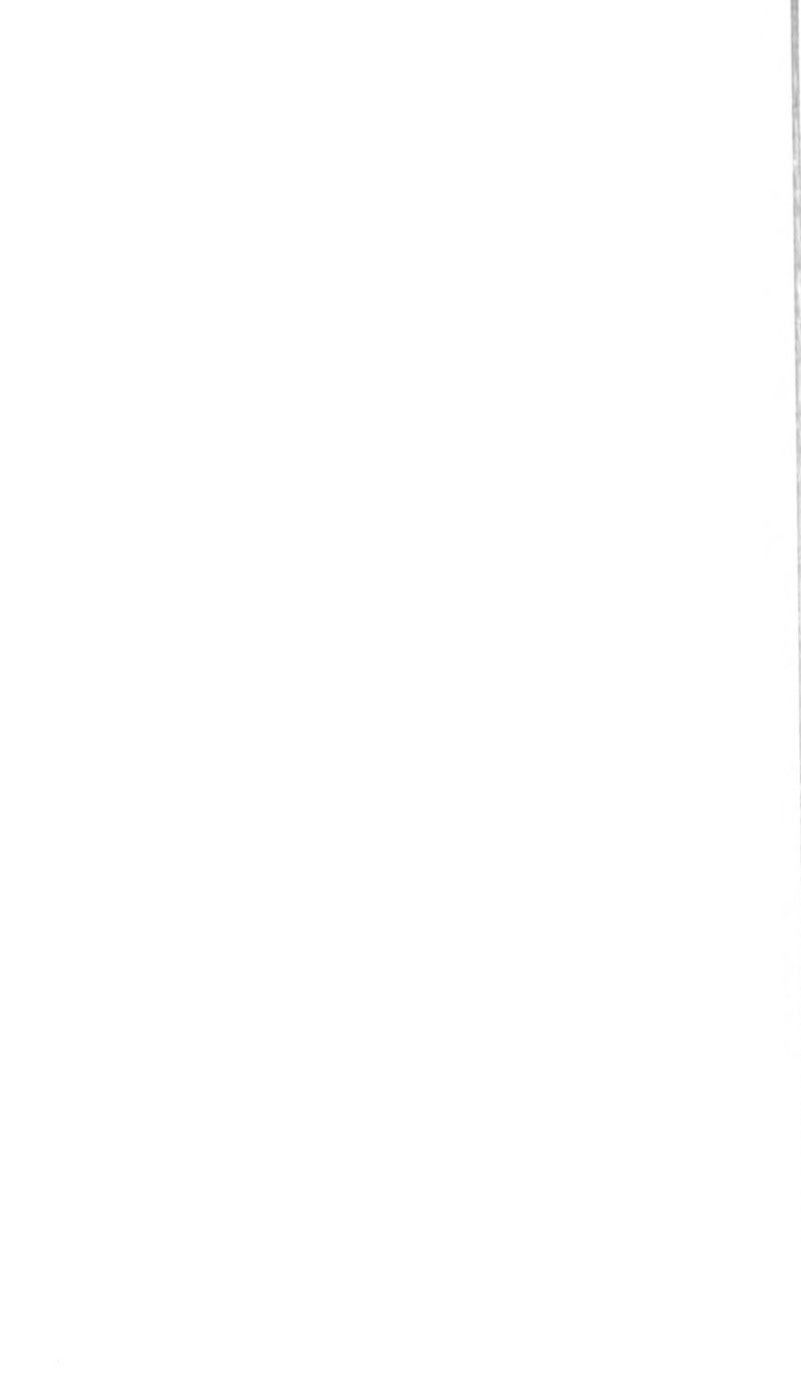
The oil lamps refer to those on the Turnpike which was done away with in 1825. A view, dated 1706, shows its earlier form, and gives a good view of old Apsley House; a later view exhibits the reconstructed turnpike with its pyramid of oil lamps, and Lanesborough House as it was before being rebuilt. The Achilles statue was not erected till 1822, and the "equestrian monster," otherwise the statue of the

*The original structure was the residence of Lord Lanesborough of dancing fame.



HYDE PARK CORNER *circa* 1800

The cartoon of the change to the



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Duke, was set up in 1846, but later removed to Aldershot when the arch (The Pimlico Arch, Thackeray calls it; it formed part of Decimus Burton's scheme for the reconstruction of Hyde Park corner in 1828, of which the entrances and screen of the Park were special features) was set back to form an approach to Constitution Hill.

The Hyde Park corner, past which Osborne and Dobbin drove to Brompton, was therefore in all respects absolutely unlike what it is to-day. The warmth of its two red brick buildings supplying the touch of colour which is now absent (save for the passing motor-buses) in its grey and classic aspect. George's honeymoon at Brighton removes many of our friends from London; but old Osborne is still there, and there in his counting house in Thames Street, gives audience to his son's emissary, Captain Dobbin, who informs him of the marriage. We know the effect on the old man in his place of business; we follow him to his home in Russell Square, where in a rage of grief and disappointment, he "takes down the family Bible," and erases his son's name from the fly-leaf. To our friends at Brighton—George and his bride, Becky and her husband, come anon two startling communications. From old Osborne's Bedford Row solicitors, a letter to George telling him that he is cut off from his father and his expected inheritance; to Rawdon the news from Gray's Inn, that his Aunt had sent him the munificent sum of £20!

It is characteristic of George Osborne that having learnt the bad news, he carried Amelia away from Brighton, and put up at "a fine hotel in Cavendish

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Square—where a suite of splendid rooms, and a table magnificently furnished with plate and surrounded by a half dozen of black and silent waiters was ready to receive the young gentleman and his bride.” In London George occupied himself in various ways, one of which was to draw from Messrs Hulker and Bullock, of Lombard Street, the whole of the £2000, to which he was entitled under his mother’s will. His doings were duly reported to old Osborne in Russell Square, by Frederick Bullock, who had matrimonial intentions in that quarter.

The succeeding half a dozen chapters of “Vanity Fair” are filled with the doings of our protagonists in Brussels, and the great events which took place around that city and culminated in the victory of Waterloo, the flight of the usurper, and the death of George who, while Amelia was praying for him, was lying on his face on the field of glory, with a bullet through his heart.

We return to London in the famous Chapter 36, which describes “how to live on nothing a year.” It is the Rawdon Crawleys back from the Continent, and living “in a very small, comfortable house in Curzon Street,” who supply the *data* for this mysterious accomplishment. How they were able to return to this country; how Becky came over and made terms with Rawdon’s creditors; how she held her own against their solicitors—Mr. Davids of Red Lion Square, and Mr. Manasseh of Cursitor Street; how they managed to get away, *cribléd* with debts from Paris and Brussels—these things are told in the chapter I have mentioned. In the following one we are led into the details of the *ménage* in Curzon

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Street, Mayfair. The little house which they occupied, and which I imagine to have been at the east end of the thoroughfare, where Shepherd's market was, and greatly altered, is, was one that belonged to Raggles—late butler to Miss Crawley, who had married the cook, set up as a small greengrocer in the neighbourhood, and out of his savings bought the lease and furniture of No. 201 Curzon Street—late the residence of the Hon. Frederick Deuceace “gone abroad.”* Raggles adored the Crawley family as the *fons et origo* of his fortune, and we are told “the only addition he made to the decorations of the Curzon Street house was a print of Queen's Crawley—the seat of Sir Walpole Crawley, Baronet, who was represented in a gilded car drawn by six white horses, and passing by a lake covered with swans, and barges containing ladies in hoops, and musicians with flags and periwigs.” On the Crawleys' return to England this house was empty, and old Raggles, on an unlucky day for himself, let it to the two adventurers, one of whom he regarded with a kind of admiration

* Mr Rideing says it is unmistakable, and adds: “It is on the south side of the street, near the western end, and only a few doors further east than the house in which Lord Beaconsfield died (No. 19). It is four stories and a half high, and is built of blackish brick like its neighbours, with painted sills and portico. Its extreme narrowness, compared with its height, especially distinguishes it: the front door, with drab pilasters and a moulded architrave, is just half its width and only leaves room for one parlour window on the first floor.” There has been rebuilding in Curzon Street, so I can't quite identify this house. But the one I think was Becky's is No. 39, a small residence on the south side which appropriately when we remember the colour of Mrs. Crawley's eyes, was in 1914 painted green. Two other houses might answer to the description, viz., No. 33 on the south, and No. 3 on the north side opposite Shepherd's Market, but I am inclined to favour No. 39, and certainly no house nearer No. 19 is admissible.

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as being a member of his beloved family. We all know the sort of society that gathered here, under the free and easy roof of "Mrs. Crawley's husband" as he was called. The great Lord Steyne was a constant visitor; Lord Southdown came hither attracted by the charms of Mrs. Crawley, to be regularly shorn by the ex-dragon; and all sorts of unattached men, or men without their wives, came to drink tea or stronger beverages in Mrs. Crawley's little drawing-rooms after the play or the opera, and finished the night basking in her smiles. Here young Rawdon was hidden away in his nursery, neglected by his mother, but often enough the companion of his father, who used to take him for rides (on the pony given him by young Lord Southdown) in the Park or to show him to his old cronies at Knightsbridge Barracks. On one of these expeditions the pair met old Sedley and Amelia's little boy Georgy, in Hyde Park, and the youngsters rode together on Rawdon's pony.

Mrs. Osborne and her boy were now living with the old Sedleys at Fulham, where a dozen battles raged between Amelia and her mother over the bringing up and manners of the boy, and where the Rev. Mr. Binny, who "vowed and protested that when Amelia walked in Brompton Lane flowers grew in profusion under her feet," made her an offer of his hand and heart. But her thoughts were occupied with her child and the memory of her dead husband, with an occasional hour devoted to answering the letters she received from Major Dobbin in India, who sent her presents—shawls and scarves and chess-men and what not.

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There is no occasion to follow the fortunes of the rest of our characters: How Sir Pitt Crawley died and "The Ribbons" was dispossessed of her power, and with her father, "old Horrocks," slunk away from the Hall. How Bute and Mrs. Bute took charge of that mansion, till the arrival of the heir, the new Sir Pitt. How Rawdon and Becky were invited down to Hampshire, to the horror of Lady Southdown (Pitt's mother-in-law) who used to dose the household with her own pet and patent medicines. Becky's generalship was at last rewarded by a thorough reconciliation, and Rawdon Crawley became quite a favourite with Lady Jane Crawley. The close of this phase occurred when Rebecca and her husband left Queen's Crawley on their return home and "the London lamps flashed joyfully as the stage rolled into Piccadilly (no doubt setting down its burden at Hatchett's, then at the corner of Arlington Street), and Briggs had made a beautiful fire in Curzon Street, and little Rawdon was up to welcome back his papa and his mamma."

Soon after the record of a death we get the announcement of a marriage—that of Frederick Bullock to Maria Osborne, which took place, with great pomp and ancients, at St. George's, Hanover Square, where were gathered together, we are told, "a host of fashionables who have all married into Lombard Street, and done a great deal to ennoble Cornhill." The young couple went to live in a house near Berkeley Square, and also had a small villa at Roehampton "among the banking colony there." But there was feud between Russell Square and the new *ménage*, and Maria in her now fashionable fast-

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ness looked down on the commonplace prosperity of her father's house, where her sister Jane pined in solitude.

That awful existence, as Thackeray terms it, must have reflected the life led by many a denizen in the rich middle-class London households of the period. "She had to get up of black winter's mornings to make breakfast for her scowling old father, who would have turned the whole house out of doors if his tea had not been ready at half past eight. She remained silent opposite to him, listening to the urn hissing, and sitting in tremor while the parent read his paper, and consumed his accustomed portion of muffins and tea. At half past nine he rose and went to the City, and she was almost free till dinner-time, to make visitations in the kitchen and to scold the servants: to drive abroad and descend upon the tradesmen, who were prodigiously respectful: to leave her cards and her papa's at the great glum respectable homes of their City friends: or to sit alone in the large drawing-room, expecting visitors; and working at a huge piece of worsted by the fire, on the sofa, hard by the great Iphigenia clock, which ticked and tolled with mournful loudness in the dreary room. The great glass over the mantel-piece, faced by the other great console glass at the opposite end of the room, increased and multiplied between them the brown Holland bag in which the chandelier hung, until you saw these brown Holland bags fading away in endless perspectives, and this apartment of Miss Osborne's seemed the centre of a system of drawing-rooms. When she removed the cordovan leather from the grand piano, and ventured to play

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a few notes on it, it sounded with a mournful sadness, startling the dismal echoes of the house."

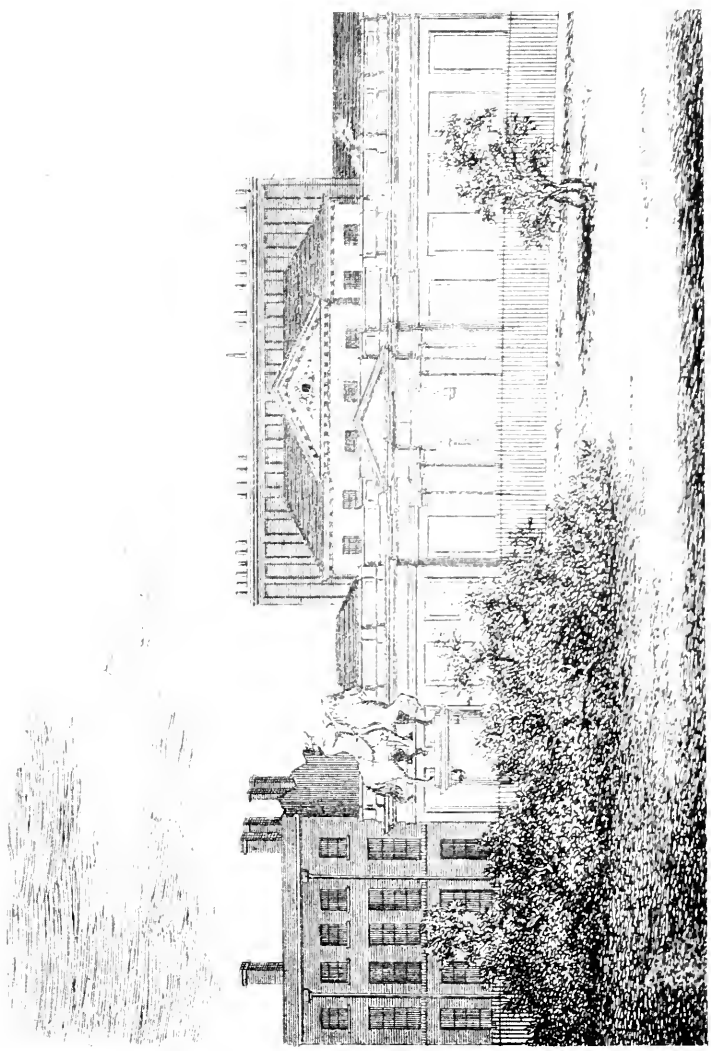
Old Osborne's dinner guests were chiefly those who lived in his quarter of the town: old Dr. Gulp from Bloomsbury Square; old Mr. Frowser from Bedford Row; old Colonel Livermore from Upper Bedford Place; and old Sir Thomas Coffin from Bedford Square, and "these people and their like gave the pompous Russell Square merchant pompous dinners back again." Sometimes the Misses Dobbin drove from Denmark Hill to see the solitary spinster, and they often went to Brompton to visit Amelia whose boy, George, was allowed to return the visit, on one of which occasions he met his Aunt Jane; a *rencontre* which led to a sort of reconciliation between the grandfather and his son's small family.

In another part of London the Pitt Crawleys were established in the house in Great Gaunt Street which still bore over its front the hatchment that had been placed there as a token of mourning for Sir Pitt Crawley's demise, but which had been otherwise brightened up: the black outer-coating of the bricks having been removed; the old bronze lions on the knocker handsomely gilt, and in short the house become the smartest in the whole quarter. The friendship between Sir Pitt and his brother and sister-in-law was now so well established that when he had come to town to superintend these renovations, he quickly allowed himself to be carried from the hotel at which he had first put up, to Curzon Street where he spent a week, coaxed and wheedled and made much of by the artful Becky, until he went back to his dull wife in Hampshire, full of regard and

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respect for the little adventuress, who with her heavy husband, subsequently passed the Christmas holidays at the baronet's greatly improved seat in Hampshire. We have caught a glimpse of the great Lord Steyne in Becky's little drawing room. We are soon to see him in his own palace in Cavendish Square. Gaunt House, we are told, stands in Gaunt Square out of which runs Great Gaunt Street where Sir Pitt Crawley lived. The description of the Square and this great mansion's exterior coincides so exactly with that of Cavendish Square and Harecourt House (now a thing of the past, on whose site, a large block of flats reigns supreme) that there can be little doubt of their identities. What says Thackeray?

“Peering over the railings and through the black trees into the garden of the Square, you see a few miserable governesses with wan-faced pupils wandering round and round it, and round the dreary grass-plot in the centre of which rises the statue of Lord Gaunt, who fought at Minden, in a three-tailed wig, and otherwise habited like a Roman Emperor. Gaunt House occupies nearly a side of the Square. The remaining three sides are composed of mansions that have passed away into Dowagerism—tall, dark houses, with window-frames of stone, or picked out of a lighter red. Little light seems to be behind those lean, comfortless casements now: and hospitality to have passed away from those doors as much as the laced lacqueys and link-boys of old times who used to put out their torches in the blank iron extinguishers that still flank the lamps over the steps. Brass plates have penetrated into the Square—Doctors,



HARVARD HALL SE, CAVENDISH SQUARE
From a drawing by Mac

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the Diddlesex Bank Western Branch—the English and European Reunion, etc.—it has a dreary look—nor is my Lord Steyne's palace less dreary. All I have ever seen of it is the vast wall in front, with the rustic columns at the great gates, through which an old porter peers sometimes with a fat and gloomy red face—and over the wall the garret and bedroom windows, and the chimneys."

There is much in the Square fitting in with this description. Doctors have come hither, Commerce has invaded it; the old extinguishers are not wholly absent, nor the stone framed windows. True, the effigy in the central garden (of Lord George Bentinck, set up in 1848) does not correspond with that of Lord Gaunt, but an earlier equestrian statue, which General Strode erected to the memory of the Duke of Cumberland, may be said to have done so. It remained till 1860, and was then taken down to be recast, but was never set up again. This figure was habited in contemporary costume, much to Sir Joshua Reynold's expressed disgust; but that would not have prevented Thackeray from describing something which in earlier times was much more *de rigueur*.* Harcourt House occupied nearly the whole west side of the Square, and you could just see its gloomy upper windows over the front wall. The mansion, the first to be built in Cavendish Square, was erected by Benson, Lord Bingley, and subsequently came into the possession of the Dukes of Portland. Here the fifth Duke passed much of his

* In Thackeray's picture of Rawdon Crawley's arrest as he was leaving Gaunt House, the Square is shewn with an equestrian figure.

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eccentric time, in a seclusion which gave rise to all kinds of weird and idle stories.*

All the world knows that Lord Hertford was the original, in various essentials, of the Marquis of Steyne, but the identity of Gaunt House has been questioned. Indeed it has been stated that Lansdowne House stood as model for the place, but if novelists' descriptions go for anything, this supposition hardly admits of acceptance; whereas that which selects Harcourt House as the prototype very plainly does.

The readers of "Vanity Fair" will not need to be reminded of how the indomitable Becky at last succeeded in scaling this hitherto impregnable fortress; of how she was treated by the ladies of Lord Steyne's family at her first dinner-party at Gaunt House; of her triumph later when the men returned to the drawing-rooms from their wine. Lady Bareacres, who came from Hill Street, and Lady Gaunt, who lived with her father and mother-in-law, were both equally beaten and cowed. Nor need we recall how Mrs. Rawdon Crawley went to the Drawing Room at St. James's, under the wing, and in the carriage, of Sir Pitt and Lady Jane, and made her curtsy to the First Gentleman of Europe, or how she obtained a large cheque from Lord Steyne, and with the proceeds pacified for a time her creditors, and bought the handsomest black silk gown which money could purchase, for her victim, the acquiescent Briggs, in St. Paul's Churchyard, on her way back from Messrs Jones, Brown and Robinson's bank in Lombard Street. After her triumph Becky moved

*See the author's "History of the London Squares."

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for a time in very high spheres. One would like to know which was the Levant House, taken by the Prince of Peterwaradin, at which she dined and afterwards sang "to a very little *comité*." Perhaps it was Hertford House, in Manchester Square, which we know was occupied, about the period of "Vanity Fair's" appearance, by the Count St. Aulaire, then Ambassador from France; and Thackeray might have liked to set back this "residence" to the period of his story. Our heroine seems to have even had the *entrée* of the exclusive Almacks (kept by Willis, in King Street, St. James's) for Thackeray expressly tells us that "from an old grudge to Lady Steyne," that great leader of fashion the Countess of Fitzwillis (of the King Street family) chose to acknowledge her. Her fashionable reunions in Curzon Street were duly chronicled in the "Morning Post"—receptions that kept one neighbour awake through the noise and another from sleep through envy! The acmé of her glory, however, was at the great scene at Gaunt House when those charades took place in which she appeared in turn as the grim and terrible Clytemnestra, and the most ravishing little *Marquise* in the world; and Rawdon Crawley on walking through Cavendish Square, after the entertainment, was arrested for debt, and carried to Mr. Moss's establishment in Cursitor Street!

When the Marquis of Steyne, bent on doing good to the Crawley family, had not only secured the *entrée* into society for Becky, but also prevented Rawdon from running further into debt, by getting him opportunely arrested and lodged in Mr. Moss's house, he turned his benevolent attention to the

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removal of little Rawdon from his home to a public school, and conferred the reversion of the post of house-keeper at Gauntley Hall on honest Briggs. The School selected for young Rawdon was, it need hardly be said, the Charterhouse where Thackeray had himself been educated and his affection for which is indicated in an hundred references throughout his works. "His lordship," we are told, "was one of the governors of that famous old collegiate institution called the Whitefriars. It had been a Cistercian Convent in old days, when the Smithfield, which is contiguous to it, was a tournament ground. Obstinate heretics used to be brought thither convenient for burning hard by. Henry VIII., the Defender of the Faith, seized upon the monastery and its possessions, and hanged and tortured some of the monks who could not accommodate themselves to the pace of his reform. Finally, a great merchant bought the house and land adjoining, in which, and with the help of other wealthy endowments of land and money, he established a famous foundation hospital for old men and children. An entire school grew round the old almost monastic foundations, which subsists still with its middle-age costume and usages: and all Cistercians pray that it may long flourish." Hither, one day, Rawdon brought his boy in a cab; while the mother rattled off to the Park in her carriage and was chattering and laughing with a dozen young dandies by the Serpentine, what time the father was taking a rather sad farewell of his son.

When Captain Rawdon Crawley was carried off to Cursitor Street, he was going to no strange place. He was known there; he found acquaintances there.

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Thackeray's description of this quasi debtor's prison is confirmed in its accuracy, by other accounts we have of such places during the London of the Regency. From that den we know how Rawdon, released, not by his wife's aid but by the help of his sister-in-law, went home to Curzon Street, and found Becky dallying with Lord Steyne. That great scene must be fresh in the minds of all who have read "Vanity Fair," the Marquis writhing on the ground, his forehead cut by the brooch which Rawdon flung at him; Becky standing by terror-stricken, but admiring her husband in his strength and victory. The subsequent disorder of the household, typified by the disarray of the rooms which Rawdon had ransacked to find out what Steyne had given his wife; the Sunday morning visit paid by Rawdon to his brother in Great Gaunt Street; his later call on his old comrade Captain Macmurdo at Knightsbridge Barracks, where he arranged the duel (which was destined never to come off) with Lord Steyne. These are the London incidents in this part of "Vanity Fair." They belong rather to the story than to its setting, however. The interview between Mr. Wenham (Lord Steyne's man of business) and Captain Crawley and his friend Macmurdo, took place at the latter's club, and as, on returning from Knightsbridge Barracks, they turned down St. James's Street, it is probable that it was to White's, especially as Thackeray specifically mentions "the great front window"—that famous bay out of which Major Penderennis, and so many other illustrious persons, have gazed.

The end had come to the Curzon Street establish-

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ment. The bailiffs seized on poor old Raggles, ruined by his tenants. The immortal Becky disappeared from the scene of her intrigues, her triumphs, her downfall. Rawdon went off to his Colonial appointment; and the younger Rawdon spent his holidays at Queen's Crawley. And so closed a four years' London existence of living on nothing a year.

In the meanwhile the star of young George Osborne had risen. In Russell Square he ruled everyone—even his morose old grandfather. He had his own room, his own pony on which he rode by way of the New Road (now the Marylebone Road) to the Regents Park, then but a few years old, and Hyde Park. His portrait was painted by an artist whose work old Osborne had one day observed exhibited in Southampton Row. In a word he was spoilt to the top of his bent: he had his henchman, young Todd, of Great Coram Street, Russell Square; he had his attendant who received orders to take him to the play: Drury Lane or Sadler's Wells; his clothes came not from his grandfather's tailor in the city, but from a more fashionable and approved sartorial artist in Conduit Street. His education was attended to by the Rev. Lawrence Veal, domestic Chaplain to Lord Bareacres, of Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, who received a limited and very select number of pupils.

The story draws to a close. One day our old friends Jos and Dobbin appear at the school, and eventually they accompany Amelia (whose mother, Mrs. Sedley, now lies buried in Brompton Cemetery) to the Continent. Their doings are related in the succeeding chapters, and hardly concern us here. Indeed, London begins to sink into the background as the scene

VANITY FAIR

of our friends' activities. Old Sedley walking in Kensington Gardens and the Brompton lanes, real lanes in those days; the meeting between Amelia and the Major in Kensington Gardens, into which he had entered by the "little old portal in Kensington Garden wall"; Jos leisurely returning and putting up at the old Slaughters' in St. Martin's Lane, and paying a belated visit to his father and sister in the little Brompton cottage, and finally settling in the midst of the Indian Colony in Gillespie Street (which you will not find in the maps) near Moira Square and Warren Street. These are last links between London and the *dramatis personæ* of "Vanity Fair."

We are carried away to the scenes after this, far from the roar and turmoil of the great city, wherein we have followed some of the fortunes of our acquaintances. Let me close this chapter by an extract in which Thackeray speaks of a thoroughfare not mentioned before—I mean that Baker Street to which he always refers as typifying a sort of desolation and dreariness. "Ladies," he writes, "are you aware that the great Pitt lived in Baker Street? What would not your grandmothers have given to be asked to Lady Hester's parties in that now decayed mansion? I have dined in it—*moi qui vous parle*. I peopled the chamber with ghosts of the mighty dead. As we sate soberly drinking claret there with men of to-day, the spirits of the departed came in and took their places round the darksome board. The pilot who weathered the storm tossed off good bumpers of spiritual port: the shade of Dundas did not leave the ghost of a heeltap—Addington sate bowing and smirking in a ghostly manner, and would not

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be behindhand when the noiseless bottle went round; Scott, from under heavy eyebrows, winked at the apparition of a beeswing; Wilberforce's eyes went up to the ceiling which was above us only yesterday, and which the great of the last days have all looked at. They let the house as a furnished lodging now. Yes, Lady Hester once lived in Baker Street, and lies asleep in the wilderness. Eothen saw her there—not in Baker Street: but in the other solitude." It was at the north end of the street, now 14 York Place, that Pitt lived; where his famous niece kept house for him; where he sat drinking his bumpers beneath the same ceiling which was later to look down on the great writer, who, by the magic of his pen, has conjured up for us this vignette of the pilot and his cronies. To anyone who knows that Pitt lived in Baker Street, or that the Rawdon Crawleys resided in Curzon Street, or that Gaunt House was but a *nom de guerre* for Harcourt House, how much more interesting are these localities. No one, I think, can pass through even the desolation of Baker Street without feeling that at least one ray of light is shed on it by the reference which Thackeray makes in the immortal pages of his masterpiece.

VI

PENDENNIS

LIKE "The Newcomes," "Pendennis" begins in London. In the former book we find ourselves in the company of Colonel Newcome at "The Cave of Harmony"; in the first chapter of the novel under consideration we sit down to breakfast with Major Pendennis and his numerous correspondence, "at a certain club in Pall Mall." The club indicated was, no doubt, the United Service, which had been established in 1815, and housed in its present quarters in 1826. Major Pendennis was a Londoner of Londoners, and the appropriate note is struck when he is introduced to us in that quarter of the town which contained, according to Theodore Hook, all that was best worth cultivating in the Metropolis.

The Major's lodgings were close by, in Bury Street, where Swift had once dwelt, and Vanessa, and where the Major might have heard, perchance, the blythe spirit of Tommy Moore carolling in his rooms at No. 27, or one of the other houses in the street in which he lodged at intervals from 1806 to 1830.

As all know who have read this book (and who has not?) the Major* is called away from his beloved

* "The Wheel of Fortune" patronised by the Major's man, Morgan, was in this neighbourhood, but cannot be identified. Perhaps it was "The Prince of Wales's Feathers" in Pall Mall.

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London, and his numerous invitations (the refusal of one from Lord Steyne, to join a party at The Star and Garter, giving the recipient special regret), to lecture his wayward nephew at Fairoaks. While he is on that long and tedious mail-coach journey, we are retrospectively shewn how other characters were connected with the city he has just quitted. We are told how his brother, Arthur's father, after his marriage, secured lodgings in Holles Street, and taking his wife hither, "conducted her to the theatres, the Parks, the Chapel Royal; showed her the folks going to a drawing-room, and, in a word, gave her all the pleasures of the town." Not, of course, those pleasures which make up so much of the "Life in London," or "The Tom and Jerry" of Pierce Egan, but such simple delights as would be likely to please the gentle Helen Pendennis. We are shewn her son, Arthur, as a boy at The Charterhouse (Thackeray properly sent as many of the children of his brain to his own old school as possible) where one of the upper boys had actually fought a duel, and another "kept a buggy and horse at a livery stable in Covent Garden, and might be seen driving any Sunday in Hyde Park with a groom with squared arms and armorial buttons, by his side." When Major Pendennis broke in on Doctor Swishtail's tremendous denunciation, and carried off the boy to far off Fair-oaks, where the elder Pendennis was lying stricken to death, he severed for ever his nephew's connection with the famous school where Colonel Newcome had also been educated and where *his* son was to go in due course, and be visited by young Pendennis then become a literary man living in the Temple and hold-

PENDENNIS

ing colloquies with Warrington during so many midnight hours.

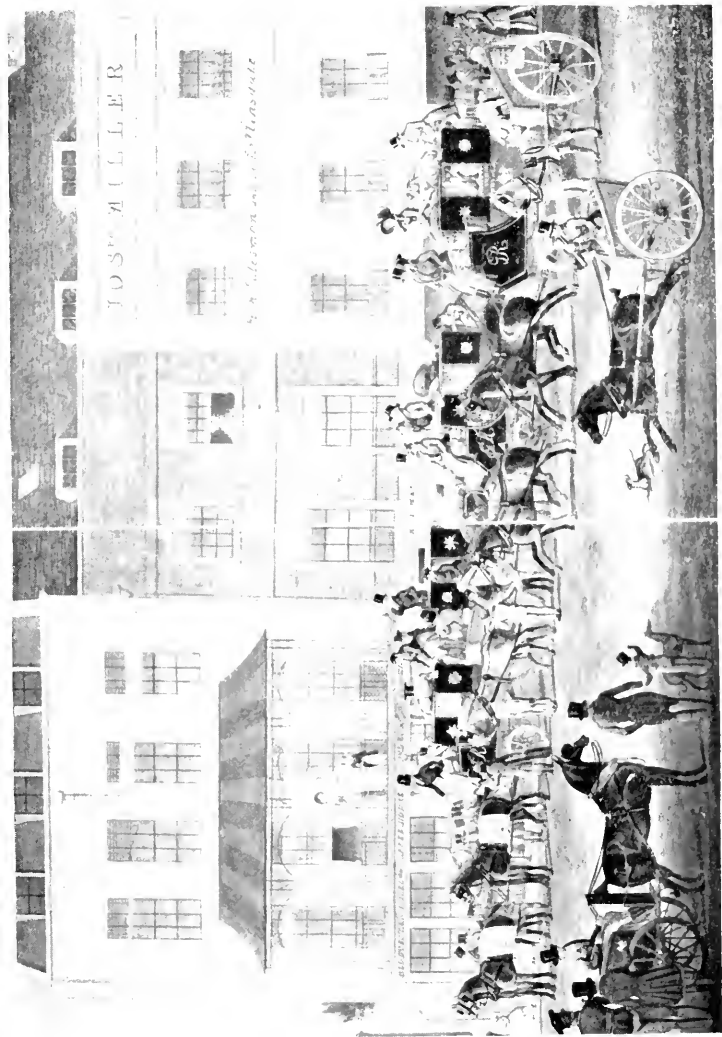
Chatteris and Clavering form the rural background now, and we follow Pen's fortunes far from the stress of the great city. Even the Major exiled himself from his "afternoons from club to club—his rides in Rotten Row, his dinners, and his stall at the Opera," to keep an eye on his nephew whose adventure with The Fotheringay, had proved the need of a more worldly-wise mentor than the simple mother whose pliant spirit could be so easily bent to the direction which her boy wished. Later when Pendennis is on his way to Oxford, he passes a few days in town with his uncle who, such is his unselfishness, remains in the wilderness ("The Pall Mall pavement was deserted; the very red-jackets had gone out of town. There was scarce a face to be seen in the bow-windows of the clubs"), in order to fit his nephew out for his new career. Foker is in London, too, and he and Pen drive to the Charterhouse and swagger about the playground, talking to their old cronies. They made an excursion also to Foker's parental brew-house. "Foker's Entire," we are told, "is composed in an enormous pile of buildings, not far from the Grey Friars, and the name of that well-known firm is gilded upon innumerable public-house signs, tenanted by its vassals in the neighbourhood." Foker's parents lived in Grosvenor Street whither Pendennis, much to the Major's satisfaction, was invited to dinner. After the day at the Charterhouse, Foker and Pendennis were entertained by the Major at the Covent Garden Coffee House, "whence they proceeded to the play." Concerning all which doings

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Pen wrote a droll account to his mother, who, with Laura, read that letter and others that followed, "many, many times, and brooded over them as women do."

Pendennis's Oxford career does not concern us. He only comes into our ken again when he returns precipitately from his Alma Mater, plucked, and as he thinks, disgraced, and has his terrible interview with the Major in Bury Street, and wanders about London when, as he afterwards remembered, he looked at the prints hanging in Ackermann's window. Ackermann's shop was then at the rebuilt No. 96 Strand, whither he had returned in 1827 after removing, for a time, to No. 101, the site, to-day, of "Simpson's." These were sad days for our hero until that letter arrived from Home which prayed for the prodigal's return. Then it was that he sallied forth from his lodgings in the Covent Garden inn and took his place in the Chatteris coach at the Bull and Mouth in Piccadilly. This famous coaching office was situated at the south-east corner of Piccadilly Circus, whence the "Age" coach used to be tooled into the west country by the Duke of Beaufort. An extant print shows the ducal whip on the point of starting with a load of passengers among whom one likes to think one can distinguish Arthur Pendennis, Esq., of "Fairoaks," and late of St. Boniface, Oxbridge.

After a period of rustication Pendennis returns to London to begin that career at the Bar, with which his future history chiefly concerns itself. The "Alacrity" coach bears him from the groves of Chatteris to the Glo'ster Coffee House. As the vehicle pulls



THE GLOUCESTER COFFEE HOUSE, FIG. 40114

From a Tour print by Pollard



PENDENNIS

up who should our hero see but his friend Foker “who came prancing down Arlington Street behind an enormous cab-horse.” Thackeray should more properly have written “up Arlington Street,” for the Glo’ster Coffee House stood where the Berkeley Hotel is now, and in a contemporary print may be seen a high plain building ornamented only by one of those verandahs beloved of the later Georgian period. The number of coaches drawn up before it all ready to start for the west, indicates its activity and reputation. It used to be kept by one Dale whose name may be read on its front, in the print referred to. That very night, after dining at the Covent Garden Coffee House where he put up, Pen goes to Covent Garden Theatre: “The lights and the music, the crowd and the gaiety, charmed and exhilarated Pen, as those sights will do young fellows from college and the country, to whom they are tolerably new. He laughed at the jokes, he applauded the songs, to the delight of some of the dreary old *habitués* of the boxes, who had ceased long ago to find the least excitement in their place of nightly resort, and were pleased to see anyone so fresh, and so much amused.” There it will be remembered he once again saw his old flame, The Fotheringay, now become the wife of Sir Charles Marabel—“and wondered how he ever could have loved her.”

The groves of The Temple are haunted by all sorts of ghosts, among these the shade of Arthur Pendennis must loiter about Lamb Court where that young gentleman had his chambers. Most of us know Lamb Court (although, to be sure, the Major was hopelessly at sea as to its whereabouts). Thackeray, who occu-

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pied various sets of rooms in The Temple, did not need to draw much on his imagination when he described Pen's abode as discovered by old Pendennis "through some dark alleys, and under various melancholy archways," or when he set down the details of the daily life of this latest of "the Knights of the Temple" to whom Chapter 29 is dedicated. One retrospective passage shall suffice from this detailed account of the place of many memories:

"Those venerable Inns," writes Thackeray, "which have the Lamb and Flag and the Winged Horse for their ensigns have attractions for persons who inhabit them, and a share of rough comforts and freedom, which men always remember with pleasure. I don't know whether the student of law permits himself the refreshment of enthusiasm, or indulges in poetical reminiscences as he passes by historical chambers, and says, 'Yonder Eldon lived—upon this site Coke mused upon Lyttleton—here Chitty toiled—here Barnwell and Alderson joined in their famous labours—here Byles composed his great work upon bills, and Smith compiled his immortal leading cases—here Gustavus still toils, with Solomon to aid him'; but the man of letters can't but love the place which has been inhabited by so many of his brethren, or peopled by their creations as real to us at this day as the authors whose children they were—and Sir Roger de Coverley walking in the Temple Garden, and discoursing with Mr. Spectator about the beauties in hoops and patches who are sauntering over the grass, is just as lively a figure to me as old Samuel Johnson rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels on their way to Dr. Gold-

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smith's chambers in Brick Court; or Harry Fielding, with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the Covent Garden Journal, while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage."

The life of Pendennis and his friend Warrington in the Temple was the life of hundreds and thousands of those who have attempted to scale the difficult mountains of the Law and have been for ever turning aside to cull some flower of literature on their way, and so have never reached the summit although they have discovered to the world such beauties in another direction as have, often enough, more than justified their dalliance. Had this not been the case, Pendennis might have made a tolerable lawyer and "Walter Lorraine" had not been written; Thackeray himself might have made his ten thousand a year and the world had lacked "Vanity Fair."

No sooner was Pen regularly settled in the Temple, having given up the west-end lodgings he had taken on first coming to Town, than he went, we are told, "into a hundred queer London haunts." Under the *ægis* of his friend Warrington he found his way into all sorts of strange quarters, and while with one hand holding on to the west end—his uncle's influence had got him put down for the Polyanthus Club and introduced him to many fine houses in Mayfair and Belgravia—he was stretching forth the other to the coal-heaving company at The-Fox-under-the-Hill, and was a *persona grata* at the back kitchen, and like Warrington, seems to have, at least for a time, preferred "a sanded floor in Carnaby Market to a chalked one in Mayfair." The Fox-under-the-Hill is familiar to

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readers of "David Copperfield," but it has long since disappeared. It probably stood near the Adelphi Terrace, before the Embankment chased it out of existence. Once a whale was exhibited there, and the handbill denoting the fact states that the inn was opposite the Adelphi Theatre in the Strand. It was in any case near these mysterious Dark Arches about which, no doubt, the enquiring Warrington and the expectant Pendennis could have told us something, though not perhaps with the sorrowful particularity of David Copperfield. The *Back Kitchen* was known to Thackeray and his generation as "The Cider Cellars," and was situated in Maiden Lane, next to the stage door of "The Adelphi." Once it was a haunt of the bibulous and classic Porson, later Maginn and the contributors to Fraser's Magazine resorted thither. Albert Smith described it in his "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," and its frequenters are thus particularised in "Pendennis." "Healthy county tradesmen and farmers in London for their business came and recreated themselves with the jolly singing and suppers at the Back Kitchen; squads of young apprentices and assistants—the shutters being closed over the scenes of their labours—came hither for fresh air, doubtless. Dashing young medical students, gallant, dashing, what is called loudly dressed, and, must it be owned?, somewhat dirty, came here, smoking and drinking and vigorously applauding the songs; young University bucks were to be found here, too, with that indescribable simper which is only learned at the knees of Alma Mater; and handsome young guardsmen and florid bucks from the St. James's Street clubs; nay! senators—

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English and Irish—and even members of the House of Peers.”

The club was held, we are told, at The Fielding's Head which “had been a place of entertainment almost since the time when the famous author of Tom Jones presided as magistrate in the neighbouring Bow Street; his place was pointed out, and the chair said to have been his still occupied by the president of the night's entertainment.” Here might have been heard such fine rousing English songs as “The good old English gentleman,” “Dear Tom, this Brown Jug,” and so forth, and here Costigan raised his bibulous voice in Bacchanalian and amatory numbers; while during the pauses the voice of Cutts, landlord and frequent chairman, issued such orders as, “John, a champagne cup for Mr. Green. I think, sir, you said sausages and mashed potatoes? John, attend to the gentleman.”

Although Colonel Newcome, on a memorable occasion, found his way hither, such haunts as these were not by any means acceptable to the fashionable Major Pendennis, who had even a difficulty in finding the road to his nephew's chambers in The Temple. True, he remembered that some ladies of fashion used to talk of dining with Mr. Ayliffe, the barrister, who was “in society,” and who lived in King's Bench Walk; but the gallant soldier confused this famous building with the King's Bench prison, and opined that Mr. Ayliffe was a superior sort of officer connected with that final refuge of the destitute. Morgan, his man, being sent on an expedition of discovery, returned with this answer to his master's enquiry as to what sort of a place it was. “I should

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say rayther a shy place. The lawyers lives there, and has their names on the doors. Mr. Harthur lives three pair high, sir. Mr. Warrington lives there, too, sir." And the minion further added that it was approached by a "nasty and black stairease as ever I see." The Major's subsequent visit on a "non-working" day, when he found Warrington drinking beer, and Pen smoking a cigar, and asked if a French novel he saw lying at the foot of his nephew's chair, was a law book, is familiar enough to all readers.

But it was journalism rather than the law which appealed to Pendennis and Warrington. Once walking along the Strand they passed a newspaper office "which was all lighted up and bright." Reporters were hurrying in and out; lamps were burning in the editor's room, and higher up compositors were busily engaged on their labours. "Look at that, Pen," exclaimed Warrington. "There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent, at this very minute, giving bribes at Madrid; and another inspecting the price of potatoes in Covent Garden. Look! here comes the Foreign Express galloping in. They will be able to give news to Downing Street to-morrow: funds will rise or fall, fortunes be made or lost; Lord B. will get up, and, holding the paper in his hand, and seeing the noble marquis in his place, will make a great speech; and—and Mr. Doolan will be called away from his supper at the Back Kitchen; for he is foreign sub-editor,

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and sees the mail on the newspaper sheet before he goes to his own." In Chapter 31 the same tale is told. We see the friends in the thick of it. We catch Pen scribbling verses; by the bye, his effort—"The Church Porch" which went to "The Spring Annual" published by Bacon (formerly Bacon and Bungay) of Paternoster Row, was one of Thackeray's most successful efforts in minor poetry. Warrington was a journalist, but Pen's lucubrations, before he made a name with "Walter Lorraine," were better suited to the "Book of Beauty" kind of literature. On one occasion he and Warrington went to Paternoster Row, to show Bacon the quality of the former's wares. It was a very different street then from what it is to-day. "Pen," we are told, "looked at all the wonders of all the shops; and the strange variety of literature which they exhibit. In this were displayed black-letter volumes and books in the clear pale types of Aldus and Elzevir; in the next you might see the "Penny Horrific Register," the "Half-penny Annals of Crime," and "History of the most celebrated Murderers of all Countries," "The Raff's Magazine," "The Larky Swell," and other publications of the penny press; whilst at the next window, portraits of ill-favoured individuals, with fac-similes of the venerated signatures of the Reverend Grimes Wapshot, the Reverend Elias Howle, and the works written and the sermons preached by them, showed the British Dissenter where he could find mental pabulum." You may, nowadays, explore Paternoster Row from the east to the west and back again, and never so much as catch sight of an Aldine or an Elzevir, nor see the examples of that penny litera-

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ture whose place has been taken by books as cheap and far more profitable.

But "London" is our quarry here, rather than the manners and customs of another day, although we can, with difficulty disassociate the two if we accompany Pen and Warrington further to The Fleet Prison, where Captain Shandon did his literary work, under such adverse conditions, for the publisher, portly Mr. Bungay. Few things differentiate the London of those days from the city as we know it, more than that "Fleet" where the debtor was incarcerated and prevented as much as possible from doing honest work by the aid of which he might have re-established himself and paid his creditors. The miserable room in which Shandon who *did* do what he could and to some extent did it well in this wretched *milieu*, is described as we all know it: the stone-staircase, the court, the passages full of people, the noise from doors clapping and banging, were familiar to Thackeray, not as an inmate, but as an inquirer into all sorts of London byways, for The Fleet Prison was actually in existence with all its anomalies, its dirt and degradation, down to the year of grace 1844. Here the faithful wife would live with her husband, amidst this squalor their children were brought up, often they were born in these sad precincts. Many were sunk in besotted degradation by its baneful influence; only a few like the witty, most amiable, most incorrigible of Irishmen—Shandon, tried to do some decent work, and at least for certain periods shook off the bad influence of an institution inherently bad both in intention and effect.

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The chapter (32) "which is passed in the neighbourhood of Ludgate Hill," gives us an intimate glimpse of Shandon at work, under the ægis of Bungay, on the prospectus of that "Pall Mall Gazette" which was to be a power in the land, and of which even the wily publisher confessed that there was money in it. After leaving this uncongenial locality, where in the midst of destitution there was so much latent talent, Pen delivered himself of a sentiment: "It is hard to see such a man as Shandon," he said, "of accomplishments so multifarious, and of such an undoubted talent and humour, an inmate of a gaol for half his time, and a bookseller's hanger-on when out of prison." But Warrington could not see this: "I am a bookseller's hanger-on," he exclaimed, "You are going to try your paces as a hack. We are all hacks upon some road or other . . . A deuced deal of undeserved compassion has been thrown away upon what you call your bookseller's drudge."

The purlieus of Fleet Street is still the scene of the novel in the following chapter (33). The Chambers of Finucane of the Upper Temple, the spirited proprietor of the "Pall Mall," and sub-editor of that budding journal, were often the scene of Mrs. Shandon's exposition of the troubles and griefs of her happy-go-lucky lord. Finucane, the good hearted, was always going to the Fleet Prison to confer with Shandon and to cheer his family, and once at least we find him "cutting his mutton" with Bungay and Trotter, "Bungay's reader and literary man of business," at Dick's Coffee-House. This hostelry was one of the best known in Fleet Street. Originally Richards,

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from one Richard Turner who was renting the house so early as 1680, it seems to have been called indifferently Richard's and Dick's, at the close of the seventeenth century. References to it are to be found in *The Tatler*, and it was a resort of Steele and Addison, as well as of Cowper the poet. It was in existence occupying the site of No. 8 Fleet Street, down to 1885, in which year it was turned into a French restaurant. In 1899 it was demolished together with No. 7 next door, which had once been the residence of Tothill, the sixteenth century printer, later the premises of Jaggard, law printers of Georgian days, and in our own time of Messrs Butterworth. Thackeray must have been often within the doors of Dick's, for it stood just without the entrance to The Temple where he was a student for some years.

The "Pall Mall Gazette," the prospectus of which was, as I have said, drawn up by Shandon in the Fleet Prison, had its offices in Catherine Street, Strand, whither "Pen often came with his manuscripts in his pocket, and with a great deal of bustle and pleasure." The lower portion of Catherine Street has been cut into by the newly-formed Aldwych but most of us can remember it reaching straight down to the Strand. In earlier times the upper part was known as Brydges Street, and Ogilby in 1675, speaks of it as then being "a new made passage to Covent Garden." It contained the "pretty good tavern," mentioned by Johnson, to which the Doctor had been introduced by Cumming, the Quaker, and where he used to go sometimes, "when I drank wine," as he says.

For a space the story takes us to the west-end

PENDENNIS

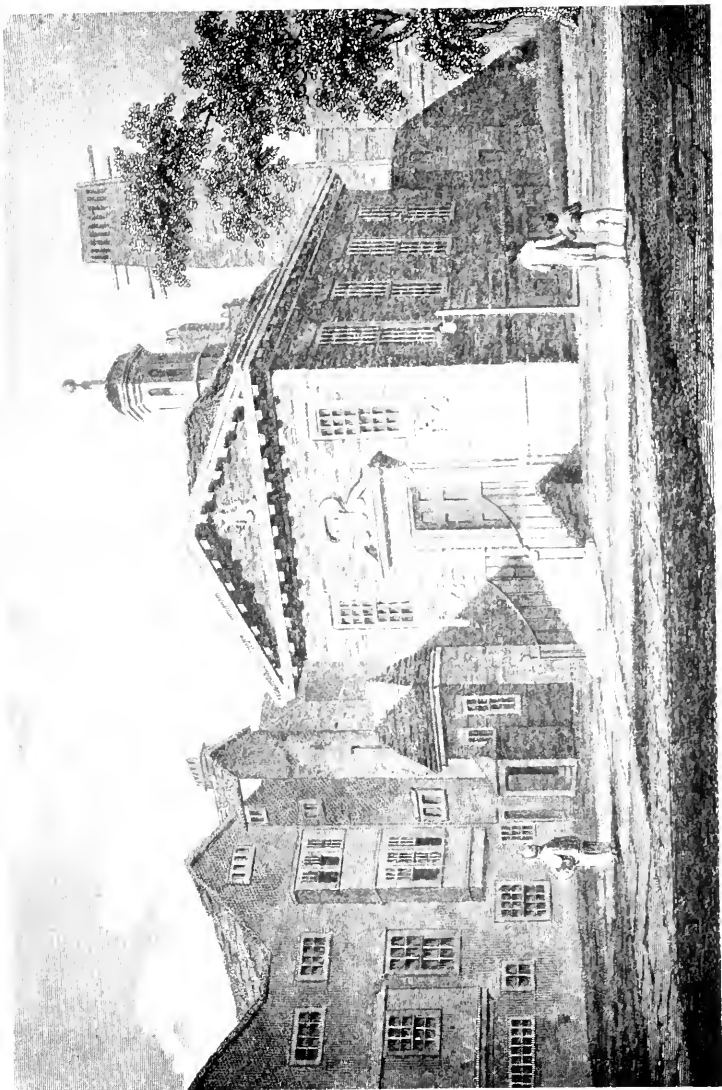
where we find the Major exhibiting himself in the "great window" of Bays's Club, St. James's Street. Thackeray's vignette shows us that famous bay-window which was such an important adjunct to White's. The Major stands in front, and behind him is probably Sir Thomas de Boots, a regular *habitué*, whom we meet with in "The Newcomes." Another "topographical" illustration by the author is that representing the notorious Colonel Altamont, hanging on to the railings of a private house, what time a policeman (a peeler would be the more appropriate title) in the top-hat which then adorned the heads of the force, is evidently recommending him to move on. The mansion indicated is that in Grosvenor Place, then occupied by Sir Francis and Lady Clavering and Blanche Amory, which had been gorgeously fitted up for their reception under the supervision of the Chevalier Strong, and whose "whole exterior face presented the most brilliant aspect which fresh paint, shining plate glass, newly cleaned bricks, and spotless mortar could afford to the beholder." Grosvenor Place then exhibited many differences from its present aspect. The Lock Hospital, established there in 1747, was in existence till 1842, when it was removed to the Harrow Road. Where Grosvenor Crescent cuts through the Place, just behind St. George's Hospital, was then occupied by "Tattersalls" before that establishment went westward to Knightsbridge, and Belgrave Square was in course of formation (1825) its site being those Five Fields where people went to eat syllabubs and pluck wild flowers. In fact Grosvenor Place was still considered very much "out of London," although ever since

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Horace Walpole's Lady Ossory lived there, it was regarded as fashionable. It must necessarily have been so, to fall in with the wishes of good-natured Lady Clavering, and especially those of the affected Blanche. Did they not do all that the sojourner in London in the season is bound to do: give dinners, attend receptions, drive in the Park (Foker, one remembers was always dodging about "the Arch of the Green Park" to waylay them), and cat ices, at Hunter's, a thin veil for the famous Gunter's.

Foker's devotion to the fair Blanche was boundless. It even led to his taking dancing lessons privily "at an academy in Brewer Street," which I assume to be the thoroughfare of that name, near Golden Square, leading from Great Windmill Street to Warwick Street, unless it was its name-sake in Pimlico, close to the old Stag Brewery.

Mention has been made both of Colonel Altamont and the Chevalier Strong. These worthies had apartments and a somewhat variable and mysterious residence in Shepherd's Inn. "Somewhere behind the black gables and smutty chimney-stacks of Wych Street, Holywell Street, Chancery Lane, the quadrangle lies hidden from 'the outer world,'" writes Thackeray; and he shows how, at this time, from having been a centre of more or less legal activity, the place had descended to "slop-sellers, brandy-ball and hardbake vendors, purveyors of theatrical prints for youth, dealers in dingy furniture, and bedding suggestive of anything but sleep. Here Mrs. Bolton presided over the Porter's Lodge"; here Costigan lived and was once at least visited by his daughter, Lady Mirabel, formerly The Fotheringay,



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and finally from a window here Altamont made his escape. The visits paid by Pendennis to Fanny Bolton in Shepherd's Inn, the lynx-eyed watch kept over the young girl by old Bowes, the appearance here of Blanche Amory, will all be recalled by readers of "Pendennis." In fact no little of the *mise-en-scène* of the second half of the novel is laid in this dingy and obscure little backwater out of the full stream of London life. I have little doubt that Lyon's Inn, Wych Street, stood as a model for Shepherd's Inn. Lyon's Inn appears to have been an ordinary hostelry in very early times, but in the days of Henry VIII., it was purchased for law purposes, and was given up to these studies for a long period. Many years before its demolition in 1863, however, it had been let out in chambers, and had quite taken on the character given it in the pages of "Pendennis." It was here that William Weare, murdered by Thurtell, had rooms. One recalls Theodore Hook's lines:

"His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn."

Our story does not take us into many new London quarters after this. We visit Vauxhall and meet Pen and Huxter there, to be sure, but it is chiefly between Lamb Court, Temple, in attendance on Pen sick unto death, and Shepherd's Inn where Fanny is heart-sick, that we oscillate. Chapter XI, indeed, is headed, "In or near the Temple Garden," and Chapter X., "In Shepherd's Inn." Fanny goes on one occasion to Dr. Goodenough's house in Hanover Square, and to have a prescription made up at the apothecary's in the Strand, but the centre of the web is Shepherd's

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Inn—these but filaments stretching out from that shy recess. Shepherd's Inn where one could hear the chimes of St. Clement's clock "which played the clear cheerful notes of a psalm, before it proceeded to ring its ten fatal strokes" which were to tell some other friends of ours domiciled in the Temple that it was time for Laura to fold up the slippers she is mending, for Martha to appear with the candles, for Warrington and Laura to leave their game of *ecarté* or backgammon unfinished, for Pen to begin another night of his convalescence. Who occupy the second or third floors of No. 6 Lamb Court, Temple, now? Whoever they be they are not more real to us than the creations of the novelist's fancy; and just as Thackeray found Sir Roger de Coverley as lively a figure in his imagination as Dr. Johnson, so for us, I think, Pen and Warrington and the Major, and Laura and Helen from distant Fair Oaks, live as surely as those have actually lived whose names spring to the mind in the devious ways of the Temple.

As we pace the streets of London we may almost expect to see some of these perennial figures: Fanny Bolton tripping from Shepherd's Inn; Altamont and Strong furtively on their way to its precincts; Costigan reeling down Henrietta Street or hanging on to the railings of The Hummums in Covent Garden (as in Thackeray's drawing); Mrs. Bungay "attired like Solomon in all his glory," setting out from Pater-noster Row on her way to Epsom Downs; the Major looking out on the world from White's bay window. Shepherd's Inn itself is no more; Newcastle Street (Thackeray calls it Oldecastle Street) has disappeared

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under the broad pavement of Kingsway ; Vauxhall, where Huxter disported himself, is as dead as Ninevah. But much of the London of "Pendennis" survives, although every day seems to alter some familiar feature or to do away with some well known landmark.

VII

THE NEWCOMES

ALTHOUGH "The Newcomes" takes us a good deal abroad and not a little into the country, its plot pivots round London, and from the second chapter, where we are introduced respectively to Mrs. Newcome (*née* Sophia Hobson) at her well-appointed home at Clapham, at which Religion was attended by the good things of this life, in plenty; to the famous last chapter wherein Colonel Newcome says his final Adieu in the midst of the scenes with which as a boy he was familiar, we are carried hither and thither about the Metropolis, and now find ourselves in the realms of fashion, and anon among the haunts of Bohemianism and the law-illumined groves of The Temple.

Just as the central figure in this great book is that of the gallant gentle-minded Colonel, so The Charterhouse (Greyfriars, Thackeray terms it) forms much of the background. We begin with the famous school and we end with it—at once a harbour of refuge for the aged and unfortunate and a home for budding youth. But many other London localities are introduced. Thus Bloomsbury Square is the region in which the Newcome family had their London house; and here, too, lived that Dr. Cox to whom Colonel

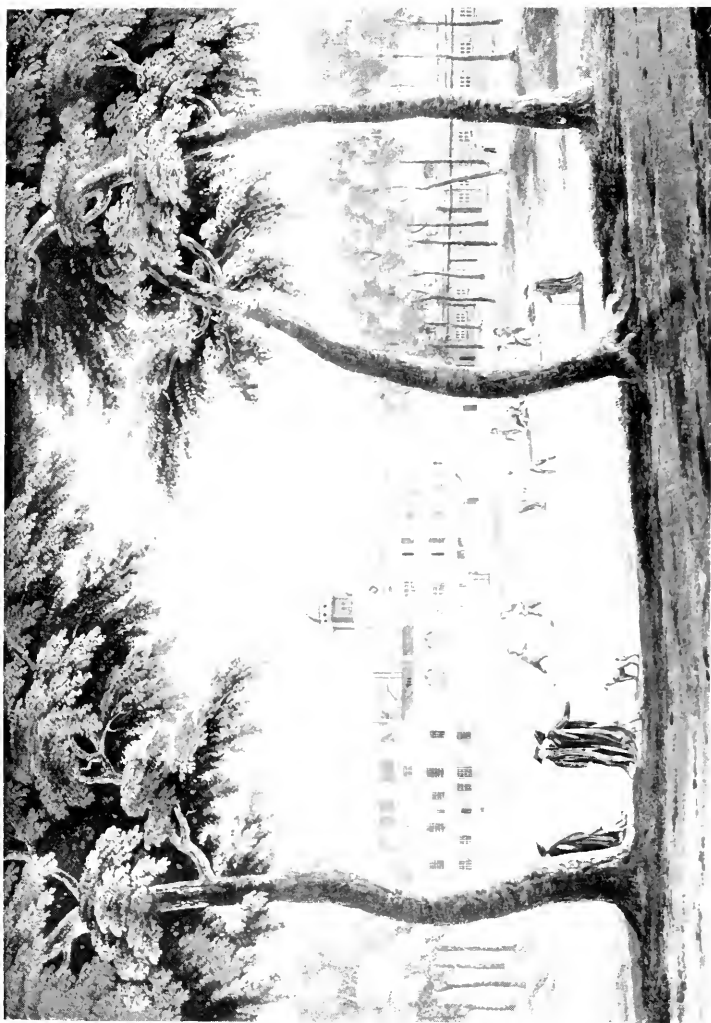
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Newcome brought Master Cox, "Tom Cox's boy, of the Native Infantry," on his return to England from India. Hobson Newcome lived in Bryanstone Square, whence that gentleman was accustomed to ride to his offices in Threadneedle Street. In Bernard Street, Russell Square, John Giles, who married Mrs. Hobson Newcome's sister, had his more humble residence, to which he once invited Mr. Pendennis to "a slice of beef and a glass of port," it will be remembered; while Lady Budge, a subsidiary character, dispensed "the most elegant hospitality," according to Charles Honeyman, at her mansion in Connaught Terrace.

As a rule, Thackeray, unlike Dickens, took little trouble to disguise the localities introduced into his novels, but, here and there, he did so. Thus he places the rooms (cells, he terms them) of the Rev. Charles Honeyman in a thoroughfare which he calls Walpole Street. That it is situated in the Mayfair district is specifically stated, otherwise one might have thought Arlington Street (where the great Sir Robert once lived) to be indicated. It was evidently in close proximity to the famous Lady Whittlesea's Chapel, of which Honeyman was the decorative incumbent. If this chapel was identical with Curzon Chapel, or the chapel opposite it, associated with the notorious doings of the Rev. Alexander Keith, which I believe to be the case, then Walpole Street may be but another name for Market Street, at the back of Curzon Street, in which the chapel stood. The thoroughfare we know as being once made memorable by the presence of Becky Sharp, and Thackeray may well have chosen it as the residence of a character which, in some of its aspects, had a remote

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resemblance to that of the redoubtable Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. We know that small houses were taken in this street by the former butlers of noblemen, and this retreat of Honeyman, kept by the honest Ridley, may have been of them. There, whether it was in Market Street or in one of the more fashionable surrounding thoroughfares, Charles Honeyman had his hermitage, where his "cells" consisted of "a refectory, a dormitory, and an adjacent oratory where he keeps his shower-bath and boots—the pretty boots trimly stretched on boot-trees and blacked to a nicety (not varnished) by the boy who waits on him. . . . A sweet odour pervades his sleeping apartment—not that peculiar and delicious fragrance with which the Saints of the Roman Church are said to gratify the neighbourhood where they repose—but oils, redolent of the richest perfumes of Macassar, essences (from Truetitts or Deleroix) into which a thousand flowers have expressed their sweetest breath." Here lodges, too, Mr. Bagshot, member for a Norfolk Borough, "greatly addicted to Greenwich and Richmond," it will be remembered, and, it also manages to accommodate Miss Cann, who, with Mrs. Ridley, had once been in the household of the Bayhams who came a dreadful crash in the year of panic, 1825. Mrs. Ridley, by the bye, enjoys, we are told, "a cheerful prospect of the back of Lady Whittlesea's Chapel" from the window where her two canary birds hang caged. Therefore, for Walpole Street we should, I doubt not, read Market Street, running behind and parallel with Curzon Street; on the other hand, if Lady Whittlesea's Chapel was really Keith's proprietary chapel (opened by him when he was obliged



THE CHARTERHOUSE
From a picture by F. Ward

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to leave Curzon Chapel), then it may be identical with one of the thoroughfares to the north of Curzon Street: Charles Street perhaps. It is not very profitable speculating, as there are so many possibilities. The evidence in favour of Charles Street has this to recommend it; that Thackeray mentions that Miss Flinders "who takes in dressmaking for the neighbouring maid-servants, and has a small establishment of lollipops . . . and Sunday newspapers, lives in Little Cragg's Buildings, hard by the 'Running Footman' public-house," and the Running Footman we know as having been a famous sign in Charles Street. Here is a passage, from "The Newcomes" which may prove helpful as an additional aid to identification:

"The reader who has passed through Walpole Street scores of times, knows the uncomfortable architecture of all save the great houses built in Queen Anne's and George the First's time; and while some of the neighbouring streets, to wit, Great Craggs Street, Bolingbroke Street,* and others, contain mansions fairly coped with stone, with little obelisks before the doors, and great extinguishers wherein the torches of the nobility's running footmen were put out a hundred and thirty or forty years ago—Walpole Street has quite faded away into lodgings, private hotels, doctor's houses, and the like; nor is No. 23 (Ridley's) by any means the best house in the street." There we can leave it to the reader's sense of locality, or imagination, merely adding, that when (in Chapter 12) Colonel Newcome and Clive accompany Honeyman, Pendennis and Bayham to Clifford

* These are, of course, fictitious names.

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Street, their way lay by Berkeley Square and Hay Hill, with a great *détour*, for Bayham's benefit, round Bond Street where the smell of Truefitt's pomatum always made that mercurial gentleman ill!

In Clifford Street was Nerot's Hotel where Colonel Newcome was then staying, perhaps identical with the Clifford Street Coffee House once standing at the corner of Bond Street, where the Debating Club once held its meetings at one of which Mackintosh first heard Canning's eloquence.

"Park Lane" is the title of chapter 14, and here Sir Brian Newcome had his town house visited by Clive to do penance, it will be recalled, after the incident at his father's dinner-table when he dashed a glass of wine in the face of his cousin, Barnes, the baronet's lively son and heir; and whither the Colonel used to come, not to the grand parties, but to join the younger members of the family at their mid-day meal.

The residence selected by Clive's father was 120* Fitzroy Square, a house he took in conjunction with his friend Binnie. Here the latter's sister later joined them to keep house for the bachelors, and to rule with a rod of iron. In those days (circa 1820) the north side of the Square was not built, its completion took place five years later, but the south and east sides had been erected by the Adam Brothers during 1790-4, in that form in which they delighted to make a row of houses assume the architectural importance of a single immense dwelling. It was at this time and for years after an artistic centre, a fact that may have

* No. 87, with the large stone urn over the doorway, has been regarded as the actual house Thackeray had in mind.

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decided the Colonel, in view of Clive's tastes in that direction, in taking a house in this quarter. Eastlake and Ross, the miniature painter, as well as David Roberts, all lived at one time, in Fitzroy Square.

One can see in imagination Clive coming back to his father's house from Gandish's, gesticulating and talking art with young Ridley, his sublime head striking the stars; while the good Colonel hears from his simple room, the clear tones of his son and the approving murmur of his companion. One can live in Arcady with the ingenuous boy with Hope beckoning him on and the Future with its sorrows and anxieties unthought of. Another house to which Clive was introduced was that of Mr. Baines, of Jolly and Baines, the London agents of Messrs Franks and Merryweather of Calcutta. This was in York Terrace, Regent's Park, a residence much affected by musicians, where Herr Moscheles, Benedict, Ella, and other now almost forgotten musical worthies not infrequently foregathered at those parties where the Misses Baines shone in harmonious concords of sweet sound.

After Colonel Newcome's return to India, Clive took lodgings in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, in the very midst of artistic associations, where such men as Richard Wilson and Constable, Farington and Woollett, and Westall once lived. Indeed the great Constable must have been there during this very time, for he occupied Farington's old house, No. 35, from 1822 till his death in 1837. Hence on one occasion Clive accompanied Pendennis on a visit to Florac at his hotel in Jermyn Street, when the

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friends were introduced with much ceremony to Madame la Princesse de Moncontour, *née* Higg of Manchester. It was in Jermyn Street, too, that Pendennis and his wife lodged at Brixham's; while that redoubtable old lady, the Countess of Kew, was wont when in London to reside in Queen Street, Mayfair, whence she issued her mandates with more than imperial dignity and determination. Here, too, Ethel Newcome was more or less securely under the domination of her grandmother, although to be sure the elder found, on occasion, more than a match in her dauntless descendant.

After Barnes Newcome's accession to the baronetcy, he gave up the small house which he had occupied immediately after his marriage, and went to the then newly fashionable quarter known as Belgravia. As we are told that he took a "spacious mansion" in that quarter, it is probable that Belgrave Square (which was built by Cubitt in 1825) was the spot chosen; unless, to be sure, it was Eaton Square, which came into existence in 1827. Clive, too, had changed his abode and was domiciled in "ancient lofty chambers in Hanover Square, which he had furnished in an antique manner, with hangings, cabinets, carved work, Venice glasses, fine prints, and water-colour sketches of good pictures by his own and other hands." Nor was Pendennis in his old quarters in Jermyn Street. He had moved to "a spacious old house in Queen's Square, Westminster." Queen's Square is now Queen Anne's Gate. It would be interesting to be able to identify this residence with the "white house," No. 1 Queen Square Place, now absorbed in the vast ungainly

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buildings of Queen Anne's Mansions, where Jeremy Bentham once lived, and, later, Brunel thought out some of his engineering problems.

After Colonel Newcome's failure, Clive was obliged to give up his artistic and commodious chambers in Hanover Square, and seek for a less pretentious dwelling. This he found in Howland Street, off the Tottenham Court Road. Appropriately this street had its artistic associations, and what is more, Indian artistic associations, for in it had once lived Thomas Daniell, R.A., whose pictures of the East are described as being admirable of their kind. Another notable resident had been the redoubtable "Peter Pindar," whose savage satire may be almost forgiven when it is remembered that he, here, nearly lost his life in trying to save his servant from being burnt to death.

So much for the private residences connected with the *dramatis personæ* of "The Newcomes." To them, as being in the nature of "lodgings," should be added Lamb Court, Temple, where Clive had his chambers and foregathered with such choice spirits as Penderennis and Warrington. The scenes described by Thackeray in the portions of the book dealing with Clive's sojourn amidst the groves of the law, are hit off with the accuracy of personal experience, for the great writer's knowledge of the life of a budding barrister was drawn from the period at which he himself had chambers in Brick Court, and in Crown Office Row, and "heard the chimes at midnight" in Hare Court when a student in 1831.

After private residences appropriately come clubs. "Bays," where Sir Thomas de Boots is a presiding

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deity, and Barnes Newcome became a member much to the veteran's disgust, was in St. James's Street. Its name may probably stand for White's, especially as the bay-window, so famous an adjunct of White's, is specifically mentioned. Colonel Newcome's club was, of course, "The Oriental," in Hanover Square. In an interesting and exhaustive history of that institution, the subject of the Colonel's connection with it is discussed at some length; and, although others had a certain claim to the distinction, it would seem that one of the members, General Charles Carmichael (brother of Thackeray's step-father, Major Carmichael Smyth, who himself possessed many of Colonel Newcome's characteristics) was the prototype of that immortal creation. Thackeray is known on his own showing to have *anglicized* the character somewhat, but he took apparently the appearance of one brother and the habits and customs of the other as lay figures for his picture. Anyhow, Colonel Newcome is as much a past member of "The Oriental" as any of those who actually spent their leisure within its walls, and one can hardly go by the portals without expecting the ghost of that fine old English gentleman to emerge before one's eyes.

In the company of Clive and his father, Pendennis, Bayham, and the rest, we can wander up and down the London of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and, to some extent, again live the life of that ample period. We can dine at the Carlton Club (not the present princely edifice, but its humbler predecessor in Charles Street, St. James's, where it was founded about 1828) or frequent The Blue Posts, either in Cork Street or The Haymarket (for both

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were then flourishing concerns) with Mr. Bagshot; we can share Bayham's "modest cup of coffee" in Covent Garden Market, or we can be boys again with Clive at The Greyfriars, and with him indulge in that orgie of pork pies and "two bottles of prime old port" from the Red Cow in Greyfriars Lane. Greyfriars Lane, by the bye, is evidently identical with the original Charterhouse Street, a short turning connecting Long Lane with Charterhouse Square, which was re-christened Hayne Street, for some obscure reason. The present Charterhouse Street is, of course, a later thoroughfare with a borrowed name. Thackeray knew all this quarter like his own hand, and for Clive and his experiences of the school, now removed to Surrey Heights, one may read the reminiscences of his creator, and pick out some years of actual biography in the records of young Newcome.

You will remember how the Colonel goes to visit his boy, on his return from India—"He dismissed his cab at Ludgate Hill, and walked thence by the dismal precincts of Newgate, and across the muddy pavement of Smithfield, on his way back to the old school where his son was, a way which he had trodden many a time in his own early days. There was Cistercian Street, and the Red Cow of his youth: there was the quaint old Greyfriars Square, with its blackened trees and garden, surrounded by ancient houses of the build of the last century, now slumbering like pensioners in the sunshine. Under the great archway of the hospital he could look at the old gothic building; and a black-gowned pensioner or two crawling over the quiet square, or passing from one dark arch to another. The boarding-houses of

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the school were situated in the square, hard by the more ancient buildings of the hospital." Something of this description holds good to-day, for the pensioners are still there, but the "great noise of shouting, crying, clapping forms, and cupboards, treble voices, bass voices"—for these you must now travel many miles from the roar of Smithfield to the heights of Godalming. Where else in London shall we follow the footsteps of our ghostly friends? Shall it be to St. George's, Hanover Square, when Barnes Newcome leads to the altar Lady Clara Pulleine, "the lovely and accomplished daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dorking"; what time Jack Belsize broods moodily at Milan or breaks the bank at Hom-burg; and Lord Kew remains in the fastnesses of Baden-Baden? Or shall we peep into Gandish's school of art in Soho, where Clive was a fashionable *rara avis* amid the bloused and bearded denizens, or into Howland Street (where Clive was later to lodge) where we may catch a glimpse of Sir Thomas de Boots, in full uniform, rushing from the door of Andrew Smee, Esq., R.A., to his attendant brougham? Moss's shop, whither Clive was invited by young Moss to see if he "didn't want anything," must surely be still in existence, for Wardour Street, in which that emporium was situated, has less changed in character than most of London's thoroughfares, and its name is yet something to conjure with. But where is Lundy's Coffee House where the young men of the rival art schools met to smoke and do battle? Where the Cave of Harmony,* wherein the Colonel sang his song, it was "Wapping

* Evans's, in Covent Garden, has been identified as its prototype.

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Old Stairs," and administered his famous rebuke to Costigan, and left the place with his uplifted cane which "had somehow fallen on the back of every man in the room" ? where is "The Haunt? All gone, with the snows of yester-year. We are recalling an age that seems as dead as that of Pharoah and his pyramids. But there are still streets that recall the lost period to our minds. Who can go up Aldwych from the west without thinking of Catherine Street, absorbed in that vast improvement, where were the offices of the "Pall Mall Gazette, journal of Politics, Literature and Fashion," at No. 225, whence Pendennis wrote his long letter (see Chapter 22) to Clive? Buckingham Street, Strand, is still the Buckingham Street where Mdlle. Saltarelli and her mother Madame Rogonomme lodged and sold tickets for the former's benefit, and Air Street, Piccadilly, where Florac punted for half-crowns, still remains; although to be sure the Leicester Square where the little Frenchman lived in his less affluent days, is a very different Leicester Square from the one he knew; while the Lothbury of the offices of the ill-fated Bundelcund Bank, is not essentially different from the Lothbury of to-day. Even courtly Mr. Luce's chambers, visited by Ethel on a momentous occasion, may still be in existence in Lincoln's Inn Fields, for one thinks of them somehow as on the sunny north side as yet untouched by new street improvements and almost, but not quite, innocent of towering new buildings.

But, after all, it is the Charterhouse that stands as the background to "The Newcomes"—the Charterhouse founded by the pious care of Sutton, who sleeps

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in its chapel beneath Stone and Jansen's splendid monument. Always a notable landmark even amidst London's brave show of such things, the Charterhouse, both as a school and as a refuge, has taken on something of an added glory and interest since Thackeray sent Clive to school there, and closed the days of his immortal Colonel in the midst of the scenes with which he, too, as a boy was so familiar. As we face those picturesque precincts, so peaceful a harbour from the stress of London's everlasting billows, the architectural beauty of the buildings fade away; fades away the beauty of carved stone work and age-sanctified oak, fades even the memory of the pious founder, and before eyes dimmed by the power of genius, stands forth the figure whose like is not to be found in any literature, and who, even with the "Adsum" of his childhood on his lips, can never fade from our memories. It is of the greatness and privilege of genius, to revivify by such touches the cold stones of a past time. Thackeray cannot be compared with Dickens as what for a better word one terms a topographical novelist. But although Boz's characters spring up before us in all parts of even our much changed capital, there is not one which is so identified with a particular locality, not one whose memory so hallows any building, as does Colonel Newcome's, the spot where he learnt as a child, and where he died in the fulness of a child's faith. The famous passage which tells so simply yet so eloquently of his passing, cannot be repeated too often:

"At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the

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bed feebly beat a time. And, just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master."

VIII

PHILIP

“PHILIP,” I suppose, is Thackeray’s least successful novel. It contains many fine passages; it is full of that wisdom with which its author padded (what wonderful padding it is, after all!) his narratives. It contains a number of excellent characters, and not a few of those whom we have met with in the earlier books. But somehow it seems to hang: “Philip” resembles overmuch the earlier “Pendennis,” plus an extremely hasty, if not violent, temper; Lord Ringwood is only the Marquis of Steyne under another name; and although Thackeray’s moralising is always acceptable, you can, I venture to think, have too much of a good thing, and will find in “Philip” not a little of what you have already found in “Pendennis” and “The Newcomes.” But, after all, there is “Dr. Fell” and the redoubtable Mrs. Baynes and The Twysden’s, and that tremendous combat in Madame Smolensk’s lodging house, which are enough to float any amount of super-cargo; while the topographical interest of the novel hardly falls short of that of its great predecessors.

Dr. Firmin’s house which was “as handsome as might be” was in Old Parr Street. Which is Old

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Parr Street? It will not be found in the London Directory. We are told that it was by Burlington Gardens, and that it "has been a habitation for generations of surgeons and physicians." But if this is hardly sufficiently distinguishing, in the description of its interior, Thackeray notes that the great looking glasses in the drawing-room reflected you over and over again into the distance, "so that you seemed to twinkle off right through the Albany into Piccadilly." This lessens the field considerably and almost makes it certain that either Savile Row or Old Burlington Street is indicated. The former is the more likely. Doctors did affect it, and no less a one than Sir Benjamin Brodie lived at No. 16. Thackeray speaks of the street as being dismal and funereal, but that was probably only his fun, and a sly hit at the doctors; for neither of these thoroughfares can with propriety be termed lugubrious. One likes to think of Dr. Firmin's house as one of those Georgian edifices, on which the Adams had worked: "Skulls of oxen, horned, with wreaths, formed the cheerful ornaments of the cornice," we are told, which seems to indicate the hand of the Scotch brothers, at least in the internal decorations.

The change in fashion which most of London's streets have undergone, is made the subject of a moralising passage *à propos* of this very Old Parr Street. How does it run?

"These mutations of fashion have always been matters of profound speculation to me," writes Thackeray, "why shall one not moralize over London as over Rome, or Baalbec, or Troy Town? I like to walk among the Hebrews of Wardour Street and

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fancy the place, as it once was, crowded with chairs and gilt chariots, and torches flashing in the hands of the running footmen. I have a grim pleasure in thinking that Golding Square was once the resort of the aristocracy, and Monmouth Street the delight of the genteel world. As the late Mr. Gibbon meditated his history leaning against a column in the Capitol, why should I not muse mine, reclining under an arcade of the Pantheon? Not the Pantheon at Rome, in the Cabbage Market by the Piazza Navona, where the immortal gods were worshipped; but the Pantheon in Oxford Street, ladies, where you purchase feeble pomatums, music, glassware, and baby-linen; and which has its history, too. Have not Selwyn, and Walpole, and March, and Carlisle figured there? Has not Prince Florizel flounced through the hall in his rustling domino, and danced there in powdered splendour? and when the ushers refused admission to the lovely Sophy Baddeley, did not the young men, her adorers, draw their rapiers and vow to slay the doorkeepers; and crossing the glittering blades over the head of the enchantress, make a warlike triumphal arch for her to pass under, all flushed, and smiling, and perfumed, and painted? The lives of the streets are as the lives of men, and shall not the street-preacher, if so minded, take for the text of his sermon the stones in the gutter?"

In his youth Dr. Firmin had been at the Charterhouse (or Greyfriars), as was his son, later, and in "Philip" we get glimpses of Thackeray's own old school: notably when the doctor is the hero of the dinner at which he is complimented by the Headmaster and addressed by the head boy in a Latin

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oration, on which occasion Philip exhibits that antagonism to his parent which after events show to be justified. Another locality which we have met with before is Walpole Street (where Charles Honeyman had lodgings, one remembers) in which Lord Ringwood's town mansion is situated. This, I was inclined to identify (in a former chapter) with Market Street, although the presence of a great private palace in it would seem to indicate a more fashionable thoroughfare—Curzon Street, for instance.

Another locality which we can merely guess at is the Thornaugh Street, in which the "Little Sister" lived. It was in the artists' quarter, near Charlotte Street and Fitzroy Square. "J.J." had rooms in Mrs. Brandon's house here, we are told. "Thornaugh Street is but a poor place now, and the houses look as if they had seen better days: but that house with the cut centre drawing-room window, with the name of Brandon on the door, was as neat as any house in the quarter." If amidst the wholesale demolition of our days, this particular house has survived, that "cut centre drawing-room window" should be a clue. You would not find a painter domiciled on the first and second floor, or old Gann sipping his gin and water in the ground floor parlour, as in the days of the "Little Sister," but the place would recall all sorts of incidents in the history of Philip and one who helped him. The house might be in Cleveland Street or Whitfield Street—or perhaps in Fitzroy Street, for we know that when the nurse took Philip's baby to meet him on his return from his work, she "went down Thornaugh Street, down Charlotte Street, down

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Rathbone Place." Another mysterious thoroughfare is the Beaunash Street where the Twysdens lived. Of course it is in the west end; a select street. Look at the map and choose any discreet part of Mayfair or perhaps Belgravia, and choose the spot where you would locate that happy circle; the spot whence papa goes off for his ride in the Park or to his room in the Powder and Pomatum Office (the Lord Chamberlain's department in St. James's, I make no doubt), or whither Lord Ringwood comes in his modest little brown brougham to administer the lash of his sarcasm to the reconciled-before-company family.

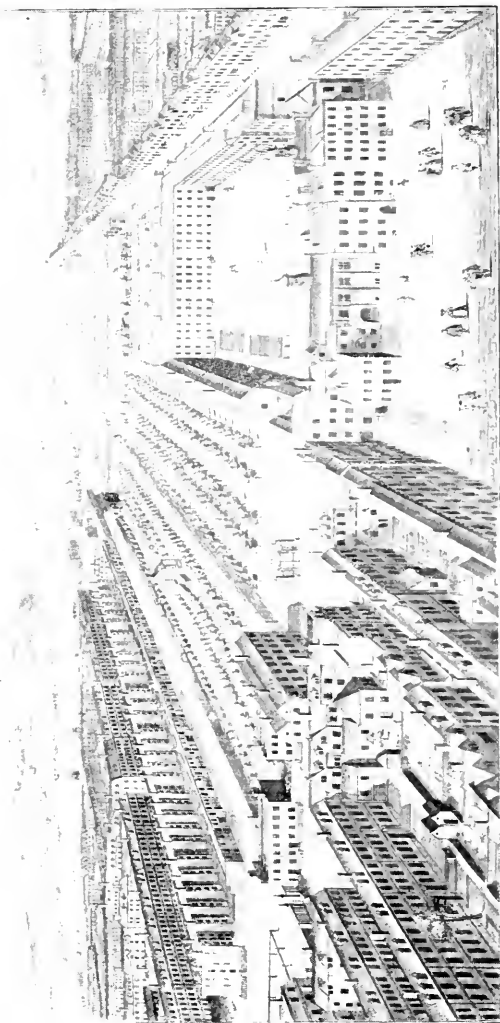
Just as Thackeray hides these two quarters under aliases, so he places Philip's chambers in Parchment Buildings, Temple,—a good name, but hardly an illuminative. True, at one moment (in Chapter 81) he refers obliquely to a Pump Court garret, as if his abode was there, where Fielding had once lived and Lamb had sung the qualities of the pump-water. So the two places may be identical. Sligo Street, where the Rev. Mr. Hunt had rooms, in the earlier part of the novel, is more easily identified. It is, of course, Vigo Street, and Philip told Pendennis that the disreputable soi-disant parson had his *habitat* there in order to be near the elder Firmin's abode. He was not far from the gambling hell in Air Street where he was so often cleaned out to the doctor's cost. Another locality which is not hidden under an *alias* is South Square, Gray's Inn,* where Messrs Bond and Selby, the Twysden's solicitors had their

* Old General Baynes's lawyers, by the bye, were in the same quarter—Messrs Smith and Thompson, of Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn.

GRAY'S INN

Fig. 100.

Map 100.



GRAY'S INN

From a print by Sutton, N. 1790.

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office, and where Talbot Twysden discussed that plot which Hunt had furthered by introducing the lawyer's clerk to old Gann, at the "Admiral Byng," which was to cut the thread holding Damocles's sword over the head of Dr. Firmin. Pendennis figures largely in "Philip," just as he does in "The Newcomes." He is a successful man now, and lives in a comfortable house in Queen's Square, Westminster: the Queen Anne's Gate of to-day, where Philip was staying with him when he was persuaded to pay that unlucky visit to Lord Ringwood who had come to town not to his own gaunt big house but to an "hotel whose name is discreetly withheld."

The reader will remember the excellent Mr. and Mrs. Mugford, notable for their kindness of heart and indifferent grammar. They lived at Hampstead, then, as Thackeray terms it, "a village retreat." "Streets and terraces now cover over the house and grounds which worthy Mugford inhabited, and which people say he used to call his 'Russian Irby.'" Here Philip, who depended for his livelihood on old Mugford, used to visit and quarrel and make fun of his host and hostess's manner of speech. Mugford was ever ready to praise all that was his, and Philip got so bored with Havistock Hill, that an explosion sooner or later (it came sooner) was inevitable. But it is pleasant to think that some of Thackeray's characters lived in pleasant and salubrious Hampstead when it was really country, before the Heath was discovered and the Tube took you to its fastnesses in five and twenty minutes.

As we read in these novels of Thackeray, all sorts

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of familiar names spring up from the verdant pages, and tell us of a London which not many of us ever knew. The milliner and curiosity shops of Hanway Yard, into which Charlotte was wont to gaze—where are they? Even when Thackeray wrote (in 1861, or thereabouts), the Yard, it was vulgarly called Hanover Yard, and dated from the early years of the eighteenth century, had become a street (“but ah! it is always delightful,” writes the author). Berkeley Square, where the new Lord and Lady Ringwood lived and sent presents to Philip’s house—farm produce, even butcher’s meat, not always very welcome to the poor but proud journalist—has not greatly altered, it is true, except for the inevitable flats and the absence of carriages full of ladies eating Gunter’s ices beneath the centre garden’s plane-trees’ shade. But many of the localities in which our *dramatis personæ* moved have changed out of all seeming. Some of them exist to-day but with what an alien air! Were Philip alive to-day, he would not, one thinks, remove from Thornough Street to Millman Street (where Bellingham lived and the Chevalier D’Eon died) but would flit to the west where Hammersmith and Kensington take hands. His wife it is true might now, as then, order chintzes at Shoolbred’s in the Tottenham Court Road, but it is more than likely that an omnibus or a tube would carry her to these recesses. But the Mayfair of those days is not the wonderfully rebuilt Mayfair of these times. Its discreet little houses, in one of which, in Hill Street, some of the Ringwood family lived, are gradually become re-fashioned and their plain fronts are bursting forth with the carved decorations of a more

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ostentatious period. The Crawley's themselves would find it difficult to live in Curzon Street to-day on nothing a year. Even the old church in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, "which was fashionable in the reign of Queen Anne, when Richard Steele kept house and did not pay rent, hard by," whither Philip went at the end of Chapter 51, has been rebuilt (its reconstruction took place in 1867) and has ceased to be a Georgian landmark in a neighbourhood that is fast losing its eighteenth century character.

One can associate, more or less, a special dominating locality with Thackeray's greater novels. In "Vanity Fair" it is Mayfair and Bloomsbury in which the action largely takes place; the Temple and Fleet Street bulk principally in "Pendennis"; in "The Newcomes" it is Fitzroy Square and its purlieus that forms the chief background; in "Esmond," Kensington Square and Chelsea and the Coffee Houses of St. James's. In most of them the Charterhouse is prominent. In "Philip," the region about Bond Street, the area around Charlotte Street, the Temple and Clubland, all have a fairly equal share of prominence. But as this book is the least important of Thackeray's longer efforts so the topographical interest is for that reason perhaps less marked. We find indeed many localities mentioned, but many of them are merely alluded to; and here, more than in most novels, actual streets and localities are referred to under aliases which make the actual recognition of them no easy matter. One instance will suffice: Bays's Club here, and in "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes," can be easily identified with White's.

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What, then, are we to make of a passage which tells us that Tom Eaves belongs to Black's and to Bays's, and mentions the famous bow window (which has hitherto been a link of identity between White's and Bays's), as belonging to the former?

IX

MISCELLANIES

i

BALLADS

ALTHOUGH there is naturally a lack of continuity in them the "Miscellanies" provide us with almost as much material for our London studies of Thackeray's writings, as do his longer works. I take, as a convenient authority, the edition published, in four volumes, in 1855. Of these the first contains, so far as concerns us here, the Ballads, The Book of Snobs, The Fatal Boots, and Cox's Diary.

From the first section—the Ballads—we cannot, of course, glean very much, so we must make the best of what there is: A May Day Ode deals with the inauguration of the Crystal Palace (it was Leigh Hunt, I think, who pointed out the fallacy of the title—the building being neither a palace nor made of crystal), and is dated May 1851. Paxton conceived the stupendous pile, which a few years since escaped threatened destruction in its Sydenham haunts, and

“ As though 'twere by a wizard's rod
A blazing arch of lucid glass
Leaps like a fountain from the grass
To meet the sun ! ”

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This was not the only occasion on which Thackeray twanged his lyre in praise of the "palace made of windows," for in his *Lyra Hibernica*, there is a famous and very Irish poem celebrating "this combination cristial."

" This Palace tall,
This Cristial Hall,
Which Imperors might covet,
Stands in High Park
Like Noah's Ark,
A Rainbow bint above it " ;

we are told, and something of the nature of the cosmopolitan crowd that gathered from the ends of the earth is conveyed in the amusing verses. Jules Janin wrote a book about London in 1851, but you will hardly get in that witty account, a better idea of the world's great Fair, than you can gain from Thackeray's lines.

In "Love Songs made Easy," we find a reference to St. James's Park :

" My office window has a corner
looks into St. James's Park."

sings the writer, adding the information that

" I hear the foot-guards' bugle horn,
Their tramp upon parade I mark ;
I am a gentleman forlorn,
I am a Foreign Office clerk."

This Foreign Office, however, was not the splendid building we know, which was not erected till 1867, but the old premises, abutting on Fludyer Street and the Park, and having their entrance in Downing



THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851
From a Bavarian print

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Street, the history of which has been so pleasantly written by the late Sir Edward Hertslet. One other London locality is mentioned in this poem, viz., Bolton Row, now undergoing so great a building change, as hardly to be recognised from its earlier appearance; at least neither Mrs. Delany who lived here in 1753, or Mrs Vesey who held her literary reunions here, would know it. "The Prince's Pavilion," sung of in "Lyra Hibernica," is that wonderful summer house in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, containing the eight frescoes, illustrating Milton's "Comus," executed in 1844-5, by Eastlake, Dyce, Stanfield, Maclise, Uwins, Ross, Leslic, and Landseer, and enshrining a marvellous table of lapis lazuli.

"O lovely's each fresco, and most picturesque O,
And while round the chamber astonished I go,
I think Dan Maclise's it baits all the pieces
Surrounding the cottage of famed Pimlico."

Thus Thackeray, who has something to say about the other decorations of the Pavilion which to praise, he adds,

" . . . would puzzle Quintilian,
Daymosthenes, Brougham, and Young Cicero."

In "Mrs. Molony's Account of the Ball," we are introduced to the selectest of select coteries—Almacks', in Willis's Rooms, King Street, about which I must not enlarge, or I should fill a small volume.

There are several pieces in the "Ballads of Policeman X," which have a topographical interest:

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY

Lambeth, for instance, in "Jane Roney and Mary Brown," where Mrs. Roney came across the ungrateful Mary: and Southwark, of which district I assume that Mary was a native, for the Ballad closes with the exhortation:

"Now you young gurls of Southwark for Mary who
veep,
From pickin' and stealin' your 'ands you must
keep,
Or it may be my dooty, as it was Thursday veek,
To pull you all hup to A'Beckett the Beak."

The "Lines on a late Hospitious Ewent," notably the birth of Prince Arthur (now H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught) are sung by a gentleman of the foot-guards blue; in other words what was then known as a "peeler." He tells how while on his beat in Ranelagh Street, Pimlico, he hears the guns in the Park booming forth the news; how he sees the Ministers galloping up to the "Pallis gate." He is gifted with Asmodeus's power of seeing through walls, for he relates, in what are now memorable words, how

" . . . Mrs. Lily the nuss,
Towards them steps with joy;
Says the brave old Duke, 'Come tell to us,
Is it a gal or a boy?'
Says Mrs. L. to the Duke,
'Your Grace, it is a *Prince*.'
And at that nuss's bold rebuke,
He did both laugh and wince."

The next day Policeman X is found transferred to Piccadilly, and there he sees the "gracious Prince

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drive up to Hapsley 'Ouse," with a message from the Queen desiring the great Duke to stand godson to the new addition to the royal family.

One more ballad is among Policeman X's collection, namely that recording the trick played by Charley Thompson—that "good young man," on Eliza Davies, who worked at 24 Guilford Street "by Brunsvick Square." The fascinations of this "gallant Brittish Tar" resulted, as most of us know, in his effecting an entry into No. 24, where, but for the timely aid of Policeman X, he would have made a clean sweep of the silver and other portable articles. As it was, he was caught, and duly made his appearance "at the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell." The Clerkenwell Sessions House has been reconstructed since the day when Charley Thompson visited it, for it was enlarged and improved both in 1860 and since. It was originally opened so early as 1782.

The story of "Jacob Homnium's Hoss" contains a severe condemnation of that Pallis Court in "Viteall Yard," where "a few fat legal spiders" did a roaring business. The victim—Jacob Omnium was, of course, the redoubtable Higgins of The Thunderer.

" And if I'd committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't 'ave that man
Attack me in the *Times!* "

says Thackeray. Higgins was a close friend of the novelist, a contributor to "The Cornhill" when under Thackeray's editorship, and even a taller man, so that once when the two went to see a giant on exhibition, the showman asked if they were "in the

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business," because if they were they might enter free. We are told that Jacob Omnium's "hoss" was kept at Tattersalls. This famous institution was then situated in Grosvenor Place and was entered by a narrow lane at the side of St. George's Hospital. In 1866, the lease having expired, the building was demolished, a wing of the hospital erected on its site, and "Tattersalls" moved to its present position at Knightsbridge Green.

For the rest the "Ballads" do not provide much material of a London topographical character. In the lonely Haymarket we meet with those "two gents of dismal mien" who were among the great army of railroad speculators, whom the enterprise of Hudson, the railroad king, had lured into the thorny paths of speculation; in "A Lamentable Ballad," we are introduced to the foundling of Shoreditch, and are carried before the "Beak" at Worship Street, formerly Hog Lane, where Wesley's Chapel once stood, and where the heroine of Hood's poem made her appearance and

" . . . said *bad* language he had used—
And thus she made it *good* ";

these there are, but little more. But there is one of Thackeray's poems which has a ring of pathos in it, beyond what many a dirge can communicate: I mean "The Mahogany Tree." "Round the *Punch* Table," those lines were used to be sung; but there was one pathetic occasion on which they were given, when there must surely have been a break in many a voice, notably on the first meeting, after the death of the great author had saddened two continents.

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ii

THE BOOK OF SNOBS*

THERE is no necessity to discuss the philosophy of that book of Thackeray's which has given rise to more diverse criticism than any of his other works. All I have to do is to point out such references to London in it, as may prove interesting or suggestive. In the Metropolitan portion (so to term it) of the "Book of Snobs," we find ourselves for the most part in that area which, according to Theodore Hook, contained within itself all that was best worth cultivating in London. Our journeys are chiefly about St. James's and Clubland, although there are occasional lapses into such unfashionable quarters as Brunswick Square, where the "quiet folk" mentioned by Macaulay dwelt, and Clapham where, by the bye, the great historian was himself born. To be seen strolling down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm, was as we know from a famous passage, that sort of fore-taste of Paradise which Thackeray supposed to be the *desideratum* of the snob proper. But although the west-end is the chief happy hunting ground for the specimens Thackeray set out and labelled with such assiduity, many a less favoured spot is mentioned, incidentally or otherwise, in this strange, eventful history.

We can make a beginning, in the Prefatory Remarks, with Bagnigge Wells which, in all conscience, is far enough from Mayfair. "When I was taking the waters at Bagnigge Wells, and living at the Imperial Hotel there," writes the snobographer, and

* This appeared in *Punch* during 1846-7.

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he relates the history of the gentleman—Lt. Col. Snobley, with whom he proceeded to do battle. The mention of these particular "Wells" is interesting, for the "Book of Snobs" was written in 1846-7, and Bagnigge Wells was closed in 1841, after an existence of eighty-two years. Its history can be read in Wroth's work on the "London Pleasure Gardens"; it is sufficient, here, to remind the reader that it was once a place of great resort, possessed an immense reception room and was situated on the west side of King's Cross Road, formerly known as the Bagnigge Wells Road.

I do not know whether the hostelry which Thackeray calls The King's Arms, at Kensington, and from a window of which he watched the footmen (royal and otherwise) refreshing themselves, had an actual existence. There was a great number of such inns in this locality at that time; but if the name is given to hide the actual identity of an existing house—that house was probably The Dun Cow, situated at the point of the high road which divided Kensington Gore from Kensington, close to the Palace, and near the turnpike and Hog Lane, now Gloucester Road. It was in St. James's Park, we remember, that those two precocious scions of fashionable life, Miss Snobsky and young Lord Claude Lollipop used to meet attended by their respective governesses and "huge hirsute flunkeys." The Marquis of Bagwig had his family mansion in Red Lion Square. In what now seem to us prehistoric days, Red Lion Square was certainly not unfashionable, and Thackeray may have remembered this when venturing to suggest that so illustrious a person as Lord

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Bagwig resided there; on the other hand, it is quite probable that the allusion is only made in a joking way. Baker Street, and its neighbourhood, is, of course, Thackeray's chief butt among thoroughfares: "I pace down my beloved Baker Street," he writes, "(I am engaged on a life of Baker, founder of this celebrated street), I walk in Harley Street, that is as cheerful as the Catacombs—a dingy Mausoleum of the genteel: I rove round Regent's Park, where the plaster is patching off the house walls: I thread the zig-zags of May Fair, where Miss Kitty Lorimer's brougham may be seen drawn up next door to old Lady Lollipop's belozenged family-coach: I roam through Belgravia, that pale and polite district: I lose myself in the new squares and terraces of the brilliant bran-new Bayswater-and-Tyburn-Junction line." And he finds snobbishness in all, and incidentally depicts the prevailing characteristics of these diverse localities. Baker Street where Pitt lived and Mrs. Siddons, and Grattan the orator, and Camelford the duellist, had become in the time when the "Book of Snobs" was written, a second-rate thoroughfare, dreary, but respectable; Harley Street was not yet the almost exclusive lair of the Faculty; Regent's Park and Belgravia were still in their youth; and Bayswater in its teens; while the name of Tyburnia still clung to a portion of its intricate area.

What you obtain in a book like this is, of course, no special topographical detail, but a general effect of London's outward appearance: the stucco of Belgravia, the newness of Bayswater, the strange juxtapositions of life in Mayfair; the Jack-Boot Guards

THE NEWCOMES

marching from Knightsbridge Barracks to those of the Regent's Park; the red-jacketted privates holding gentlemen's horses in St. James's Street; the rickety little Lieutenants sauntering about Pall Mall; the change of guard (at 11 o'clock) in the Palace Court of St. James's; or General Tufto tottering about Waterloo Place and leering under the poke bonnets of the women who pass by. The "Rummer's Tavern" in Conduit Street where Captain Rag put up, is perhaps another name for "The Prince of Wales's" where the Royal Literary Fund was inaugurated in 1772, and the scene of Lord Camelford's quarrel with Captain Best; or if not that, then, probably, the "Coach and Horses" whence Thurtell drove in his famous gig to the murder of Weare. Famish, Rag's victim, belongs to the Union Jack Club or shall we say the United Service or some such existing military rendezvous; he frequents Tattersalls, then situated next to St. George's Hospital, and is known to the police about the Haymarket, formerly a great resort of those who turned night into day. The Rev. T. D'Arcy Snaffle, on the other hand, is to be found either in a sedate stall at the Opera, riding by Lady Fanny Toffy's side in Rotten Row, or in his hotel—The Burlington; while a hardly less fashionable clergyman—the Rev. F. Hugby, when coming to Town, puts up in handsome lodgings near St. James's Square (Duke Street where Twemlow lived), rides also in the Park, and sometimes on Sundays visits his humble parents in more eastern haunts, and may be seen coming out of St. Giles-in-the-Fields with his stout old mother on his arm—more power to its elbow!

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If we would follow little Tom Prig to his home, we shall find it in Jermyn Street; when the Pontos went to Town for the season, they took lodgings, we know, in Clarges Street, where Mrs. Delany and Charles James Fox once lived, and Mrs. Carter, the Blue-stocking, and that "book in Breeches"—Lord Macaulay. Goldmore, the Director of Companies, "a large plethoric man, with a bunch of seals in a large bow-windowed light waistcoat," is to be found after the labours of the day in the City (like Raikes, whom the wits nick-named Phœbus, because he rose in the east and set in the west), in his club in St. James's Street "which enfilades Pall Mall." This may have been, and probably was, the Civil Service Club domiciled at No. 86 St. James's Street, which existed there before the premises were opened as the Thatched House Club in 1865. Earlier the site had been occupied by the Thatched House Tavern (where clubs of all kinds were held, including the famous Dilettante) which had been taken down in 1844.

Thackeray has a pleasant little vignette of this quarter of the Town in the chapter in which we first make the formidable Goldmore's acquaintance. Here it is: "At six o'clock in the full season when the world is in St. James's Street, and the carriages are cutting in and out among the cabs on the Strand, and the tufted dandies are shewing their listless faces out of White's; and you see respectable grey-headed gentlemen wagging their heads to each other, through the plate-glass windows of Arthur's; and the red-coats wish to be Briarean, so as to hold all the gentlemen's horses; and that wonderful red-coated royal porter is

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sunning himself before Marlborough House* ;—at the noon of London time, you see a light yellow carriage with black horses, and a coachman in a light floss-silk wig, and two footmen in powder and white and yellow liveries," etc. This is the equipage (as they used to say) containing Mrs. Goldmore who has come to fetch her husband from his club and take him for an airing in the Park—Goldmore "the dull and pompous Leadenhall Street Cæsus, good natured withal, and affable—cruelly affable."

It was, you remember, this same Goldmore whom Raymond Gray invited to a meal in his humble apartments in Gray's Inn. Bittlestone Street, Bittlestone Square, was the address to which Goldmore's black horses bore him from his house in Portland Place, on this occasion, but you will search the map of London long enough ere you find the place. We know, on Raymond Gray's authority, that it was but a step to Sadler's Well Theatre, which stood between the New River Head and St. John Street Road, Islington, so one can locate it where one likes. No doubt Thackeray had some special thoroughfare in his mind, and as was often his wont disguised it under a fictitious name; just as the host's name on this occasion is, of course, a kind of conjunction of *Raymond Buildings* and *Gray's Inn*.†

The section of the "Book of Snobs" which deals with clubs and their members is one that is hardly productive of much authentic topographical informa-

* This was when the place was occupied by the Dowager Queen Adelaide who succeeded Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (Leopold II. of the Belgians and husband of Princess Charlotte) in its tenancy.

† Essex Temple, and his brother, Pump Temple, in Chapter 36, are examples of the author's frequent device.

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tion. I say "authentic" because although a number of clubs are mentioned they are endowed with fictitious names, and it is not always easy to identify them with their actual prototypes. Thus the clubs to which Mr. Snob himself belonged, were, you may recollect, the Union Jack, The Sash and Marling-spike, the True Blue, the No-Surrender, the Blue and Buff, the Guy Fawkes, and the Cato Street, the Brummell, and the Regent, the Acropolis, the Palladium, the Areopagus, the Pnyx, the Pentelican, the Ilyssus, and the Poluphloisboio Thalasses. Military, Political, Dandy, and Literary, these might all be matched by clubs existing in the first half of the nineteenth century, and the names selected by Thackeray sufficiently denote the character of these respective haunts. The members are as unmistakable: There is Jawkins who lives in "a drab-coloured genteel house" in Belgravia, and who brings from the City long accounts of his (generally mythical) interviews with great financiers or leading statesmen; or there are Waggle and Wiggle whose talk is chiefly about their (equally mythical) successes among the fair sex; those little "Pall Mall butterflies" who ape their superiors and talk themselves into believing their own untruths; or Hopkins and Tomkins whose offerings are laid at the shrine of Bacchus, and the rest. The strange eventful history of Sackville Maine most of us know, and how club-life spoilt that once excellent young man who began married life in a pretty little cottage at Kennington Oval (where they play cricket now, and the gas works are), and who, becoming a member of the Sarcophagus Club, transported his family to Pimlico, and had to fly

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to Boulogne, with a final return to the Kennington obscurity whence he had issued.

Among the clubs mentioned in Thackeray's masterpiece of satire and irony, you may, perhaps, think you recognize, under a disguised name, say the United Service, or the Athenæum, Boodles' and White's, the 'Varsity clubs, or those devoted to sport, but you will find a difficulty in identifying them, when you descend from general characteristics to particular: there is just sufficient likeness to give an impression, but not enough to serve for real identification. The survey of the Snob is, throughout these famous papers, prosecuted from Pimlico to Red Lion Square. We are carried from Belgravia to Pentonville in our search for specimens. And the real reason why no special spots can be selected for special notice, is that all London is but skimmed over. Whether, however, the quarry is in Mayfair or Baker Street, it is run to earth, and the remorseless castigator going into the country of the Pontos and the Hawbucks finds that there, too, is vanity.

iii

THE FATAL BOOTS

THE topography of "The Fatal Boots" is of such a subsidiary character that I should have hesitated to include it in this volume had not the few allusions to London localities in its pages given it a certain *raison d'être* here. It is nowadays curious to find a lady addressing another living in so wholly commercial a locality as Gracechurch Street, as Mrs. Stubbs does

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when she tells her friend Miss Eliza Kicks of her domestic felicity; but at the time when "The Fatal Boots" was written it was not unusual for families to reside in such districts, and it was only the well-to-do merchant who had his villa at Clapham or went for ease and recreation so far as Kew and Richmond. Even in those days Gracechurch Street was a thoroughfare noted for its taverns; indeed one of the more famous of them, The Spread Eagle, which, by the bye, is mentioned by Taylor, the Water Poet, survived till 1865, when it was sold and pulled down to make way for offices. Gracechurch Street really took its name, according to Stow, from the church of St. Benet (which Miss Kick attended, one hopes) "called Grass Church, of the herb-market there kept"; but it was as often termed Gracious Street. William Hone, the author, once kept a chop-house—The Grasshopper—here.

When the egregious Stubbs—at once the hero and the villain of the story—married the widow of Z. Manasseh, Esq., of St. Kitts, he took a house in no less fashionable a locality than Berkeley Square, and while this residence was being prepared for the happy couple's advent, they put up at Stevens's Hotel which, without nearer identification we may, I think, safely place in neighbouring Bond Street. Perhaps Long's or some such well known caravanseri is indicated, or there may actually have been a hostelry known as Stevens's, but if this was so I am unaware of its position in London.

The Cursitor Street where Stubbs eventually found himself, instead of in the fine house in Berkeley Square, was then a very different place from what it

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is to-day. In those times it was almost synonymous with incarceration. Debtors were haled off to the unsavoury lodgings there, and held in that sort of durance to which Mr. Pickwick was once subjected, and which is so well depicted in the novels of the period—in Thackeray's particularly. It was in the midst of the legal quarter and here it was that Lord Eldon had, as he phrased it, "his first perch," and used to go off to Fleet Market for six-pennyworth of sprats for his frugal supper.

In order to get out of his captivity the unhappy Stubbs gave Mr. Nabb, the proprietor of the sponging-house, a cheque on Child's Bank, the first banking-house established in London, and situated at Temple Bar on the site of the famous Devil's Tavern. The house bore the sign of "Ye Marygold" and there banked such notable people as Cromwell and Nell Gwynne, Marlborough and Dryden.*

We next meet Mr. Stubbs marching sadly down Portugal Street—the Portugal Street of old days before massive red-brick buildings rose in its old world purlieus; before Lincoln's Inn Fields was desecrated and brand new thoroughfares ran cheek by jowl with its western side; before even King's College Hospital filled up the larger portion of it in 1852. From these haunts he passes into the Whitechapel region, as a postman under the *ægis* of his old enemy Stiffelkind the bootmaker who had produced in earlier days those fatal boots which so markedly influenced the hero's career. Three years later he is back, on a new beat, within the region of fashion, and is

*Mr. F. G. H. Price wrote an interesting account of the place, in which is a representation of the original Bank, No. 1 Fleet Street, before it was pulled down in 1879.

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delivering letters in Jermyn Street and Duke Street, those "famous places for lodgings" as Thackeray terms them. In Duke Street the poet Campbell lived from 1830 to 1840, at what were called Sussex Chambers, and no doubt Stubbs left his letters at that address; perhaps, too, some missives in his bag were addressed to — Twemlow, Esq., for that gentle diner-out lived over a livery stable yard in this street, and thence went to the Veneering's to meet that awful Lady Tipping and Eugene Wrayburn and the rest.

Jermyn Street was as full of hotels as of lodgings, among them Cox's, where the great Sir Walter came, after his last sad sojourn far from the rippling Tweed and his "ain hame." But all sorts and conditions of interesting people have lived or stayed in this street, which is as characteristically redolent of the west, as (say) Gracechurch Street is of the east: Marlborough when yet Jack Churchill, and only a Colonel; the Duchess of Richmond, known to readers of De Grammont, as La Belle Stuart; the haughty Countess of Northumberland, and Mr. Secretary Craggs; Lord Carteret, and Bishop Berkeley. Sir Isaac Newton was once here, till he flitted to Chelsea; and Verelst, the painter, of whose vanity so many stories are extant. Shenstone and Gray have represented the poetic Muse here, and at a later day Tom Moore and Sidney Smith enlivened the rather dull street with their jokes; while St. James's Church, with its host of memories, looks from it down Duke Street, and must have been as much a landmark to Stubbs as it was to Twemlow and the witty Canon.

Stubbs going his rounds, came as we know, on a

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brass-plate bearing the name of "Mrs. Stubbs"—his mother. From postman to prodigal son was but a step, and for a year or two the fatted calf was regularly served up, until the final catastrophe, when lodgers having been driven away by the outrageous behaviour of the returned wanderer, the place was shut up, the mother went to live with friends, and Stubbs existed precariously in all sorts of strange rôles; when at last having been kicked out of a sponging-house, where he was assistant of the Sheriff of Middlesex, by young Nabbs who had succeeded his father, he there and then became the centre of a crowd which gathered in Cursitor Street to hear his selection of epithets hurled at his whilom employer. In the crowd was a gentleman (Thackeray himself is, of course, indicated) who hearing Stubbs' story, told him to come to his chambers in the Temple (probably at 10 Crown Office Row, where Thackeray had rooms with Tom Taylor in 1834, or it might have been in Hare Court where he lived in 1831) where he took down the particulars of Stubbs' veracious tale. "You see," says he, "he is what is called a literary man—and sold my adventures for me to the booksellers; he's a strange chap; and says they're *moral*. I'm blest if *I* can see anything moral in them."

iv

COX'S DIARY

"COX'S DIARY," one of the most amusing of Thackeray's lesser writings and probably the least known, contains certain allusions to London, which

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properly give it a place in a book like the present. The year during which the action of the little story takes place is given as 1838, so that it is specifically the London of the first year of Queen Victoria's reign, in which we find the hair-dresser Cox "master of a lovely shop in the neighbourhood of Oxford Market." You will find no Market now at the spot between Oxford Street and Castle Street, where this emporium was formerly situated. The place had been established in 1731, with powers, granted by Edward, Earl of Oxford, to hold a market there on three days in the week, and it existed down to 1880, when it was demolished and Oxford Mansions built on its site. Its memory is still kept alive by Market Place between Great Portland Street and Titchfield Street. Cox's shop was in this *neighbourhood*, and this is as much as Thackeray lets us know about the actual domicile of his hero. A reference, later in the tale, to Charlotte Street (Scarlot Street, it is humorously called) may be taken to indicate the thoroughfare in which Cox's shop was situated. In those days it was, more or less, an artistic quarter, and as such Thackeray knew it well, as we remember from the pages of "The Newcomes," *inter alia*.

Mrs. Cox was the daughter of one Tuggeridge "who kept the famous tripe-shop, near the Pigtail and Sparrow in the Whitechapel Road." Even the research of Messrs Larwood and Hotten (*History of Signboards*) has not succeeded in accounting for such a sign as this, but we all know, more or less, the whereabouts of the Whitechapel Road, then, as now, one of the widest thoroughfares in London, as it had been from the seventeenth century.

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Contiguous to Cox's shop was the residence of Mrs. Cox's rich uncle—Mr. Tuggeridge (head of the great house of Budgerow and Co., and a mighty East India merchant) whose servants used to come and be shaved by Cox and his assistant Crump. When, therefore, Sharpus, of Blunt, Hone, and Sharpus, Middle Temple-lane, called one day and informed Mrs. Cox that her uncle was dead and she heiress to his wealth, the Cox family found themselves transferred to the splendid mansion—96 Portland Place, which had hitherto been a closed paradise to them. Their career as people of fashion; the dinners and dances they gave; the wonderful people they got, by hook and by crook, to patronise them; their attempted rivalry with the Earl and Countess of Kilblazes, their next door neighbours in Portland Place; their appearance at the Opera, where Mr. Cox became more closely acquainted with the horrid old Monsieur Anatole, who drank his beer (brought from the public house at the corner of Charles Street) after his labours as chief of the ballet, and where he fell down a trap-door on to Venus rising from the sea (which set-piece was on the point of coming up from the nether regions); are not all these things set down in the veracious chronicle of the Cox family?

There, too, you will read of Mr. Cox's unfortunate adventures among his sharper friends when he played billiards at Grogram's in Greek Street, Soho. I don't know whether Grogram's had an actual existence, probably not. But, no doubt, it stands for some saloon known to Londoners at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. Greek Street, or Grig Street as one finds it spelt in old plans, is still a characteristic

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bit of Soho. Here Sir Thomas Lawrence and Douglas Jerrold lived and Wedgewood had his show-rooms, and at an earlier period Sir John Bramston, who wrote a well known autobiography, was a resident. But in Cox's day, the street was hardly a residential quarter, and eating houses and billiard saloons, with perhaps an artistic sprinkling, were its chief features. The Greek colony which had once existed here and from which, no doubt, the street took its name, must have left that cosmopolitan air about the place which it, to some extent, still retains.

Another saloon was, as we know, on the authority of Baron von Punter, at Abednego's in the Quadrant, and there it was that poor Cox was so unmercifully fleeced. The Quadrant, of which traces may yet be seen in Leicester Street, is, of course, that portion at the south end of Regent Street, still sometimes called by this name. Originally the arcade covered the whole of the pavement at this spot, but it was removed in 1848, as it darkened the windows of the shops and was responsible for other nuisances incident to arcades and covered ways of all sorts. The Opera House, which the Cox's attended so assiduously in their double box on the second tier, was not the one we know, which was not opened till 1858, but the former building of which the first stone was laid in 1808, and was, when opened in the following year, the scene of the famous O. P. riots. Let me transcribe what Thackeray makes Mr. Cox say about it:

“What a place that opera is, to be sure! and what enjoyments us aristocracy used to have! Just as you have swallowed down your three courses (three curses

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I used to call them; for so, indeed, they are, causing a deal of heartburns, headaches, doctor's bills, pills, want of sleep, and such like)—just, I say, as you get down your three courses, which I defy any man to enjoy properly, unless he has two hours of drink and quiet afterwards, up comes the carriage, in bursts my Jemmy, as fine as a Duchess, and scented like our shop. 'Come, my dear,' says she, 'its Normy to-night (or Annybalony, or the Nosey di Figaro, or the Gazzylarder, as the case may be); Mr. Coster strikes off punctually at eight, and you know it's the fashion to be always present at the very first bar of the aperture'; and so off we are obliged to budge, to be miserable for five hours, and to have a headache for the next twelve, and all because it's the fashion.

"After the aperture, as they call it, comes the opera, which, as I am given to understand, is the Italian for singing. Why they should sing in Italian, I can't conceive; or why they should do nothing *but* sing: bless us! how I used to long for the wooden magpie, in the Gazzylarder, to fly up to the top of the church steeple, with the silver spoons, and see the chaps with the pitchforks to come in and carry off that wicked Don June. Not that I don't admire Lablash, and Rubini, and his brother Tomrubini, him who has that fine bass voice, I mean, and acts the Corporal in the first piece, and Don June in the second; but three hours is a *little* too much, for you can't sleep on these little rickety seats in the boxes."

Here you have a word picture (from the hand of a common unmusical fellow, of course) and if you look say at the *Illustrated London News*, for those early years, where Rubini and the rest are depicted, you

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will find a sort of pictorial counterpart to it, and get the idea of the thing, better than you would by pages of serious description. The doings at Beulah Spa, the Tournament at Tuggeridgeville (where a hit at the famous, but rain-spoilt, jousts at Eglinton Castle is administered) carry us, with the Cox family, away from London for a time. After those feats of chivalry and the sudden disappearance of the Baron, Mrs. Cox being in low spirits, it was determined to make a sojourn at Boulogne. The travelling carriage set off from Portland Place to the Custom House, whence in those days the journey was made, followed by a hackney coach and a cab (a cab was a lighter kind of vehicle than a hackney coach, and was indeed so called from *cabriole*, viz., a goat's leap, whereas hackney coach is derived from *coche-à-haquence*, or coach drawn by a hired horse).

“The road,” notes Mr. Cox, “down Cheapside and Thames Street need not be described: we saw the monument, a memento of the wicked popish massacre of St. Bartholomew; why erected here I can't think, as St. Bartholomew is in Smithfield;—we had a glimpse of Billingsgate, and of the Mansion House,* where we saw the two-and-twenty shilling coal smoke coming out of the chimneys, and were landed at the Custom House in safety.”

The history of the Cox family provides little more of topographical importance concerning London, for it is but the record of their downfall from the heights of prosperity in which for a time they fluttered. We take leave of them in the little shop near Oxford

* In those days the upper story—called “The Mare's Nest” still surmounted the Mansion House. It was removed in 1842.

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Market in which we first made their acquaintance—far happier than they ever were in the splendid rooms of Portland Place, or amid the rustic beauties of Tuggeridgeville. Then Mrs. Cox came at last to know that her honest Crump was a far better man than her adored Baron, and that a place in the pit was more amusing than a rickety chair in a double box at the Opera.

X

MISCELLANIES (CONTINUED)

i

THE YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS*

THE mother of the famous Charles James Harrington Fitzroy Yellowplush, was, as Thackeray significantly tells us, Miss Montmorency, and she lived in the New Cut. This not very savoury thoroughfare must have been recently built over in the days when Thackeray wrote these papers, for we not only know that a wind-mill existed here in 1815, but by Luffman's plan of the following year, we see the New Cut indicated, but quite innocent of houses. The place is now much as it was when Mayhew described it in 1849, the home of innumerable hucksters, and the name of the street is as indicative of the lower state of society as was that of the Seven Dials or as is that of Whitechapel. It was to the Free School of St. Bartholomew the Less (or so Thackeray disguises it) that Yellowplush was sent for his rudimentary education. As the dress of this institution is described as consisting of "green baize coats, yellow leather whatisnames, a tin plate on the left harm, and a cap about the size of a muffing," I think we may take it that the Blue Coat School (Christ's Hospital) is indicated under a thin

* Originally appeared in Fraser's Magazine for 1837-8.

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disguise. That historic foundation instituted by Edward VI., in 1533, was close by, in Newgate Street. The well known dress of its scholars (blue coat and yellow stockings) is parodied; the cap, now conspicuous by its absence, used to be a flat black one made of woollen yarn, and was really about the size of a mullin; it was discontinued between fifty and sixty years ago. The "blue-coat" boys once, too, wore a yellow petticoat, but that has also long been discarded. Young Yellowplush distinguished himself, as he tells us in the "musicle way, for I bloo the bellus of the church horgin." This would have been, of course, at Christ Church, Newgate Street, built by Wren, whose galleries had sittings for 900 Blue-coat boys. The organ which Yellowplush blew was built by Rhenatus Harris in 1690, and is still *in situ*, but has been reconstructed since that day.

Our hero's first situation was with one Bago, who had a "country-house at Pentonville," and "kep a shop in Smithfield Market," where he "drov a taring good trade, in the hoil and Italian way," and whither, no doubt, he went each day, by the Goswell Road where Mr. Pickwick lodged. Pentonville, whose name is now chiefly associated with the prison which Major Jebb built there in 1840-2, was really then an outlying suburb and so called from the ground landlord, a Mr. Penton whose villa formed the nucleus of the colony which dates from the latter half of the eighteenth century. The exact situation of Mr. Bago's residence is not recorded, but we are told that his shop windows "looked right opsit Newgit," whence "many and many dozen chaps has he seen hanging there." These public executions which

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continued down to 1868, became a crying scandal and Dickens and Thackeray are among the many who raised their voices against the practice.

Not long did Yellowplush remain in Mr. Bago's employ, and we next find him, as a "tiger" to a young gentleman "who kep a tilbry and a ridin' hoss at livry." "My new master," says he, "had some business in the city, for he went in every morning at ten, got out of his tilbry at the City Road, and had it waiting for him at six, when, if it was summer, he spanked round into the Park . . . when he was at the oppera, or the play, down I went to skittles, or to White Condict Gardens." In those days the City Road was an outlying thoroughfare (it was first opened in 1761), and in 1816, much of it was still unbuilt upon. What Yellowplush calls the "White Condict Gardens," were, of course, the White Conduit Gardens, once a well known place of entertainment, and so called from a conduit which supplied water to the Charterhouse, and was demolished in 1831. The White Conduit House where small tradesmen and others once took their ease, degenerated later into a large tavern, and was finally pulled down in 1849, to make way for a new street. It stood roughly where Penton Street joins Barnsbury Road. Its "loaves" were famous, and formed one of the cries of London till about 1825. A description of the White Conduit House, as Yellowplush must have known it, is given by the late Mr. Wroth: "From 1830 till the close of the place in 1849 the entertainments, beginning about 7.30, were of a very varied character; concerts, juggling, farces, and ballets. The admission, occasionally sixpence, was usually one

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shilling; half of which was sometimes returned in refreshments. Ladies and children generally came in half price. A diorama and moonlight view of Holyrood were exhibited in 1830; and about the same time Miss Clarke made one of her ascents upon an inclined rope attached to a platform above the highest trees in the garden, reaching this eminence 'amidst a blaze of light.' Here, too, in 1831, and also in 1836 and 1837, Blackmore of Vauxhall made some of his 'terrific ascents.' A play of T. Dibden's entitled the 'Hog in Armour' was performed in 1831, and Charles Sloman, the clever impromptu versifier, appeared in August and September 1836."

The house in Pentonville in which Yellowplush's master lodged belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Shum, and was situated in John Street, the second turning on the left from Penton Street, now re-christened Risinghall Street. Most of us know the description of that very sordid abode, and Yellowplush asks, "what could have brought Mr. Frederic Altamont to dwell in such a place? The reason is hobvious: he adored the first Miss Shum." If nothing else proved this, the action of his master when he took Miss Shum and her sister to "Ashley's" (Astleys) would have been sufficient to enlighten his henchman. Astleys, in the Westminster Bridge Road, was a far cry from Pentonville—especially as Yellowplush *and the other sister* had to walk all the way back, not having the wherewithal to pay a hackney cab.

After Altamont's marriage with Miss Shum, the happy couple began life in a house in Cannon Row, Islington. It was, we know, "as comfortable as house could be. Carpited from top to to; pore's rates

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small ; furnitur elygant ; and three domestix, of which I (Yellowplush), in corse, was one." Cannon Row itself, I fail to identify, however. It will suffice to remind the reader that the Islington of those days was almost as much in the country as (in a sense more so than) the Hampstead of our own times, and we know that when Lamb, some twenty years earlier, went to live there, in Colebrook Row (perhaps Cannon Row *was* Colebrook Row, and perhaps the Altamont's occupied Lamb's old dwelling ; it is, anyhow, nice to think so), he had a spacious garden behind his cottage, with " pears, strawberries, parsnips, leeks, carrots, cabbages, to delight the heart of old Alcinous."

We all know, at least those do who have read that portion of Yellowplush's memoirs, which deals with Miss Shum's husband, that that gentleman's mysterious calling was no other than the sweeping of a crossing in the City. An extract will indicate Altamont's "beat." Mrs. Shum had run him to earth one day and insisted on taking her daughter (accompanied by Yellowplush) to see him for herself : " The ladies nex morning set out for the City, and I walked behind, doing the genteel thing, with a nosegay and a goold stick. We walked down the New Road—we walked down the City Road—we walked to the Bank. We were crossing from that heddyfiz to the other side of Cornhill when all of a sudden missis shrieked, and fainted spontaneously away. I rushed forward, and raised her to my arms ; spiling thereby a new weskit, and a pair of crimson smalls. I rushed forward, I say, very nearly knocking down the old sweeper who was hobbling away as fast as possibil. We took her

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to Birch's; we provided her with a hackney-coach and every luxury, and carried her home to Islington. . . . Mr. Haltamont swept the crossin from the Bank to Cornhill." The Bank of England has been altered and reconstructed somewhat (by Mr. C. R. Cockerell) since those days; but it is essentially the same "heddyfiz," as it was in Yellowplush's time, and as it had been since Sampson first built it in 1734, and Taylor (in 1786) and Soane (in 1795) added to it. Birch's is still a City institution. Its old-fashioned front, one of the few remaining in the City, is redolent of later Georgian days. Lord Mayor Birch (elected to that dignity in the memorable year, 1815) carried on the business there when it was then, as now, noted for its turtle soup. He died in 1840, having sold the business in 1836. To-day No. 15 Cornhill is the property of Messrs Ring and Brymer, whose name is known almost as well as is that of the Birch which still surmounts the picturesque front of what may be well termed historic premises.

In the "Amours of Mr. Deuceace," we are in an altogether different part of the Town. Pump Court, Temple, was the *habitat* of that scientific gambler and blackleg, and here was the scene of his fleecing of that very innocent pigeon—T. S. Dawkins, Esq. Pump Court, or at least its present buildings, was at that time fairly new, having been erected in 1826. One likes to think of the egregious Mr. Deuceace having as neighbour gentle Tom Pinch who, one remembers, was installed as librarian to his mysterious patron, in chambers here, being brought hither by the eccentric Mr. Fips who, on this occasion, "led the way through sundry lanes and courts, into one more

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quiet and gloomy than the rest; and singling out a certain house, ascended a common staircase stopping before a door upon an upper story." If this was on the same staircase as the room where Mr. Deuceace "kept," then honest Tom Pinch had as neighbours not only one of the titled ruffians of the period, but also one hardly less unseemly—Mr. Richard Blewett, and the simple Dawkins, and others of legal light and leading. "Frinstance," says our veracious chronicler, "on our stairkis (so these houses are called) there was 8 sets of chamberses, and only three lawyers. There was bottom floar, Screwson, Hewson, and Jewson, attorneys; fust floar, Mr. Serjeant Flabber—opside, Mr. Counslor Bruffy; and secknd pair Mr. Haggerstony, an Irish counslor, prak-tising at the Old Baily, and lickwise what they call reporter to the Morning Post nyouspapper." We know that Lord Chancellor Hardwicke and Henry Fielding had both once had rooms in Pump Court, but its chief notabilities in 1837, were certainly Tom Pinch and Algernon Deuceace.

Without following too closely the unedifying career of the latter gentleman or recounting again how he swindled Mr. Dawkins, with the help of his confederate, Blewitt, and how the trick having been done, he threw over his assistant, and swindled *him*, I may remind the reader that Deuceace was a member of Crockford's and went, in Yellowplush's vernacular, to Holmax, otherwise Almack's; while Blewett was a constant attendant at Tattersalls, and that both used to have their meals sent in from Dick's Coffee House. The annotation of this subject would record that Crockford's was the famous club and gaming rendez-

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vous, which occupied Nos. 50 to 53 St. James's Street, and was named after its proprietor who originally kept a fish-shop near Temple Bar but, coming west, like the wise men, made a vast fortune, and died in 1844. The Wyatts designed the original Crockfords in 1827, and its gaming room (of which a picture is given in Pierce Egan's "Life in London") was one of its chief features. Here the gay and thoughtless gambled away their patrimony, and the wily made an ill-deserved living. A poem, called "Crockford House" appeared in the early years of the nineteenth century, and helps to picture for us the characteristics of the place; records of it are, too, to be found in most of the diaries and memoirs dealing with the times when George IV. was king. The Devonshire Club now occupies the site, and to some extent the actual premises (which were reconstructed for this purpose in 1877) of the original club. The history of Almack's can hardly be even outlined in a paragraph. The Almack's indicated by Yellowplush, was not, of course, the club of that name which had been founded by Almack in 1763, was lodged in premises on which now stands the Marlborough Club, was taken by Brookes, in 1778, and removed to St. James's Street, where it subsequently became the famous "Brookes's," but the Assembly Rooms in King Street, St. James's (later Willis's Rooms and now the premises of Messrs Robinson and Fisher). Almack seems to have instituted this fashionable meeting place, a few years after his club in Pall Mall had become established. The exclusiveness of Almack's; its famous balls; the arrogance and power displayed by its committee of great ladies, are

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matters of common knowledge. Novels have been written on the theme, anecdotes innumerable are told of it (the Duke of Wellington was once turned from its doors for not being dressed in the prescribed manner, and other great ones were denied admittance for being a moment after the appointed hour of assemblage), the social literature of the period are full of allusions to it, its more than select committee, and the awful and draconic powers wielded by it. There is little doubt that Mr. Deuceace might have been a member, for was he not the son of the Earl of Crabs, and the friend of the Duke of Doncaster? Almack's was closed in 1863, but Willis's Rooms, where so many notable gatherings were held (Thackeray himself lectured here), carried on, although relatively feebly, the reputation of its socially once all powerful prototype.

The Tattersalls of Mr Blewitt's time was situated behind St. George's Hospital and was entered by a narrow lane from Grosvenor Place. It was not till 1866 that, the lease having expired, it was transferred to its present well-known quarters at Knightsbridge, whither some of the features, notably the fox under its cupola, and the old rostrum were transferred from the original home.

One more topographical allusion must be noted: Dick's Coffee House which Deuceace and his friends patronised. This well-known establishment, originally called "Richard's," from its earliest proprietor, Richard Torvor or Turver, who took the house in 1680, stood on the south side of Fleet Street, close to Temple Bar. The heyday of its glory was in the spacious eighteenth century, when Steele and Addi-

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son (it is immortalised in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*) were its presiding genii, when Sir Roger de Coverley was about Town, when Harry Esmond and Warrington came hither. Its fame remained till a later time; but from being the rendezvous of such literary noblesse, it became rather a haunt of the budding Templers, and supplied their diurnal wants, as we find it doing when "John, the waiter," on that occasion when Deuceace knocked over Mr. Dawkin's breakfast tray, "went off for more fish to Dixes Coffy-House."

The Buckley Square of Yellowplush, and James de la Pluche who speculated in railways during the year of mania and is the hero of the elegy entitled "Jeames of Buckley Square," was, of course, the Berkeley Square which we know, although *minus* the flats which have invaded it. Gunter's was, however, then there, and is frequently referred to by Thackeray in his writings. James de la Pluche, by the bye, in the days of his affluence, had rooms in Albany. If we take the period about 1837 onwards for ten years, as the time when railways were springing up all over the country, it will indicate the approximate moment of Jeames's residence in this fashionable lodging-house (so to term it), when Macaulay was also living here "a college life in the west end of London," as he tells Ellis. A third literary man who probably "kept" in Albany about this period was Lytton, who wrote many of his works here, and was so unmercifully castigated by Yellowplush in his "Epistle to the Literati."

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ii

SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON

ONE might have expected that that section of the "Miscellanies" known as "Sketches and Travels in London" would have provided a considerable amount of topographical data; and to some extent this is so. But what there is, is chiefly in the nature of allusion, and the descriptions are not so much of places as of people and institutions. These are incorporated in what purport to be a series of letters from a Mr. Brown to his nephew, consisting of some twenty-odd papers. The nephew, Robert Brown, has come to the Metropolis and is ensconced in chambers in Fig-Tree Court, Temple,* so called, of course, from the fig-trees in it, and once the residence of Thurlow, and Copley, later Lord Lyndhurst. As Mr. Brown speaks of himself as being "within a couple of miles" of his nephew, we may presume him to have been living in Baker Street, as indicated in the paper on the "Influence of Lovely Woman," describing a call made on him by Fred. Noodle who lived in Jermyn Street where, as we know from "Vanity Fair," the great Pitt resided and Lady Hester held her solemn parties. Baker Street stood for a certain dull respectability in Thackeray's philosophy. Does he not tell us that he is engaged on a life of Baker, in the pages of the "Book of Snobs," and by an hundred allusions, shews his rather contemptuous attitude towards the thoroughfare which the great Sherlock Holmes has since helped to enliven? An allusion to The Lyceum (where Lord Hugo Fitzurse

* The uncle, we know, once had chambers in Pump Court, *au troisième*.

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had his private box) reminds us that that theatre had then but recently been erected, having been designed by Beazley, and opened in 1834, on the site of a former house where Dibden gave musical entertainments, which in turn had succeeded the exhibition rooms of the Society of Artists, built by James Paine in 1771. Lord Hugo is mentioned by Mr. Brown in order to warn his nephew against trying to emulate that vacuous member of society, in his dress and habits. He sits at the Lyceum in an expensive box; he simpers from White's bay-window (as Brummell simpered, and how many others); he grins out of his cab by the Serpentine; and he canters down Rotten Row—so called probably from the loose soil with which it is laid, and hardly from the "route du roi," from which vexed etymologists have attempted to derive it.

In the paper on "Friendship," Mr. Brown, senior, becomes reminiscient, and describes how, *inter alia*, he used to accompany his aunt (in the year 1811, "when the Comet was") to hear the Rev. Rowland Hill, at the Rotunda Chapel, over Blackfriars Bridge. Should you wander into the shy recesses of the Surrey-side, you will search long for the Surrey Chapel as it was called. It stood at the corner of Little Charlotte Street leading from the Blackfriars Road, and Rowland Hill laid its first stone in 1782. He, himself, lived next door and continued to preach in his rotunda till 1833, when he died and was buried beneath his own pulpit. Newman Hall carried on his work, but in 1876 removed to Christ Church, at the north corner of the Kensington Road. It is interesting to know that in the Surrey Chapel, Rowland Hill

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practised vaccination before it was generally authorised. The identity of the Polyanthus Club, to which young Brown was duly elected, is difficult to resolve. The name was one which Thackeray uses, in various places, and if we place it in Pall Mall we shall be as near as we can to a solution. It had a bow window, but it was hardly White's (so notable for that feature). This paper on clubs may be compared with the more famous ones in the "Book of Snobs." In a sense it is more notable because of a passage in which the great writer speaks so eloquently of the work of the other great novelist of the time. You know the passage? Brown and his nephew come upon Horner in the reading room. "What is he reading? Hah! 'Pendennis,' No. VII, let us pass on. Have you read David Copperfield, by the way? How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humour—and I should call humour, Bob, a mixture of love and wit,—who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind—to grown folks—to their children and perhaps to their children's children—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart! May love and truth guide such a man always! It is an awful prayer; may heaven further its fulfilment! And then, Bob, let the Record revile him."

One cannot have too many of such purple patches

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in these pages, and the following I give, not as having topographical importance, but as an example of what Thackeray really thought of that tavern life, which was so characteristic of the eighteenth century, and of which he has left us so many pictures in his works: "A great advance," he makes Brown remark, "in civilization was made, and the honesty as well as economy of young men of the middle classes immensely promoted, when the ancient tavern system was overthrown, and those houses of meeting (clubs) instituted where a man, without sacrificing his dignity, could dine for a couple of shillings. I remember in the days of my youth when a very moderate dinner at a reputable coffee-house cost a man half-a-guinea: when you were obliged to order a pint of wine for the good of the house; when the waiter got a shilling for his attendance; and when young gentlemen were no richer than they are now, and had to pay thrice as much as they at present need to disburse for the maintenance of their station. Those men (who had not the half guinea at command) used to dive into dark streets in the vicinage of Soho or Covent Garden, and get a meagre meal at shilling taverns—or Tom, the clerk, issued out from your chamber in Pump Court and brought back your dinner between two plates from a neighbouring ham and beef shop."

This is one of those vignettes which you may find scattered about Thackeray's pages, and which indicate, by a few masterly strokes, that period when London life was only picturesque in the retrospect, and when men thought more of public opinion than, I believe, they do now.

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In those days, as well as his Temple chambers, Brown, Senior, occupied lodgings in Swallow Street. Not, of course, the little Swallow Street from Piccadilly, still existing, then called Little Swallow Street, but that portion now included in Regent Street, which began where the larger thoroughfare is intersected by Vigo Street (on the west) and Glasshouse Street (on the east), and ended in Oxford Street. Its roadway ran through what is now the west side of Regent Street. In the reign of Henry VIII. this ground belonged to one Thomas Swallow, whence the name. Regent Street obliterated the earlier, and far smaller, thoroughfare, between the years 1817 and 1820.

If various references, in these papers, hold good to-day, such as the mention of the Turkish Embassy in Bryanstone Square, or the bankers, Stumpy, Rowdy and Co., in Lombard Street, or old Mr. Rowdy in Portman Square (where Mrs. Montagu's famous house stands), what shall we say of the Jones's who had a *cottage* at Bayswater? The fact is the Bayswater of our acquaintance, covered with large streets and fine houses, is but the product of less than a century's growth. Before 1830, perhaps even a few years later, it was hardly built over. Lisson Grove really then had an appropriate sound; and, in 1816, Alpha Cottage stood near by what is now the Great Central Railway Terminus! Indeed, few parts of London have become so altered within the space of 70 or 80 years as this area which was in Thackeray's remembrance, almost rural, and is now an integral portion of London's gigantic organism.

Throughout the "Sketches and Travels," we get

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an excellent idea of the London of Thackeray's youth. We are taken to the clubs and the opera; we see the dandies and the poke-bonnets that hide the belles; we walk in Kensington Gardens or saunter in the Park, or canter up and down Rotten Row; we put in an appearance at Almack's; we dine in Clarges Street with Mrs. Nightingale or we see Mrs. Rawdon Crawley stepping into Lord Steyne's discreet brougham in Curzon Street; in a word we survey mankind from the Temple to Kensington Square. It was a time when the name of Tyburn was yet in vogue; when people lived in Kensington Gravel Pits (it sounds as old as the days of Swift, does it not?) when Belgrave Square abutted on open fields, when to get to Hampstead meant a far more troublesome journey than does getting to Richmond now. Some of Thackeray's localities are difficult to identify; what neighbourhood, for instance, does he indicate when he speaks, in "The Curate's Walk," of "No. 14 Sedan Buildings, leading out of Great Guelph Street, Dettingen Street, Culloden Street, Minden Square, and Upper and Lower Caroline Row"? We know that Sedan Buildings is "a little flagged square, ending abruptly with the huge walls of Bluck's Brewery." Can we read Meux for Bluck, and Great Russell Street for Great Guelph Street? Probably, I think, but am not at all sure. Certainly the walk taken by the curate leads him into courts and alleys which might well be in this quarter, cheek by jowl with large squares and fine mansions; but as much might be said for peregrinations in all sorts of western London's localities. So, too, the Hall of the Bellows-Menders Company in Marrow-Pudding Lane, where

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the "Dinner in the City" took place, might be any of the numerous and splendid homes of the City magnates. The fact that the Hall in question possessed a portrait of George IV, hardly helps to differentiate it; although by a process of elimination we might arrive at an approximate solution, I suppose. In a subsequent paper, that entitled "Waiting at the Station," we find ourselves at Fenchurch Street awaiting the Blackwall train; but here we have rather descriptive accounts of the people than of the place. "A Night's Pleasure" begins at Montpelier Square, Brompton, and ends with Covent Garden (the predecessor, opened in 1809, of the present theatre). In the course of it, the writer meets young Grigg, reading for the Bar, and the description of that gentleman introduces certain phases of London life, and mentions one or two London localities, so I give the passage: "Young Mr. Grigg is one of those young bucks about town, who goes every night of his life to two theatres, to the Casino, to Weippert's balls, to the Café de l'Haymarket, to Bob Slogger's, the boxing-house, to the Harmonic Meetings at the Kidney Cellars, and other places of fashionable resort. He knows everybody at these haunts of pleasure; takes boxes for the actor's benefit; has the word from headquarters about the *venue* of the fight between Putney Sambo and the Tetbury Pet; gets up little dinners at their public-houses; shoots pigeons, fights cocks, plays fives, has a boat on the river, and a room at Rummers, in Conduit Street, beside his Chambers at the Temple, where his parents, Sir John and Lady Grigg, of Portman Square, and Griggsby Hall, Yorkshire, believe that he is assiduously occupied in studying

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the Law." The Cave of Harmony was another of Grigg's resorts, and we know all about that place from the pages of "Pendennis." It is, as are all these centres of amusement, now as dead as the Dodo. It is a ghostly company that dances to Weippert's quadrilles; hollow are the counters that ring in the Casino; the fires are long extinguished in the Kidney Cellars and Conduit Street knows Rummer no more.

Newgate Prison, no stone of which remains, not inappropriately closes our purview of this phase of the London of Thackeray's novels. "Going to see a man hanged," indeed; that bad business was done long ago, and ill-done. No more does the bell of St. Sepulchre's toll out the minutes that remain to the wretch's life; the Town no longer "grows more animated," Holborn way, for such a gruesome reason; nor are the "hundreds of people in the street, and many more coming up Snow Hill," drawn together for such a ghastly spectacle. Snow Hill, indeed; has not Holborn Viaduct obliterated that toboggan-like characteristic? There is a Snow Hill, but not the one that Thackeray writes of, which was cleared away in 1867. Where the oppressive walls of Newgate once stood, now rises the new Old Bailey; public executions are happily with yesterday's seven thousand years. Much has been left unimproved from the London of near a century ago, but at least that feature no longer disfigures the city of so many baleful memories.

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iii

NOVELS BY EMINENT HANDS

IN the series of papers, under the above heading, in which Thackeray showed so markedly his extraordinary power of parody, we find one or two references to London localities which may be dismissed in a few words: There is, for instance, in "George de Barnwell," a description of noon in Cheapside, hit off in Lytton's hyperbolic style to perfection, the Cheapside, *bien entendu*, of the eighteenth century. One of the amusing features of this particular skit, is the way in which its author makes fun of the anachronisms abounding in those of Lytton's work dealing with an earlier period than his own. For example, we are told that George de Barnwell dines with Curll at St. John's Gate, when we knew it was Cave who had his headquarters in that picturesque pile (its presentment heads the *Gentleman's Magazine*, you remember, which Cave initiated), where Johnson worked for him, and on a famous occasion had his dinner behind that historic screen; Curll was of a much earlier period, that of Pope and the Augustan wits. A hit at the "pudding-sided old dandies" of St. James's Street, and "those who yawn from a bay-window" there, brings us to a riot of anachronism in which Addison and Steele, Pope and Swift, Johnson and Savage (we meet these two, turning up Waterloo Place, past the Parthenon Club!), are all brought on the carpet together, in the chapter entitled *Button's** in Pall Mall. "We are at Button's,"

* It seems as superfluous to mention that Button's was in Russell Street, Covent Garden, as to point out that the Parthenon (probably the Athenæum) was no more in existence then, than was Waterloo Place.

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gravely remarks the writer, "the well known sign of the Turk's Head.* . . . It is the corner of *Regent Street*. Carlton House has not yet been taken down"! This is almost matched by Thackeray making Swift remark that he had just bought a copy of the *Spectator* announcing the death of Sir Roger de Coverley in *Wellington Street*. It will be seen that if we garner plenty of amusement out of the "Prize Novels," as they were called when they originally appeared in *Punch*, we must not look to them for topographical data. Indeed there is little more of this in them. "Lords and Liveries" affords one or two allusions to the west end; but nothing that needs annotation, and, we may take leave of them in the company of "Coddingsby" debouching from Wych Street into the Strand, where he had been to the Olympic, to take a box for Armida who "was *jolle* of Madame Vestris's theatre." Where is Wych Street and the little Olympic now? The traffic of Aldwych rolls over their site.

iv

CHARACTER SKETCHES

IN what are called "Character Sketches," those, I mean, dealing with "Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon," the "Fashionable Authoress," and "The Artists," we find a few references to London. Captain Rook

* There was a Turk's Head Coffee House, in New Palace Yard, Westminster, where the Rota Club met; another in The Strand, opposite Catherine Street; and still another in Gerrard Street, whence Gibbon once addressed a letter. Needless to say there never was one in Pall Mall, any more than Button's was in that thoroughfare.



REGENT STREET, SHOWING CARLTON HOTEL
from a picture by L. H. Stubbins



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lives in St. James's* ; he probably has a room in Duke Street, like Twemlow, or in Bury Street where Tom Moore and Dan O'Connell lodged ; in the afternoon (his morning is taken up, like Brummell's, with the arduous duties of the toilet, the paper, and the "pegs") he lounges into a horse-dealer's, or perhaps Tattersall's, and, later, is seen curvetting in Hyde Park ; he dines at Long's (the one that used to be in the Haymarket, rather than the hotel of that name in Bond Street, I imagine), or at the Clarendon ; or has an early dinner in Covent Garden, and perhaps goes afterwards to the Olympic where he probably sees Codlingsby and Armida in their box. His lady friends are not numerous, one is specifically mentioned by Christian name only, Maria ; and when it is stated that Maria's companion, Miss Hickman, accompanies her to the play and lives with her "in a snug little house in Mayfair," (Curzon Street is mentioned later), it is not, to use Thackeray's words, at all necessary to say who Maria is.

Mr. Frederick Pigeon (one of Rook's victims) has on his card "Long's Hotel," so after all Rook may have been dining there with his *protégé*, and not in the Haymarket. Pigeon loses money at Crockford's, but more goes into the pockets of his mentor, one supposes. Rook himself was a pigeon once ; came to Town, had long bills with Mr. Rymell (the perfumer of Bond Street) and Mr. Nugee (the tailor of 20 St. James's Street) ; finds himself in one of those numerous sponging-houses in Cursitor Street, to which so many references have already been found in the pages

*Subsequently Thackeray describes him as going home to Brook Street, which can hardly be termed St. James's.

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of Thackeray; and finally ends in the Queen's Bench Prison, whence in time he passes to Calais or Boulogne as Prince Louis Napoleon and Brummell did on their errands.

A reference to the Coburg Theatre (in "The Fashionable Authoress") obviously requires the further statement that it was situated in the Waterloo Bridge Road, was opened in 1818, and named after Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg who laid the foundation stone, and is now replaced by the Victoria Music Hall.

I will close this section of my subject by an extract from the last of "Character Sketches," that dealing with "The Artists," because it gives a picture of that quarter of the Town, which was once, before Chelsea became its Mecca, the chosen rendezvous of the arts:

"It is confidently stated that there was once a time when the quarter of Soho was thronged by the fashion of London. Many wide streets are there in the neighbourhood, stretching cheerfully towards Middlesex Hospital in the north, bounded by Dean Street in the west, where the lords and ladies of William's time used to dwell, till, in Queen Anne's time, Bloomsbury put Soho out of fashion, and Great Russell Street became the pink of the mode.

"Both these quarters of the town have submitted to the awful rule of nature, and are now to be seen undergoing the dire process of decay. Fashion has deserted Soho, and left her in her gaunt, lonely, old age. The houses have a most dingy, mouldy, dowager look. No more beaux, in mighty periwigs, ride by in gilded clattering coaches; no more lacqueys accompany them, bearing torches, and shouting for pre-

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cedence. A solitary policeman paces these solitary streets—the only dandy in the neighbourhood. You hear the milk-man yelling his milk with a startling distinctness, and the clack of a servant girl's pattens sets people a-staring from the windows.

“With Bloomsbury we have here nothing to do; but as genteel stock-brokers inhabit the neighbourhood of Regent's Park—as lawyers have taken possession of Russell Square—so artists have seized upon the desolate quarter of Soho. They are to be found in great numbers in Berners Street. Up to the present time, naturalists have never been able to account for this mystery of their residence. What has the painter to do with Middlesex Hospital? He is to be found in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. And why? Philosophy cannot tell, any more than why milk is found in a cocoa-nut.

“Look at Newman Street. Has earth, in any dismal corner of her great round face, a spot more desperately gloomy? The windows are spotted with wafers, holding up ghastly bills, that tell you the house is “To let.” Nobody walks there—not even an old clothesman; the first inhabited house has bars to the window, and bears the name of “Ahasuerus, officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex,” and here, above all places, must painters take up their quarters—day by day must these reckless people pass Ahasuerus's treble gate. . . The street begins with a bailiff's, and ends with a hospital. . . The ground floors of the houses where painters live are mostly make-believe shops, black empty warehouses, containing fabulous goods. There is a sedan chair opposite a house in Rathbone Place, that I have my-

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self seen every day for forty-three years. The house has commonly a huge India-rubber-coloured door, with a couple of glistening brass plates, and bells. A portrait painter lives on the first floor; a great historical genius inhabits the second.* Remark the first floor's middle drawing-room window; it is four feet higher than its two companions, and has taken a fancy to peep into the second-floor front. So much for the outward appearance of their habitations, and for the quarters in which they commonly dwell. They seem to love solitude, and their mighty spirits rejoice in vastness and gloomy ruin."

One could not, I think, find a more life-like picture of this locality at the period in which Thackeray wrote, the earlier quarter of the nineteenth century, than this passage in which the faded glories of old Soho are depicted with so sure a touch.

* Was Thackeray thinking of R. B. Haydon, who occupied a second floor in Great Marlborough Street?

XI

MISCELLANIES (CONTINUED)

i

A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S

THE few references to London in this amusing little story may be taken together with those in "The Bedford Row Conspiracy," for, truth to tell, there is little enough in the former of these tales—certainly not enough to make a show, without the help of its companion. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy Timmins live in Lilliput Street, "that neat little street which runs at right angles with the Park and Brobdingnag Gardens." It is, we are told, a very genteel neighbourhood, and the Timmins are of a good family, but we know they are "struggling," as it is called, and Timmins has all his work cut out at his chambers in Figtree Court, to make both ends meet. Where is Lilliput Gardens? Where is Brobdingnag Gardens where Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury live, and Mr. John Rowdy, of the firm of Stumpy, Rowdy and Co., of Lombard Street? Where, *enfin*, is Belgravine Place, where Mr. Topham Sawyer, M.P., resides? All these were guests, as was Mr. Grumpley, of Gloucester Place—but *that* quarter we all know. No, it is the original of Lilliput Street that one would like to identify. The Timmins's purse would

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hardly allow them to live in Mayfair; Belgravia can scarcely be regarded as abutting on the Park. Certainly Brobdingnag Gardens might be Kensington Palace Gardens whose houses are large enough for such a title; but would this be sufficiently near the Park, to hold water, so to speak? The mention of Gloucester Place may indicate that Thackeray had in his mind that region; and if so Brobdingnag Gardens may stand for Portman Square, and Lilliput Street for one of the adjoining thoroughfares—Can it be Baker Street—the Baker Street which so often enters into Thackeray's writing—the Baker Street about which he is so ironically respectful? I like to think that it was Baker Street, and that the lilliputian name is given it on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle.

In this short tale we get this kind of mystifying topography except for Figtree Court where we have already met Mr. Brown's nephew, and Gloucester Place in one of whose houses (No. 34) it is pleasant to remember that, in 1823, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, Lamb, Mary Lamb, and Rogers all sat down, on a red-letter day indeed, to dinner, with their host, Thomas Monkhouse, M.P. No wonder, Moore, recording the circumstance, could write "I dined in Parnassus: half the poetry of England constellated in Gloucester Place."

Timmins's club was the Megatherium. Again which of London's innumerable (even at that date) clubs was it? It figures elsewhere in Thackeray's writings, in the "Book of Snobs"; in the "Roundabout Papers." Even a process of elimination can hardly be successful here. The Reform he calls the Reform-

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atorium; the Carlton the Ultratorium; and so on. We get on sure ground when we learn that Mr. Timmins once went to school in Kensington Square—that delightful old-world *quadrate* which, even to-day, the presence of a hideously tall block of flats and the proximity of business premises, can hardly spoil, certainly cannot make us forget the one time residence, in it, of beautiful Duchess of Mazarin and her *preux chevalier*, St. Evrémond, and Lady Esmond and hers. Yes, here we are in a *terra cognita*, but where (and it is the last question I will put) was that “magnificent shop at the corner of Parliament Place and Alycompayne Square,” in whose windows were the most wonderful and delicious cakes and confections, and whither Timmins and his Rosa hied them to procure delicacies for their great repast? Could it have been Gunter’s; and is Alycompayne but another name for Berkeley? “Parliament Place” gives no clue. I must leave the reader to decide for himself.

“The Bedford Row Conspiracy” is more promising, for have we not topography in the very title? We greet John Perkins, barrister of the Middle Temple, discussing a future residence with his affianced Lucy (daughter of the late Captain Gorgon, and Marianne Biggs, his wife). No. 17 Paradise Row is proposed by the infatuated young man. “I have seen a sweet place at Chelsea,” he says, “garden—greenhouse—fifty pounds a year—omnibus to town within a mile.” Alas! where is Paradise Row now? With last year’s snows; it lives only in the pages of Mr. Reginald Blunt’s fascinating volume. Royal Hospital Road, as it is called, runs past the spot where the Carolean houses of the Row once, and so

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lately, stood. Paradise Walk at right angles, leading to the Embankment, alone perpetuates the name.

It was finally settled that Perkins and his young wife should live in a part of the Bedford Row house which, beyond what he could make at the bar, constituted his only fortune. To-day Bedford Row is synonymous with lawyers' offices. In earlier days so drastic a critic as Ralph could speak of it as "one of the most noble streets that London has to boast of," and even Dodsley, so late as 1761, describes it as "a very handsome, straight, and well built street, inhabited by persons of distinction." Addington, the Prime Minister, was born, and Abernethy lived, here; so did Warburton with whom Ralph Allen of Bath was wont to stay. In Thackeray's time, however, it had ceased to be inhabited by persons of distinction, although it was not yet as entirely given over to the law as it is to-day. It was formed about 1730, in which days it looked north, over open fields away to Highgate's breezy heights. Lucey's aunt (who once kept a ladies' school) was now living in retirement in Caroline Place, Mecklenburgh Square, which enters the Square at its south-west corner; while Doughty Street, at its south-east extremity, was considered then too expensive for the young couple; although Sidney Smith, who was never very affluent, managed to dwell there "in the midst of a colony of lawyers."* Had the Perkins settled here, they would probably have had as a neighbour Dickens himself, who was living at No. 48 from 1837 to 1839, and here finished "Pickwick" and wrote the whole of "Nickleby." That awful Lady Gorgon

* Hayward.

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who bulks so largely in this veracious history, of course, lived in Baker Street; equally of course she came upon the lovers at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park (then, by the bye, in the nature of a novelty, for they had only been opened in 1828) and carried off her niece to her abode—shocked to find her alone with her *fiancé*. How ancient it seems, doesn't it? However, all ended well, and although Lady Gorgon positively wished the nuptials (as she probably called the wedding) to take place from Baker Street, John and Lucy knew who were their real friends, and determined that the wedding should be at their other aunt's, in Caroline Place, Mecklenburgh Square.

“The Bedford Row Conspiracy” is one of Thackeray's most successful and amusing short stories, and I, here, merely mention those particular topographical points with which I am alone concerned. One hopes that even a reference, bare as this is, will draw to the tale the attention of those who do not already know it. Thackeray took the plot from one of Charles de Bernard's stories, but the inimitable touches are his own.

ii

FITZBOODLE PAPERS

ALTHOUGH one might have expected no small amount of information about London, from that thorough man-about town, George FitzBoodle, there is really very little, either in his “Confessions” or “Professions.” His opening letter to Oliver Yorke, Esquire,

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is dated May 20, 1842, from the Omnium Club, which I always like to think is the Union, started in 1822, and much affected by what James Smith, one of its members, termed "gentlemen at large." But there is not much else that can be regarded as even distantly topographical. Great Russell Street and Baker Street are mentioned, so are Pall Mall and Swallow Street, but we know already enough about *them* not to investigate further. There is, however, one passage in the "Professions" which interests us: it is where Thackeray suggests the profession of a *dinner master* or gastronomic agent, and gives a suggestive epitome of his daily rounds, thus:

"From 2 to 3 we will be in Russell Square and the neighbourhood; 3 to 3 $\frac{3}{4}$, Harley Street, Portland Place, Cavendish Square, and the environs; 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, Portman Square, Gloucester Place, Baker Street; 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5, the new district about Hyde Park Terrace; 5 to 5 $\frac{3}{4}$, St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. He will be in Grosvenor Square by 6, and in Belgrave Square, Pimlico, and its vicinity by 7." Now the majority of these places, if not exactly new at this period, and some of them were that, were about then becoming fashionable as residential centres. If we look through Shepherd's "London Improvements," a book published in the forties of the last century, we shall realise very well the London that had sprung up during the period that Thackeray was engaged in writing his earlier short stories and sketches. It is a London of which, of course, the bulk still survives, and it is therefore the easier to picture his characters in relation to their environment—we can see Fitz Booodle in Belgravia, or in Gloucester Place, so to

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speak, more clearly than we can Lady Esmond in Kensington Square or even Becky Sharp in Curzon Street. For in spite of imaginative power, we cannot deny that Curzon Street is *not* quite as it was when the First Gentleman in Europe ruled the land, or Kensington Square unaltered since the Augustan era.

The gastronomic agent's address was Carlton Gardens. At that time this was part of a new and splendid building developement which had arisen on the site of Carlton House. The Duke of York's monument, flanked on each side by Carlton House Terrace, marks the centre of the famous palace which was demolished in 1826. We are told that he takes a set of chambers there, which, if we are to regard the passage literally, indicates that in their first youth these fine houses were divided for such uses, and it is interesting as shewing an inversion of the usual procedure which consists in great houses becoming in their decline the home of a number of occupants on the present *flat* system.

iii

MEN'S WIVES

IF the Fitz-Boodle papers were not very prolific in topographical detail, we have no need to complain of "Men's Wives" as equally lacking in this particular kind of interest. For the fact is that we are carried from Smithfield to Mayfair, and from Sadler's Wells to Brompton, in the course of those memoirs which treat of the matrimonial experiences of Mr. and Mrs.

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Frank Berry, and the exciting career of "The Ravenswing"; and if "Denis Haggarty's Wife" yields us nothing in this direction, we shall find quite sufficient *data* in the other two stories to interest us for a few pages.

We begin with the famous fight at Slaughter House, when Biggs and Berry struggled for supremacy, which ended in a drawn battle, if an encounter can be so called, where one combatant gives a knock-out blow to his opponent, but "falls over him as he falls."

It seems almost superfluous to remind the reader that Slaughter House is but another name for the Charterhouse, where Thackeray's school days were spent; where Colonel Newcome said his famous last "Adsum"; which figures so often in the pages of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes." That fight "commenced in a certain place called Middle Briars, which is situated in the midst of the cloisters that run along the side of the playground of Slaughter House School, near Smithfield, London," and adds Thackeray, with, as ever, a fond if satirical reminiscence of his old school, "It was there that your humble servant had the honour of acquiring, after six years' labour, that immense fund of classical knowledge which in after life has been so exceedingly useful to him."

Thackeray, will, I suppose, always be more closely identified with the Charterhouse than any of those who have been scholars there. This is chiefly because he never ceased to take a close and loving interest in it, and has portrayed its life so well in his works. If he thus particularly comes to mind when we think

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of the famous school (now removed to its Surrey heights since 1872), he also does so because he himself created one of the most enduring of those who have been connected with it, Colonel Newcome. But one should not forget, amidst such memories as these, that Crashaw and Barrow, and Blackstone, Addison and Steele, John Wesley the divine, and Lord Ellenborough the judge; Day, who wrote Sandford and Merton, and Seward famous for his anecdotes; Thirlwall and Grote who revived Greece, and Leech who perpetuated his own age so unforgettably, were, *inter multos alios*, boys here, and that Havelock fought some of his early battles, not improbably in the same spot as Biggs and Berry fought theirs! The picturesque precincts of Sutton's foundation has long forgotten the boyish voices which once echoed through its ancient cloisters. To-day age, represented by the Poor Brethren, alone survives as a reminder of part of the seventeenth century benefactor's splendid gift. Sutton lies beneath the magnificent tomb which Jansen and Stone raised to his memory, but a more enduring monument, *ære perennius* indeed, remains in the cloistered and sheltered old age of the pensioners, and the happy shouts of school boys which the breezes carry from the distant Surrey hills.

We have another glimpse of the Smithfield locality, when Berry, now in the Dragoons and a person of importance, calls one day to see his future biographer, still a schoolboy, and generously tips him what time his "immense bay cab-horse, which was held by a correct little groom, was waiting near the school in Slaughter House Square"—the Charterhouse Square, to-day so altered in its outlines, where Rutland

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House* stood in the times when great personages resided in the City, and the Venetian Ambassador lodged, and Richard Baxter closed here his pious life. A proposal by Berry that his young friend should come to Long's Hotel, in Bond Street, where he was staying, was refused on his behalf "by Dr. Buckle, who said, and possibly with reason, that I should get little good by spending my holiday with such a scapegrace." The history of Mr. Berry and his redoubtable spouse carry us far from the roar of London; the combat at Slaughter House is matched by the more momentous conflict at Versailles; and the last glimpse we have of the over-much married man, is in Bond Street when on catching sight of us (walking with his whilom friend) he crosses to the other side and we have just time to note that the once sprightly dragoon "had on galoshes, and was grown very fat and pale"!

iv

THE RAVENSWING

THE opening passage in "The Ravenswing," that excellent story, at once tells us, though in a purposely vague way, that we have to do with the west-end of the town: "In a certain quiet and sequestered nook of the retired village of London—perhaps in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, or at any rate somewhere near Burlington Gardens—there was once a house of entertainment called the Bootjack Hotel," which, we are told, "though a humble, was a very genteel house." Where exactly Mr. Crump's hostelry

* Rutland Lane commemorates it.

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was situated, or whether it really had a prototype, are matters of speculation. Its actual address was "The Bootjack Hotel, Little Bunker's Buildings, Berkeley Square." I think there can be little doubt that Thackeray had in his mind some existing hotel; but if so it was one of those small houses with which our forebears were perfectly contented, and very different from the huge caravanseri which rise on all sides in London's present ample streets. Wherever it actually was, and whether or no it had a real existence, it was here that Crump was landlord, and here lived with his wife who had formerly been, as we are aware, Miss Budge "so well known to the admirers of the festive dance on the other side of the river as Miss Delancy." It was, of course, at the old Surrey Theatre which Dibden, once a lessee, called "without exception the best constituted, both for audience and actors, in or near the Metropolis," that Miss Delancy won fame as Morgiana, and Morgiana was the name she gave her only child—the heroine of the tale. Mrs. Crump, though chiefly connected with the Surrey Theatre, was also well known at "the Wells," the "Coburg," even at the "Lane" and the "Market" themselves, and the doors of these festive haunts were always open to her as one of the profession.*

* The Surrey Theatre of Miss Delancy's day was burned down in 1865, and the present building erected on its site, at the south end of Blackfriars Road, in the same year. The Coburg, in Waterloo Bridge Road, was opened in 1818. It was renamed the Victoria in the reign of William IV., and as the Royal Victoria Music Hall (instituted in 1881) it still exists. The "Wells" is, of course, Sadler's Wells, St. John Street Road, Islington, now represented by the new Sadler's Wells Theatre; Drury Lane and The Haymarket speak for themselves. Excellent views of these places of entertainment much as they were when Thackeray wrote, can be seen in Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata."

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At the Bootjack was held one of those weekly meetings of tradesmen which had such a vogue at this period. It was called The Kidney Club, and its members included Mr. Balls, the great grocer of South Audley Street (he would now probably be a peer), Mr. Woolsey, of the firm of Lining, Woolsey and Co., tailors, of Conduit Street, the senior partner of which flourishing concern had his handsome mansion in Regent's Park, and Mr. Eglantine, the celebrated perruquier and perfumer of Bond Street. You will not find these names in a contemporary directory, but Thackeray probably had in mind a famous perfumery establishment in Bond Street (Eglantine called it "The Bower of Bloom," you remember)*, and one of the many sartorial artists for which Conduit Street is known. "Not far from Mr. Eglantine's shop in Bond Street stand, as is very well known, the Windsor Chambers." Here resided, on the entresol, between the West Diddlesex Association† and the British and Foreign Soap Company, Mr. Howard Walker who bulks so largely in the story. His brass plate bore the magic and mysterious words "Agency," but what his agency was for is not clear. He was a man about town, living on his wits (and his luxuriant whiskers) and was equally hail-fellow with rakish young peers and fast army men, as with gambling house keepers and cigar merchants. He had been everywhere, and was even remembered, by

*Trnefitts or Atkinsons at the Bond Street corner of Burlington Gardens. As there was a Mr. Mossrose in Eglantine's establishment, it is probable this name was suggested to Thackeray by Moss of The Circassian Cream Warehouse, Nos. 200 and 201 Fleet Street. White's "Essence of *Eglantine*" was, we remember, in Cornhill.

† Where Titmarsh, of the "Great Hoggarty Diamond," was clerk.

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Snaffle, in Whitecross Street Prison,* in the year of grace 1820. Mr. Walker's club was The Regent, which must have been near Bond Street, for on one occasion we are told that after dinner there he "stepped over to the shop of his friend the perfumer," and we know that Eglantine's establishment was in this "street of streets," as Lytton once called it. We get a glimpse of the fast London life of the period in listening to Walker's description of the dinner of which he and his friends—Lords Billingsgate, Vauxhall and the rest—partook. After that spartan feast—not turtle and venison, as simple Eglantine surmised, but bullock's hearts and boiled tripe, etc.—the *convives* went afterwards "to Tom Spring's, from Tom's to the Finish, from the Finish to the Watch-house," quite in the manner of our immortal friends Tom and Jerry.

After the worthy Crump's death and the marriage of "Morgiana" Crump to the precious "Captain" Walker, Mrs. Crump sold the goodwill of the Boot-jack, and retired to the neighbourhood of her dear Sadler's Wells—in other words she took up her residence in the City Road, what time her daughter was living at her new genteel abode in Connaught Square, or in the Edgeware Road, as Thackeray indifferently terms it. Connaught Square has one interesting link with the past, for it was formed on the ground where the once notorious Tyburn executions took place. If the Howard Walker's residence had

* It stood in Whitecross Street, Cripplegate, from Fore Street to Old Street, and was a debtors' prison. It was closed in 1870, and its site is occupied by the goods station of the Midland Railway.

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been at No. 49, instead of at 23, as it was, they would actually have lived on the exact spot where the gallows once stood.*

Other characters now swim into our ken: There is little Baroski, the composer who rides in the Park, has splendid lodgings in Dover Street, and is a fellow-member with Walker of The Regent. His pupils were legion and of them was "Miss Grigg, who sang at the Foundling† and Mr Johnson who sang at the Eagle Tavern,‡ and Madame Fioravanti (a very doubtful character) who sang nowhere, but was always coming out at the Italian opera." Baroski was not a friend, although an ardent admirer, of the lovely Morgiana Walker, and we find Captain Walker conducted to one of the numerous lock-up houses in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane (Mr. Bendigo's, was the one in question) at the suit of the music-master whose bills for lessons to "The Ravenswing" amounted to no less than two hundred and twenty guineas!

In due course, Walker left *durance vile* in Cursitor Street "to undergo the martyrdom of the Fleet." This famous prison, of which Mr. John Ashton has written the history, was situated on the east side of Farringdon Street (in earlier days known as Fleet Market) where it existed till it was demolished in

* In the lease of this house, granted by the Bishop of London, this fact is stated.

†The Foundling Hospital, where Handel often conducted "The Messiah," the score of which he left to that Institution. The singing in the Chapel was always a great feature, and Thackeray refers to it often in his works. The children's voices affected him, as they have done so many.

‡ The Eagle Tavern, in the City Road, was erected in 1838; in its gardens was The Grecian Theatre where, since 1882, the Salvation Army has had one of its headquarters.

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1846. Eighteen years after that, the site was bought by the L. C. and D. Railway Company. The records of the Fleet date from very early days; but there is no need here to enlarge on its annals, especially as that has been done, and has filled a volume in the process. Suffice it to say that what were called the Rules of the Fleet, were "the limits within which prisoners for debt were allowed under certain conditions to reside outside the prison walls," and "comprised the north side of Ludgate Hill and the Old Bailey up to Fleet Lane; down that Lane into Fleet Market, and thence southward by the prison wall to the bottom of Ludgate Hill." Captain Walker "did not apply for the accommodation of the rules (by which in those days the captivity of some debtors was considerably lightened), because he knew perfectly well that there was no person in the wide world who would give a security for the heavy sums for which he was answerable."

Another new character in the story, besides Baroski, was his rival, that respectable musician, Sir George Thrum, who was all that the foreigner was not—and in consequence "they loved each other," says the satirist, "as gentlemen in their profession always do." Baroski wrote ballet-music. Thrum gave *his* attention more to Exeter Hall and Birmingham, and was a member of the Athenæum. He had many memories and souvenirs of George III., with whom he had been acquainted, and from whose hands his knighthood had come, and he "lived in an old, dingy, house, furnished in the reign of George III., his beloved master, and not more cheerful now than a family vault." Where was this funereal residence?

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It must, I think, have been in Baker Street; perhaps it was the very mansion in which Pitt once lived. Thackeray gives a vignette of the interior with its "tall, gloomy, horse-hair chairs, mouldy Turkey carpet, with wretched druggets to guard them, little cracked sticking-plaster miniatures of people in *tours* and pig-tails over high-shouldered mantel-pieces, two dismal urns on each side of a lanky side-board, and in the midst a queer twisted receptacle for worn-out knives with green handles. Under the side-board stands a cellaret that looks as if it held half a bottle of currant wine, and a shivering plate-warmer that never could get any comfort out of the wretched old cramped grate yonder. Don't you know in such houses the grey gloom that hangs over the stairs, the dull-coloured old carpet that winds its way up the same, growing thinner, duller, and more threadbare, as it mounts to the bedroom floors?"

For a mile round Cavendish Square Sir George Thrum reigned pre-eminent, we are told, and Lady Thrum's figure was like the shot-tower opposite Waterloo Bridge, so that east and west may be said to have met in the Thrum household wherever it was situated. So did east and west meet there in the persons of their guests: Lord Roundtowers and Mr. Fitzboodle and the *Honourable* Mr. Fitzurse brings wafts of Pall Mall and Clubland; Mr. Squinny, the editor of "Flowers of Fashion," and Mr. Desmond Milligan, the poet, are not innocent of Fleet Street, Messrs Slang and Bludyer are still more redolent of that locality, as it was in those days. Indeed, it is in the excellent delineation of such characters that "The Ravenswing" is notable, rather than for any

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peculiar investigations into the London topography of the period. As this latter aspect of Thackeray's works is, however, our particular quarry, we must not forget that when Mrs. Walker was at the height of her fame, her husband returned to her—indeed, like Mrs. Micawber, nothing would induce him to desert his spouse, now that she had money in her purse. “He gave very neat dinners at a cottage in Regent's Park (Mr. and Mrs. Walker lived in Green Street, Grosvenor Square), he played a good deal at The Regent,” and it was not the French *figurante* who shared his favours, “but Madame Dolores de Tras-os-Montes who inhabited the cottage in St. John's Wood.”

Green Street stands where Green Street stood; it is little altered since those days save for rebuilding here and there. One always thinks of Sidney Smith lighting up the street with his genial presence, and here, at least, Mr. Walker is but a shadowy, as he certainly is an unpleasant, memory. The Regent's Park, laid out in 1812, was then, more or less, a new locality—almost in the country, as our forebears regarded distances, before the motor-bus and the taxi-cab annihilated space and reduced the enormous organism of the city to less than the size it was a century ago.

V

THE SHABBY GENTEEL STORY

THIS tale, which has a pathetic interest attached to it because it was broken off at a sad period of the writer's life, and never completed (as Thackeray's

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note at the end tells us), originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1840. The scene opens in Brussels, but soon after Mr Gann's marriage, he and his wife returned to England and occupied a house in Thames Street, which in ancient days had been dignified by the presence of Baynard's Castle, but which in later times has become identified with commerce (the house of Gann and Blubbery, oil-merchants, was there, over whose offices the Ganns first lived), and has only those links with the past which the presence of some churches (rebuilt by Wren) and the associative names of its by-streets can give. The Ganns, on the death of Mr. Gann, senior, left this commercial centre, and went to live in more salubrious Putney. Misfortune, however, came upon them, and from Putney they retired to an obscure lodging in Lambeth. From living in lodgings to keeping them is often but a step, and it was so with the Ganns who, having attempted the experiment without much success in London, withdrew to try if better fortune would attend them at Margate, and it is at Margate, in the year 1835, that the shabby genteel story properly begins. With this (which is, after all, but the introduction to the tale, so to speak) the London connection of "The Shabby Genteel Story," ceases; and so slender is it, that one might have passed it over entirely, had not the hero, villain, what you will, of the little piece, been that George Brandon with whom we meet in the adventures of his son "Philip," and the little Caroline (whom he deceives) identical with the "Little Sister" of the latter novel.

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vi

THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND

WE have here to do wholly with London, where the course of this excellent story (its author's own favourite among his works) is nearly entirely carried on, if not within the sound of Bow Bells, at least within the sound of the City's mighty roar. To begin with, the Independent West Diddlesex Fire and Life Insurance Company had its splendid stone mansion in Cornhill—where Thackeray was later to find so many thorns in the editorial chair of the magazine of that name. The great Mr. Brough, chairman of that Company, was senior partner of the house of Brough and Hoff, Turkey Merchants, of Crutched Friars, whose warehouses and offices have long since succeeded the religious fraternity from which the thoroughfare takes its name. We need not enlarge on Mr. Brough's position in the City; suffice it to say that nine clerks sat in his office in Crutched Friars; that he was a great man on 'Change, and that he was, in every essential, the type of the dissenting swindler who makes his show of religion a stepping-stone to what was little short of highway robbery. The Insurance office—a bogus and swindling affair like the one in "Martin Chuzzlewit," by the bye—is admirably depicted with its sham decorations, its sham air of prosperity, its sham head, and its sham credit. It had plenty of prototypes, but I have never heard that Thackeray had any particular model in his eye when he sketched this picture of what has happened so often in great cities. Brough had his "place" at Fulham with its gardens and graperies

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and pineries and what not, whither he drove to the city in his carriage and four; Titmarsh lodged with a fellow-clerk called Hoskins, just off Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, where they occupied "a very genteel two-pair." On the evening when the former had had a rise in his salary and position, owing to the dismissal of Swinney, he and his friend started forth West End way, and when they arrived opposite Covent Garden Theatre, they found themselves close to the Globe Tavern, where Swinney had arranged a meeting of his friends to celebrate his "freedom," or rather an evening's joyous interval between work at the West Diddlesex and work at the house of Messrs Gann and Blubbery, of Thames Street, which, by the bye, we have visited earlier in this chapter.

The great Hoggarty diamond, from which the story takes its name, was, as we all know, the subject of extraordinary interest, when its owner first sported it. Abednego, a fellow-clerk, looked upon and appraised it with a certain professional knowledge, for was not his father "a mock-jewel and gold-lace merchant in Hanway Yard, the Hanway Street of to-day.* Roundhead, the cashier of the West Diddlesex who lived with his scold of a wife, in Myddelton Square, Pentonville, advanced Titmarch a month's salary, on account of it, and besides, asked him to dinner. By the bye, Tom Dibden had been recently (1826) residing in this square, and thus describes it in his Autobiography: "The house in which I write this is situated in a spacious square, the centre of which is ornamented by a superb specimen of archi-

* It was first called Hanover Yard, and was the resort of the highest fashion for mercery and other articles of dress. William Godwin had his book-shop here.

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ecture in the form of a handsome new church (St. Mark's, built in 1828). The site was, not five years since, an immense field, where people used to be stopped and robbed on their return in the evening from Sadler's Wells, and the ground floor of the parlour where I sit was, as nearly as possible, the very spot where my wife and I fell over a recumbent cow on our way home in a thunderstorm, and only regained the path we had strayed from in the dark by the timely aid of a flash of lightening."

But the effect of the diamond was most pronounced and far-reaching in the shop of Mr. Polonius, of Coventry Street, where Titmarsh took it to be mounted as a pin—for there he met the Dowager Countess of Drum, a *rencontre* that led to such strange adventures. "Gus" Hoskins, who lived with Titmarsh in Bell Lane, Salisbury Square, was the son of a leather-seller of Skinner Street, Snow Hill, as Titmarsh was not above telling old Lady Drum. The Holborn Viaduct has replaced Skinner Street, since it was formed in 1867. Lady Jane Preston (Lady Drum's married daughter) resided in Whitehall Place. Titmarsh was getting into great company! and Brough, who knew everything, invited him to The Rookery, Fulham, and even introduced him to his own tailor, the great Von Stiltz of Clifford Street, when he wanted more fashionable clothes than he could afford. When Titmarsh went home to see his brothers and sisters, he set off from The Bolt in Tun, Fleet Street, a famous coaching house, situated at No. 64 in that thoroughfare, and since become a railway office. His marriage took place on this occasion, and, on his return to London with his wife, he lodged in

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Lamb's* Conduit Street, where his aunt duly took up her residence also. Later we find the family settled in a genteel house in Bernard Street, Russell Square (so called from Sir Thomas Bernard, treasurer of The Foundling, on whose property it was formed), whither Mrs. Hoggarty used, on Sundays, to attend St. Pancras Church, "then just built," and as handsome as Covent Garden Theatre.†

The concluding chapters of "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" are concerned with the failure of Brough and his flight; and the incarceration of poor Titmarsh first in Mr. Aminadab's lock-up in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, and eventually in The Fleet, where he probably came across Captain Walker.

Thackeray gives a little word-picture of the former place, although he begins by saying there is no need to describe it for "it is very like ten thousand other houses in our dark city of London. There was a dirty passage and a dirty stair, and from the passages two dirty doors led into two filthy rooms, which had strong bars at the windows, and yet withal an air of horrible finery that makes me uncomfortable to think of even yet. On the walls hung all sorts of trumpery pictures in tawdry frames; on the mantelpiece, huge French clocks, vases, and candlesticks; on the side-board, enormous trays of Birmingham plated ware; for Mr. Aminadab not only arrested those who could not pay money, but lent to those who could; and had already, in the way of trade, sold and bought these articles many times over."

The public examination of the West Diddlesex

* The Conduit was built by one William Lamb in 1577.

† It was completed and consecrated in 1522, which thus approximately fixes the date of the story.

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Company's affairs, in which poor Titmarsh was so unfairly involved, took place in the Bankruptcy Court which was then held, apparently, in Basinghall Street, as it was to that place, as Titmarsh states, that his wife insisted on accompanying him.

The vignette of the sponging house in Cursitor Street, may be matched by that of the Fleet Prison itself: "The Fives Court was opposite our window; and here I used, very unwillingly at first, but afterwards, I do confess, with much eagerness, to take a couple of hours' daily sport," records Titmarsh. "Ah! it was a strange place. There was an aristocracy there as elsewhere—amongst other gents, a son of my Lord Deuceace; and many of the men in the prison were as eager to walk with him, and talked of his family as knowingly as if they were Bond Street bucks. . . . I have seen sauntering dandies in watering-places . . . strutting all day up and down the public walks. Well, there are such fellows in prison, quite as dandified and foolish, only a little more shabby—dandies with dirty beards and holes at their elbows. . . . I did not go near what is the poor side of the prison—I *dared* not, that was the fact." Later it was found possible for Titmarsh to obtain the rules of the Fleet, and to lodge in that area which has already been spoken of, and even to have comparative liberty beyond these precincts. Here his wife was with him, and he tells how gaily they used to pace up and down Bridge Street and Chatham Place.*

We know how, under these sad circumstances, a

* It used to be Chatham Square, and is so called in Luffman's Plan of 1876. Brass Crosby died in his house here.

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child was born to Titmarsh—how it died, and how it was buried in St. Bride's Churchyard. The words in which this part of the story is told contain one of Thackeray's simplest and most pathetic passages: "We have other children, happy and well, now round about us," he writes, "and from the father's heart the memory of this little thing has almost faded; but I do believe, that every day of her life, the mother thinks of the firstborn that was with her for so short a while; and many and many a time has she taken her daughter to the grave, in St. Bride's, where he lies buried, and wears still at her neck a little, little lock of golden hair, which she took from the head of the infant as he lay smiling in his coffin. It has happened to me to forget the child's birth-day, but to her never; and often, in the midst of common talk, comes something that shows she is thinking of the child still—some simple allusion that is to me inexpressibly affecting."

How Mrs. Titmarsh subsequently went to nurse Lady Tiptoff's little boy in Grosvenor Square, what time Titmarsh could find no occupation but that of walking down Bridge Street and then up Bridge Street, and staring at Alderman Waithman's windows*; how his release from the Fleet was arranged by the grateful Tiptoff family, and how he became steward and right-hand man to Lord Tiptoff himself, does not concern us, and is, besides, known to all readers of this fine story. Titmarsh received

* Alderman Waithman's shop was the large corner one where Fleet Street joins Bridge Street. He was a shawl-merchant and his public benefactions are recorded on the Obelisk still standing in front of the site of his commercial labours, and also on the tablet to his memory, in the porch of St. Bride's Church. He died in 1833, aged 69.

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the last news of his aunt—now become Mrs. Grimes Wapshot, from her impecunious and brow-beaten husband, who related the family affairs to him in the year 1832, at the Somerset Coffee House, in the Strand, which stood at the east corner of King's College, and where, by the bye, the illusive Junius had in earlier days, sometimes left his epoch-making letters.

XII

MISCELLANIES (CONTINUED)

i

LOVEL THE WIDOWER

THE sub-title of Chapter I of this entertaining story is entitled "The Bachelor of Beak Street," thus at the outset giving us a topographical *point d'appui*. The Beak Street indeed where the teller of the story lodged (Mr. Batchelor or Mr. Thackeray, which you will) is, of course, the well-known thoroughfare leading from the east side of Regent Street. Silver Street which connected it formerly with Cambridge Street, has also been known since 1883 as Beak Street. The original Beak Street took its name from a former ground-landlord—one Thomas Beak, who died in 1733, and to whom the property had passed in 1685. Mr. Batchelor lived here (or rather pretended he did so, for he adds that really he "no more lived in Beak Street than in Belgrave Square") in lodgings kept by that Mrs. Prior, the heroine's mother, who, like so many landladies, had seen better days; being the wife of Mr. Prior who, in happier times, had been a captain or lieutenant of militia, and had lived first at Diss, in Norfolk, then in Southampton Buildings, then in Melina Place,* St. George's Fields, with occasional residences in even less satisfactory abodes.

* George Colman was living there in 1811 and again in 1824.

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Miss Prior, as readers of the story will recall, was used to study at that mysterious Academy whither her papa, the Captain, was wont to conduct her. That she was paid for her attendance, and that her guardian sometimes intercepted the "medal" or piece of gold that should have found its way into her pocket, and "treated some of his whiskered friends, the clinking trampers of the Quadrant pavement," we know. We know, too, that the Academy was no other than Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatre, and that the honest girl was employed in the chorus there, and thus helped to lighten the *res angusta domi* of her Beak Street habitat. Miss Montanville was not so altruistic, but was even more thrifty, for she kept an elegant little cottage in the Regent's Park, had a brougham with a horse and all-over brass harness, and "an aunt" who played propriety, all on eighteen shillings (or eighteen silver medals, as Thackeray puts it) a week. Miss Prior, when she footed it behind the footlights as a sea-nymph or a mazurka-maiden or a Bayadere, was known as Miss Bellenden—but she was an honest, hard-working girl and no breath of scandal sullied her—she was no Montanville.

The course of the story shows how she eventually became established in the household of Frederick Lovel, Esq., of Putney, as governess to his children; how she had to endure the tyranny of that gentleman's mother—widow of Adolphus Loeffel, of Whitechapel Road, sugar-baker, and still more of his egregious mother-in-law, Lady Baker, relict of Sir Popham Baker of Bakerstown, County Kilkenny. The tale takes us, indeed, rather to the glades of

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Richmond Park and the then rural charms of Putney, than to the Metropolis itself; but here and there, in the course of the narrative, we have occasion to visit London. For instance, Mr. Batchelor tells us that he himself possesses a house in Devonshire Street, Bloomsbury Square; at this time apparently let, but of which he concludes that the upper part will be alone big enough for himself and Miss Prior, for whose hand he is one of the numerous aspirants. He would have probably had as a neighbour, had these hopes been fulfilled, that Thomas Brockenden whose "Passes of the Alps," was for so long a "drawing-room" book, and who lived for several years here at No. 29, from 1828 onwards. Batchelor, who was, of course, of a literary turn, might, too, have remembered, not without satisfaction, that Pope is said (by Curll) to have been to school here, when a scholastic establishment was carried on in the street by one Bromley, "a Popish Renegado!"

Batchelor in his day dreams, saw his children walking and playing in Queen Square, and himself "happy, beloved, with a competence, and imagined himself reposing in the delightful garden of Red Lion Square on some summer evening, and half-a-dozen little Batchelors frisking over the flower-bespangled grass there."

But this was not to be. Nor Queen Square where Fanny Burney once lived, and learned Dr. Stukeley and famous Dr. Askew, and which is now the home of innumerable hospitals, nor Red Lion Square, where Meyer painted Lamb's portrait, and the ambitious Haydon resided, and Hanway, of umbrella fame, and the Pre-Raphaelites had one of their headquarters,

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was to see this charming dream realised. The wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, between Frederick Lovel, Esq., and Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Captain Montague Prior, K.S.F., finished *that* romance effectually, and put the coping stone to the story of Lovel the Widower, of which the sequel ("we may hear of Lovel married some other day," writes Thackeray), was never to be recorded.

ii

THE ROUNDABOUT PAPERS

SUCH references to London localities as are to be found in the series of articles under the above heading, which Thackeray contributed to the pages of "The Cornhill," are naturally somewhat disconnected, and are often rather of an allusive than a directly descriptive nature. In the opening paper—that famous one "On a Lazy Idle Boy"—indeed, in its opening paragraph, we come appropriately enough on a reference to the church in Cornhill itself, or rather a reference, more correctly speaking, to "that very ancient British king, saint, and martyr, Lucius, who founded the Church of Saint Peter, on Cornhill." To this passage Thackeray appends one of his rare foot-notes, which runs thus: "Stow quotes the inscription, still extant, 'from the table fast chained in St. Peter's Church, Cornhill,' and says 'he was after some chronicle buried at London, and after some chronicle buried at Glowcester'—but, oh! these incorrect chroniclers! when Alban Butler, in the 'Lives of the Saints,' v. xii., and Murray's 'Handbook,' and the Sacristan at Chur, all say Lucius was

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killed there, and I saw his tomb with my own eyes!" There is, I suppose, little doubt about the burial place of Lucius, but that he founded St. Peter's was specifically stated on the tablet referred to, of which Wilkinson in his "Londina Illustrata," gives a reproduction. In Wilkinson's work, in the form of a long foot-note, are embodied further details of the Saint's connection with the cities of London and Gloucester; but as Lucius is stated (I again quote the tablet) to have reigned as a King of England A.D. 124, and as the accuracy of facts relating to this early period are notoriously open to question and dispute, the point need not be laboured here. If, however, Lucius *did* found the Church in Cornhill then that building may, in Wilkinson's words, be regarded as "by far the most ancient and honourable Church in Britain."

In the article "On Some late Great Victories," we have the advantage of Thackeray's pictorial talent as illustrating his written word. When he writes, in that paper, that he "went to visit a friend in a neighbouring crescent," he indicates, I imagine, Pelham Crescent, close to Onslow Square where he was then living—the Pelham Crescent where Guizot resided at No. 21, "almost in the country," as he himself says, in 1848, and where his aged mother died in the same year; the Pelham Crescent where Robert Keeley died (at No. 10) in 1869, and where his widow continued to dwell till relatively recently. Perhaps it was at this very house that Thackeray found the group, which he has immortalised, standing by the area-railings, and immersed in the news of the late great victories, which one of them is reading,

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with excited visage. In this same article, the writer imagines a "triumph" in which the "Cornhill Magazine" is typified as the protagonist. "Up the Hill of Ludgate—around the Pauline Square—by the side of Chepe—until it reaches our own hill of Corn—the procession passes." On that "Mons Frumentarius" the victory (of the Magazine) is celebrated—the victory in each action of which a hundred thousand prisoners (subscribers or buyers) are said to have been taken!

If in the allusive reference in the "Roundabout Papers," we feel up to date when reading of Lord Mayors' feasts in the Egyptian Hall, or exhibitions at the Royal Academy (there is one of Thackeray's inimitable sketches depicting himself in wrapt attention before a picture), we seem in a past age when he speaks of Chancery Lane as a home of bailiffs, of the "Bolt in Tun" in Fleet Street, whence the coaches started (it was at No. 64, on the south side—and its name alone survives in a neighbouring alley) or the Bell Inn, Aldgate, kept by Mrs. Nelson in those prehistoric times, whence Hawker, of "Tunbridge Toys," was wont to go home from the Charterhouse to his parents in distant Norfolk. The statue of George IV. (for which Chantrey was never fully paid, by the bye) still stands, companionless, and as uncomfortable as Thackeray thought it in "De Juventute"; but the Adelphi is altered and Sadler's Wells (where Miss Chester, and Miss Love, and Mrs. Serle disported themselves), is not, and the Opera of Noblet, and Taglioni and Pauline Leroux, is not the same Opera as the one described by our dear "*laudator temporis acti.*" When in "De Juven-

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tute " we read of Almack's (it was in King Street, gentle reader, and the auctioneer's hammer raps where the high-born and the fashionable of another age foregathered); of Tattersall's (then behind St. George's Hospital, whence it migrated westward circa 1866); and Vauxhall (streets and houses cover its site, and St. Peter's Church stands, perhaps, where the statue of " Mr. Handel, the master of musick " stood, and where the mighty Tyers reigned supreme); or the White Horse Cellar, then at the corner of Arlington Street (Thackeray is recording the doings of the famous Jerry Hawthorn, Corinthian Tom, and " the Oxonian " of Pierce Egan's " Life in London "); when, I say, we read of these things, we seem to be in a city of the past where Round Houses received their nightly complement of too-ardent spirits, where bucks twisted off door-knockers, where Charleys were the sport of every roving bacchanalian.

From a passage, which I will transcribe, in the article entitled " Small-Beer Chronicle," we shall find that our present abuse of London statues was anticipated by Thackeray: " Those poor people," he writes, " in brass, on pedestals, hectoring about Trafalgar Square and that neighbourhood, don't you think many of them—apart even from the ridiculous execution—cut rather a ridiculous figure, and that we are too eager to set up our ordinaire heroism and talent for port? A Duke of Wellington or two I will grant, though even of these idols a moderate supply will be sufficient. Some years ago a famous and witty French critic was in London, with whom I walked the streets. I am ashamed to say that I informed

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him (being in hopes that he was about to write some papers regarding the manners and customs of this country) that all the statues he saw represented the Duke of Wellington. That on the arch opposite Apsley House? the Duke in a cloak and cocked hat, on horseback.* That behind Apsley House in an airy fig-leaf costume? the Duke again.† That in Cockspur Street?‡ the Duke with a pigtail. I showed him an army of Dukes. There are many bronze heroes who after a few years look already as foolish, awkward, and out of place as a man, say, at Shoolbred's or Swan and Edgar's. For example, those three Grenadiers§ in Pall Mall, who have been up only a few months, don't you pity those unhappy household troops, who have to stand frowning and looking fierce there; and think they would like to step down and go to barracks? That they fought very bravely there is no doubt; but so did the Russians fight very bravely; and the French fight very bravely; and so did Colonel Jones and the 99th, and Colonel Brown and the 100th; and I say again that ordinaire should not give itself port airs, and

* This statue, designed by M. C. Wyatt, was put up in 1816. Subsequently the arch was set back to its present position at the top of Constitution Hill, the statue removed to Aldershot, and Boehm's much superior statue, though always looking too squatty, placed on the original site of the arch.

† By Westmacott, cast from cannon taken in the Peninsular War, and set up on June 18, 1822. The figure (mis-called Achilles) is copied from an antique at Rome.

‡ This is the statue of George III., designed by M. C. Wyatt, and set up in 1837.

§ The Guards Memorial, irreverently termed the quoit-player, from the central figure bestowing wreaths which certainly look like quoits. It was designed by John Bell. Recently it has been set back and statues of Florence Nightingale and Lord Herbert of Leigh (from the War Office), placed in front of it.

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that an honest ordinaire would blush to be found swaggering so. I am sure if you would consult the Duke of York, who is impaled on his column between two clubs, and ask his late Royal Highness whether he thought he ought to remain there, he would say no.* A brave, worthy man, not a braggart or boaster, to be put upon that heroic perch, must be painful to him. Lord George Bentinck, I suppose, being in the midst of the family park in Cavendish Square, may conceive that he has a right to remain in his place. But look at William of Cumberland, with his hat cocked over his eye, prancing behind Lord George, on his Roman-nosed charger: he, depend on it, would be for getting off his horse if he had the permission.†

In another paper there is a reference to what may seem mysterious to a good many readers of to-day, a case of attempted robbery and murder, known as the Northumberland Street encounter. The subject is played upon by Thackeray in his inimitable moralising. He suggests that the drama then being enacted at the Adelphi, the imaginary tragedies of Dumas, and Ainsworth and Eugene Sue, or of the cold-shudder inspiring "Woman in White," are no whit more exciting than what occurred in Northumberland Street, in the light of day, in the midst of the

* The statue was designed by Westmacott, the column by B. Wyatt. It was erected in 1830-3, and it was said that the Duke was placed at this altitude to be out of the way of his creditors.

† The Bentinck Statue is by Campbell. That of the Duke of Cumberland was modelled by John Cheere, and was erected at the cost of Lt.-Gen. Strode, in 1770. It has a curiously ungrammatical inscription, and was the work of art referred to by Reynolds with contempt in his Tenth Discourse, because the Duke is represented in contemporary dress.

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city of millions. "After this," adds Thackeray, "what is not possible. It is possible that Hungerford Market is mined, and will explode some day." This reference is interesting, for Hungerford Market is with yesterday's seven thousand years, and has been since 1860. It stood where Charing Cross Railway Station is now, having been built in 1680, and reconstructed between 1831-3. It took its name from the Hungerfords of Somersetshire. Subsequently to the family's possessing it it passed to the joint ownership of Sir Stephen Fox and Sir Christopher Wren. Once a flourishing emporium, it gradually fell on bad times, and was cleared away for the station, which E. M. Barry designed in 1863.

On the other hand, the next reference we have to a London building is of one that is very much in existence—to wit, the British Museum. "Many Londoners—not all—have seen the British Museum Library," writes Thackeray. "I speak," he continues, "*à cœur ouvert*, and pray the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of Peter's and Paul's, Sofia, Pantheon—what not?—and have been struck by none of them so much as by that catholic dome in Bloomsbury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out! It seems to me one cannot sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence." How many have felt such sentiments, as they have sat beneath that great domed coop and gazed at the products of countless ages around them; or have wandered down the King's Library or The Grenville,

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and have seen the shimmer of gilded leather in the shelves, or the last words on typography reverently exhibited in the cases or the *ipsissima scripta* of the mighty dead whose spirits seem again to breathe from those dumb legends!

In the illustrated edition of the "Roundabout Papers" there is a little vignette of the author sitting at a book-piled table and surrounded by teeming shelves. There we have the great humourist intent, perhaps, on some passage illustrating his "Four Georges" or his "English Humourists," or, perchance, making notes for that History of Queen Anne which he projected but was never destined to write. He is doubtless in one of the innumerable nooks of the B. M. (as one likes, affectionately, to call it) not *coram populo*, under its vast rotunda, but hidden away from the rest of the students, as Macaulay was and Carlyle. It is, indeed, in the memory of the great men who have garnered in this vast field that the Museum is as rich as in its countless treasures. Since the spirit of Sir Hans Sloane called, as it were, the palace of letters and art into existence, one can, I suppose, hardly think of a single great literary man of these islands who has not trodden its floors, or wrought in the alembic of his brain some enduring emblem of what he has assimilated here. Since 1759 the collections here have been, more or less, public property. In those days there were about fifty-thousand volumes, now they are as the sands of the sea—numberless. You must think in millions mentally to visualise these vast accretions. The great Reading Room was opened in 1857. As you cast your eyes round its book-clothed walls, you can see a

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million volumes; and what are there not hidden in rooms and passages behind these ramparts; in the King's Library (formed by George III. and presented to the nation by George IV.—his chief claim to remembrance, perhaps his only one); in the Grenville Library, which Thomas Grenville bequeathed to the Museum in 1846? And then the manuscripts—the Harleian, the Lansdowne, the Cottonian, and the rest, and the newspapers. Thackeray said less than enough when he gave thanks for such a heritage, in the passage I have quoted.

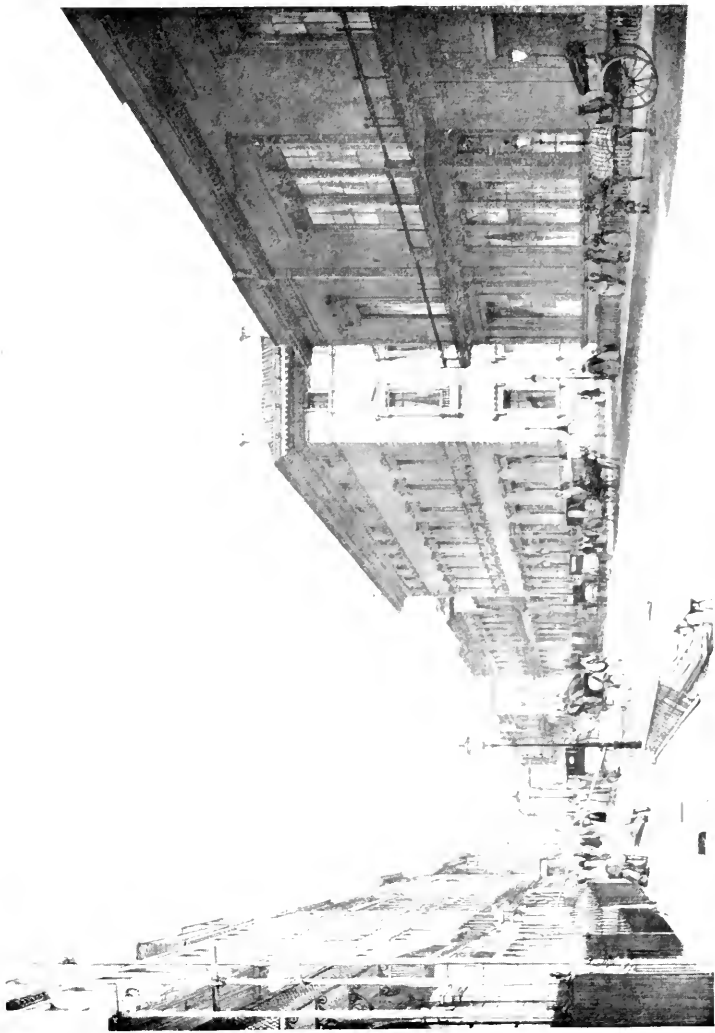
There are a few more London references to be noted in the delightful "Roundabouts." Where shall we begin? Shall it be with Dr. Johnson walking to the shop of Mr. Dodsley (you will remember it was 51 Pall Mall, with Pall Mall passage running under part of it, and debouching in King Street, by the side of Almack's) and touching the posts as he passes ("De Finibus") or with Mr. Goldsmith in his lodgings in Brick Court Temple, "at No. 2, up two pairs of stairs," as Mr. Filby, his Tailor, addressed him;* or with Parson Sterne, in Bond Street, as he lay a-dying and alone at "the Silk Bag Shop," now No. 41, and known far and wide as the gallery of Agnews the great picture dealers; or before Mr. Langdale's house, the Popish distiller's, where the Gordon Rioters yelled their "No Popery"! cries, or

* In Forster's "Life of Goldsmith" is incorporated a letter to the author from Thackeray, apropos this very place: "I was in his chambers in Brick Court the other day. The bedroom is a closet without any light in it. It quite pains me to think of the kind old fellow dying off there. There is some good carved work in the rooms; and one can fancy him with General Oglethorpe and Topham Beauclerk, and the fellow coming with the screw of tea and sugar."

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Lord Mansfield's in Bloomsbury Square, which they sacked and left a blackened ruin? You will find allusions to them all in "On some Carp at Sans Souci," as well as to the Chinese bridge in St. James's Park, set up to celebrate the peace—so short a one—of 1814, and to ill-used and indiscreet Queen Caroline at her make-shift palace of Brandenburg House.

Appropriately can one make an end with that article called "Strange to say on Club Paper," in which Thackeray pours the vials of his wrath on scandal and scandal-mongers. I say, appropriately, for it is the last in the volume, and it deals largely with the subject of clubs (always, one thinks, closely associated with the writer), and that particular spot in Clubland with which he was so much identified—"before the Duke of York's Column, and between the 'Athenæum' and the 'United Service' Clubs." There he depicts himself as taking up his stand as a street preacher "under the statue of Fame where she stands distributing wreaths to the three Crimean Guardsmen." "Around us," he proceeds, "are magnificent halls and palaces frequented by such a multitude of men as not even the Roman Forum assembled together. Yonder are the Martium and the Palladium. Next to the Palladium is the elegant Viatorium, which Barry gracefully stole from Rome. By its side is the massive Reformatorium and the—the Ultratorium rears its granite columns beyond. Extending down the street palace after palace rises magnificent, and under their lofty roofs warriors and lawyers, merchants and nobles, scholars and seamen, the wealthy, the poor, the busy, the idle assemble.



FALL MALL, LOOKING EAST
From a coloured lithograph by Boyd.



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Into the halls built down this little street and its neighbourhood, the principal men of all London come to hear or impart the news; and the affairs of the State or of private individuals, the quarrels of empires, or of authors, the movements of the Court, or the splendid vagaries of fashion, the intrigues of statesmen or of persons of another sex yet more wily, the last news of battles in the great occidental continents, nay, the latest betting for the horse-races, or the advent of a dancer at the theatre—all that men do is discussed in these Pall Mall agoræ, where we of London daily assemble.”*

When Thackeray speaks of the Viatorium which Barry gracefully stole from Rome, he is not quite correct, for Sir Charles Barry based his design of The Travellers on the Villa Pandolfini at Florence, just as the Carlton *façade* was founded on the east front of the Library of St. Mark's, at Venice.

The Athenæum is the special club, so to speak, of this essay, for it was on paper with its heading that Lord Clyde wrote the codicil to his will which gave rise to the report that he had abstracted the club stationery and used it at home for his own private purposes, whereas the real fact was that his solicitor (being also a member of the club) had drafted there, the codicil, and sent it to Lord Clyde at Chatham, when the latter finding it in order, signed and executed it, and returned it to his lawyer. One can hardly pass that classic front without thinking of this fine diatribe on want of charity; but best to

* In the above passage the Martium stands, of course, for the United Service Club; the Palladium for the Athenæum, the Viatorium for the Travellers, the Reformatorium for the Reform, and the Ultratorium for the Carlton.

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think of is that meeting on its steps when the great Dickens and the good Thackeray clasped hands after a long estrangement and forgot their difference in a mutual reconciliation.

iii

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

THREE only of Thackeray's "Christmas Books" have any connection with London, and then it is of the slightest description, and is almost as vague as Mulligan's famous indication of his home, in one of them—"Mrs. Perkins's Ball," when, with a large gesture, pointing towards Uxbridge, he exclaimed, "I live *there*." Indeed, Mrs. Perkins herself resided in a locality hardly more easily identified—Pocklington Square. No such square ever has existed—but its prototype may have been in Tyburnia, as I think it was; although which of the many squares in that quarter is indicated, I am unable to say.

Of the guests at the Ball we know Minchin lived in Pump Court, Temple (his club was the Oxford and Cambridge), and had a married sister inhabiting one of the Harley Street houses; that Larkins hails from Kentish Town—a large area—and is a clerk in Mr. Perkins's city office in Thames Street; that the formidable Miss Bunnion, who wrote poetry of a pronounced type, resided in a boarding-house at Brompton. Besides these there was Miss Pettifer, the daughter of Pettifer, the solicitor of Bedford Row, where she probably also lived; Miss Maggot, who shared a mouldy old house near the Middlesex Hospital, perhaps in Mortimer Street itself, with her

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two sisters; and Lady Jane Ranville who, of course, came from Baker Street, which seems to Thackeray what Charles I.'s head was to Mr. Dick.

In "Our Street," which was, originally, Waddilove Street, but had been converted into Pocklington Gardens, we are obviously in the same neighbourhood. "The fact is," writes Thackeray, "a great portion of that venerable district has passed away, and we are being absorbed into the splendid new white, stuccoed Doric-porticoed genteel Pocklington quarter. That it was on the outskirts of the city seems indicated by another remark of the author's. "Long, long ago, our street was the country—a stage coach between us and London passing four times a day." It is difficult to identify the locality so vaguely adumbrated. We know that Levant House, Lord Levant's town residence, was situated in Our Street; we know, too, that it was let to the Pococurante Club, after its owner had left it, and that subsequently it became the headquarters of the West Diddlesex Railway, and that at the time of Thackeray's writing it was let out in chambers; but this hardly helps us in our identification any more than does the fact that in the centre of Pocklington Gardens stood St. Waltheof's, "a splendid Anglo-Norman edifice," and hard by the large broad-shouldered Ebenezer Chapel, and also Pocklington Chapel—"in brick and with arched windows and a wooden belfry." Could it have been Southwick Crescent that masquerades as Pocklington Gardens? There is a church there which might do duty for St. Waltheof's; and the coach along the Edgware

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Road in those days would not have been far distant; or was it in Lancaster Gate with *its* church and coaches daily running to and fro, on the Bayswater Road? Porchester Terrace hard by might be Pocklington Gardens—they both begin with a "P," as Diek Phenyl would remark. It seems, I confess, almost hopeless to be exact; nor, perhaps, does it much matter although, to be sure, one would like to be able to point to some known street and say there is "Our" street, or there Mrs. Perkins lived, who gave that ball which Mr. Thackeray describes so vividly, when the century was young and a young Queen ruled over us.

"The Kickleburys on the Rhine" is the other Christmas Book which has a slight connection with the metropolis, slight because its chief interest is centred in Continental scenes. Titmarsh and Serjeant Larkin (of Pump Court) arrive, you will remember, at the wharf and have the apparently usual passage of arms with the cabby, just as the Cox's did when they proceeded on their Continental tour; and we can imagine the travellers following the same route from the west down Cheapside and Thames Street to the Custom House, as Cox and his family had done. As we leave England immediately in Titmarsh's company, there is no opportunity for London topographical detail except to note one or two places with which the other travellers mentioned were concerned: Bedford Row, where the father of Captain Hicks of the Dragoons, had his offices; Pocklington Square, where Lady Kicklebury lived; Knightsbridge House, the residence of Lady Knightsbridge (it might

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have been Gore House or Kingston House or Noel House, all of which adorned Knightsbridge in those days, and of which only Kingston House* remains), whose husband prefers the more congenial company to be found at Vauxhall or the Cider Cellars and the Coal Hole "in whose caves the contrite chimney-sweep sings his terrible death-chaunt or the Bacchanalian judge administers a satiric law."

Let me tack on, as it were, to these slight data concerning the London of Thackeray's Novels, some casual references to be found among his other miscellaneous works; a sheaf of stray garnering as it were after the harvest gathered from his more important works. For instance, in "The Partie Fine," we find the author, masquerading as Lancelot Wagstaff, at a loose-end one memorable evening because Colonel Gollop's dinner in Harley Street to which he had been invited was put off. Lounging disconsolately at his club, he is informed that his friend Fitzsimmons desires to see him. Fitz. suggests a dinner at Durognan's, in the Haymarket, which is promptly accepted. In those days the Haymarket was a famous place for restaurants—but which Durognan's was, is not clear. "As the St. James's clock struck seven," says Wagstaff, "a gentleman might have been seen walking by London House and turning down Charles Street to the Haymarket." His club was, therefore, either the Oxford and Cambridge in Pall Mall, or one of the many in St. James's Street.

* Kingston House was once the residence of the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, who fled from here in characteristic manner. See the author's "Knightsbridge and Belgravia" for a full account of this place, as well as of Gore House and Noel House, and their residents.

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London House is, of course, the Bishop's residence in St. James's Square, next door to Norfolk House. It was bought for the See of London in 1771, and was rebuilt by Cockerell about 1819. Charles Street has had many illustrious residents in the past; Burke once lived there, and Hoppner and Madame Catalini. Lord Waterford's large house is now a club. The alterations at the west corner of the street where it joins St. James's Square have somewhat changed the aspect it wore in Thackeray's day. It was in Bury Street where Swift once lodged, and Steele, and Moore, and Crabbe, that Wagstaff and Fitz call for the ladies who are to make up the *partie fine*. "We walked down Jermyn Street, my heart thumped with uneasiness as we crossed by the gambling house in Waterloo Place." It would be interesting to locate this gambling hell, but this quarter was, at that time, well provided with such resorts (there was a famous one in little Pickering Place, off St. James's Street) but even Hood in the lines to Mr. MacAdam does not include it, although there is a sort of faint allusion which may be taken as hinting at its existence. I give the stanza as being a kind of guide to the street at this period:

"Thy first great trial in this mighty town
Was, if I rightly recollect, upon
That gentle hill which goeth
Down from the "County"* to the Palace† gate,

* The County Fire Office at the corner of Regent Street (No. 50), designed in 1819 by Robert Abraham.

† Carlton House, then standing where the Duke of York Steps are now; it was demolished in 1826. The pillars are now in front of the National Gallery. Carlton House Terrace, Carlton Gardens, and the Carlton Club occupy, to-day, the site of the house and its gardens.

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And, like a river, thanks to thee, now floweth
Past the old Horticultural Society,
The Chemist Cobb's, the house of Howell and
James,
Where ladies play high shawl and satin games,
A little *Hell* of lace !
And past the Athenæum, made of late,
Severs a sweet variety
Of milliners and booksellers who grace
Waterloo Place,
Making division, the Muse fears and guesses,
'Twixt Mr. Rivington's and Mr. Hessey's.'*"

iv

MISCELLANEOUS

AMONG the "Miscellaneous Contributions to *Punch*" there are a few references to the "Sights of London" (the title of one of Thackeray's articles) which amused the citizens in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. Of course the Zoological Gardens, opened in 1828, and thus a comparatively new source of amusement and instruction, are referred to; so are the Waxworks in Baker Street, then located in the Baker Street Bazaar (No. 58) where Madame Tussaud died in 1850, but now housed in the fine building all of us know, whose marble staircase once graced the

* Rivington's was, till 1890, at No. 3 Waterloo Place; Taylor and Hessey's, who published Lamb and De Quincey, at No. 13.

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house Baron Grant built for himself opposite Kensington Palace (it was pulled down and Kensington Court built on its site), but never inhabited. The Panorama in Leicester Square is another "sight" referred to by Thackeray. This was Burford's Panorama at the north-east corner of the Square, whose site had been successively occupied by the Feathers Inn and the Sans Souci Theatre. The Panorama was built in 1793. The Roman Catholic Church of the Marist Fathers occupies its position to-day. The Tenebrorama in Regent's Park mentioned by Thackeray was another of those mildly exciting shows with which our forebears were satisfied. In addition to these places we find, of course, both in Thackeray's prose and poetical works, frequent allusion to such things as the Great Exhibition (in "The Lion Huntress of Belgravia," for instance, we have M. Gobemouche's account of the "palace made of crystal," as well as a famous Irish poem on the subject already quoted), and the various picture shows then held at Somerset House, to which Thackeray went either as a serious or a satiric critic. In a poetical piece, entitled "Love in Fetters—A Tottenham Court Road Ditty," concerning the gentleman who fell in love with a fair maid

“ . . . at the back
Of the Tabernac
In Tottenham Court Road,”

as the refrain has it, it is Whitfield's Tabernacle, for some time known as Tottenham Court Road

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Chapel, on the west side of the thoroughfare, that is indicated. It was erected by Whitfield in 1756, and enlarged three years later. In 1860 it was reconstructed, but in 1890 pulled down, and a new building has now replaced it.

One other tale of Thackeray's I have left till the end, because there is practically little or nothing definite regarding London in it, except its frequent references to Newgate and some slight data about Islington. This story is "Elizabeth Brownrigge"—a parody on "Eugene Aram," "Clifford," and other emotional novels of Lytton and his followers, whose baneful influence Thackeray never ceased to reprehend. Indeed, at the close of his story he adds an advertisement to the effect that the author is prepared to write any number of such tales, "Letters to be addressed to 215 Regent Street," which was as a matter of fact then (1832) the publishing office of *Fraser's Magazine*, in which "Elizabeth Brownrigge" originally appeared.

The scene of the tale lies practically between Islington, "the now popular suburb" which then stood in the midst of its meadows and its corn-fields, a romantic but inconsiderable hamlet, "with its 'Red Cabbage Inn'" (not, I believe, an actual hostelry, although probably based on one), and its Manor House where Mr. Belvidere lived; and Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigge was incarcerated. Of course the story of this notorious person was an actual one. She lived in a house overlooking Fetter Lane, in Flower de Luce Court, and there she whipped her miserable apprentice to death, for which crime she was tried at the Old Bailey, and hanged at Tyburn,

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on September 4th, 1767. Canning wrote his well-known lines, in the *Anti-Jacobin*, concerning Mrs. Brownrigge, and Thackeray took the salient features of her career, as a peg on which to hang his parody; just as Lytton had made use of the case of "Eugene Aram" and other malefactors, when writing those novels which once had such a vogue with the youth of England.

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